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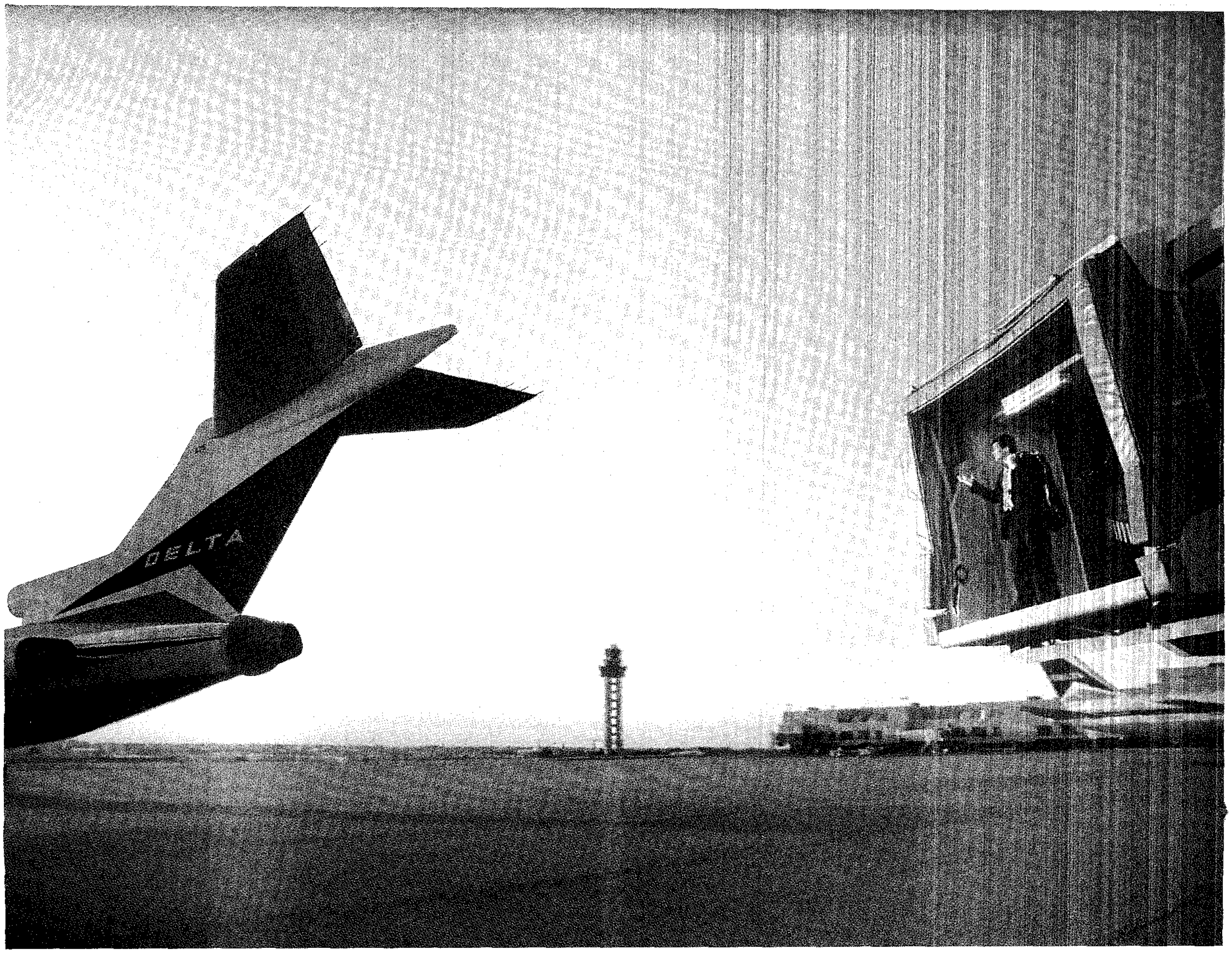

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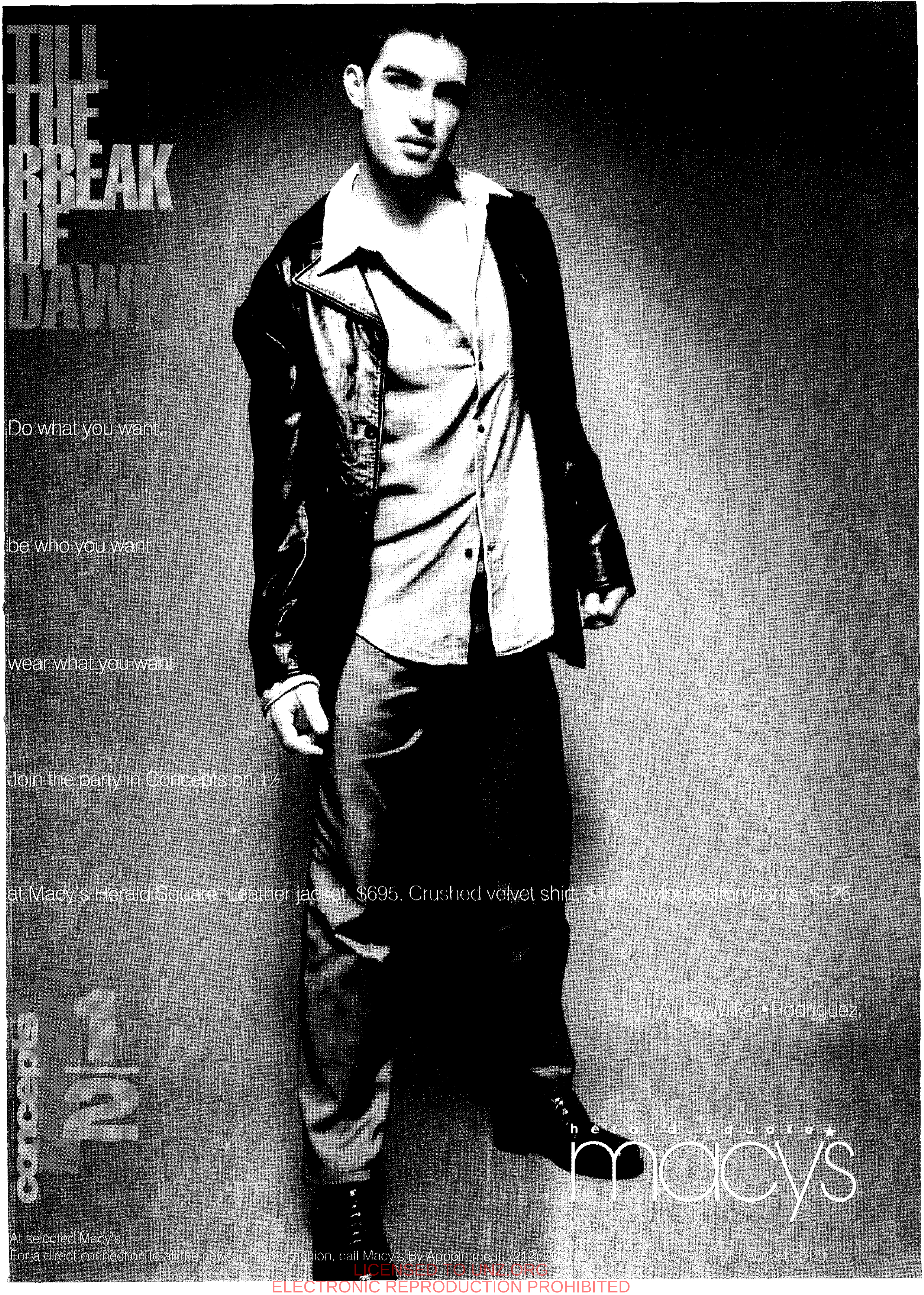
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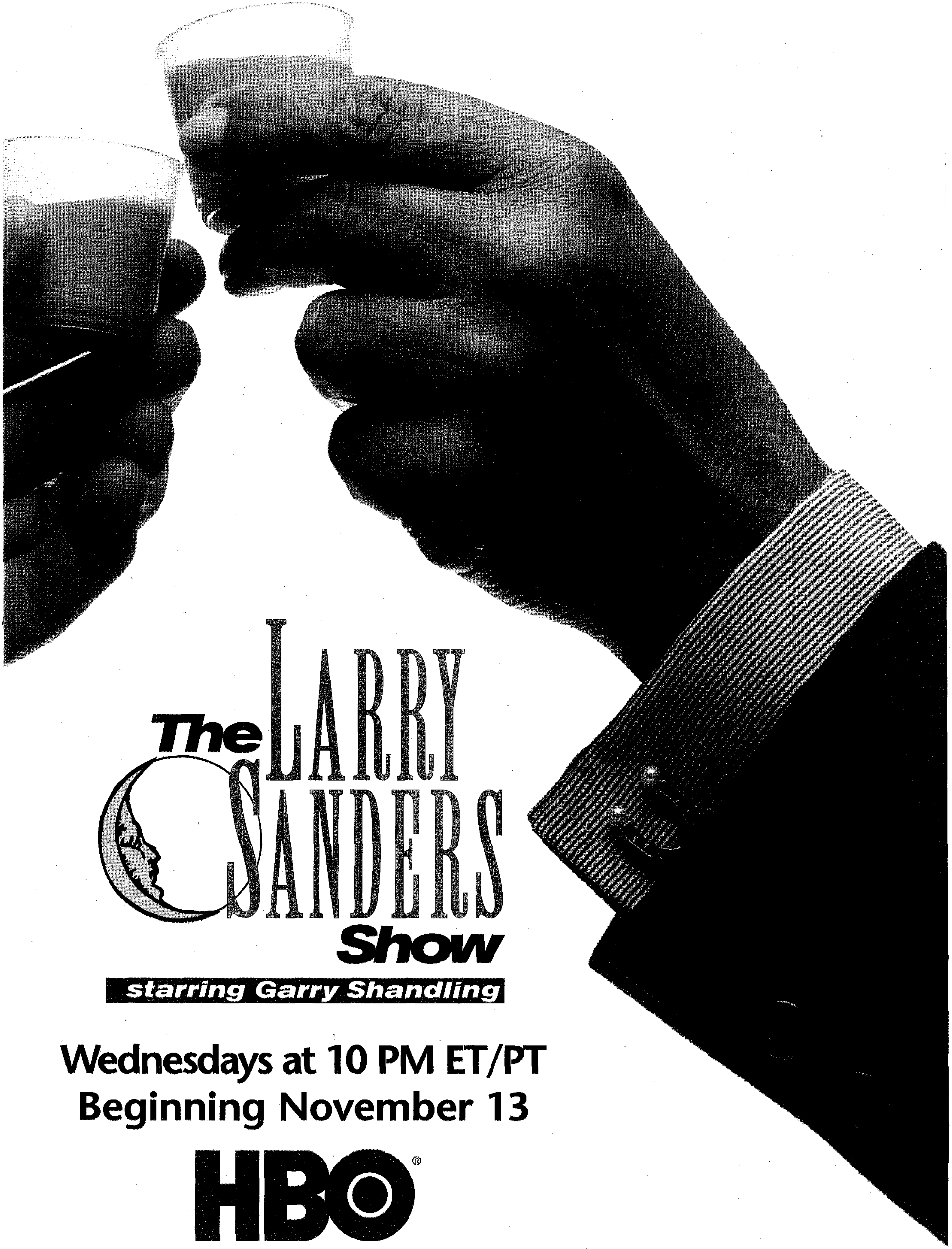

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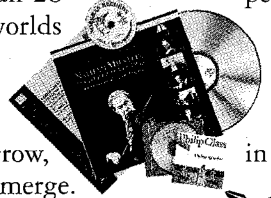

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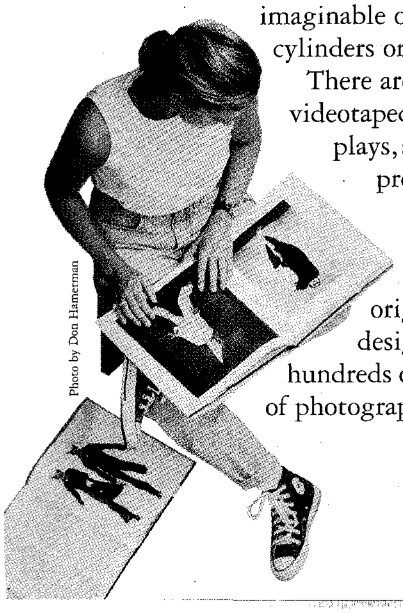
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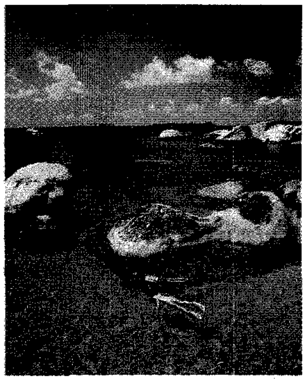

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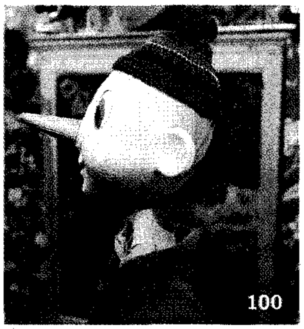

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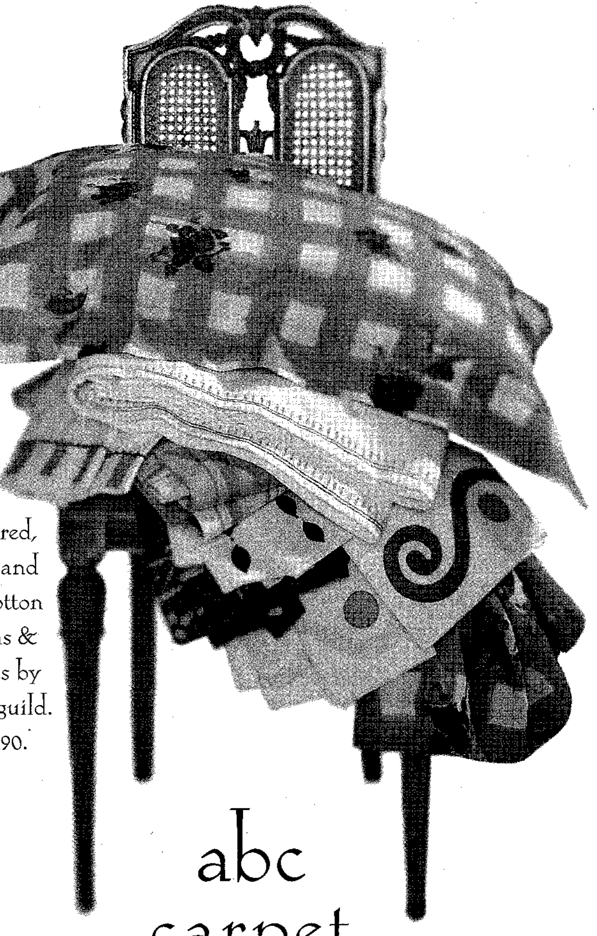

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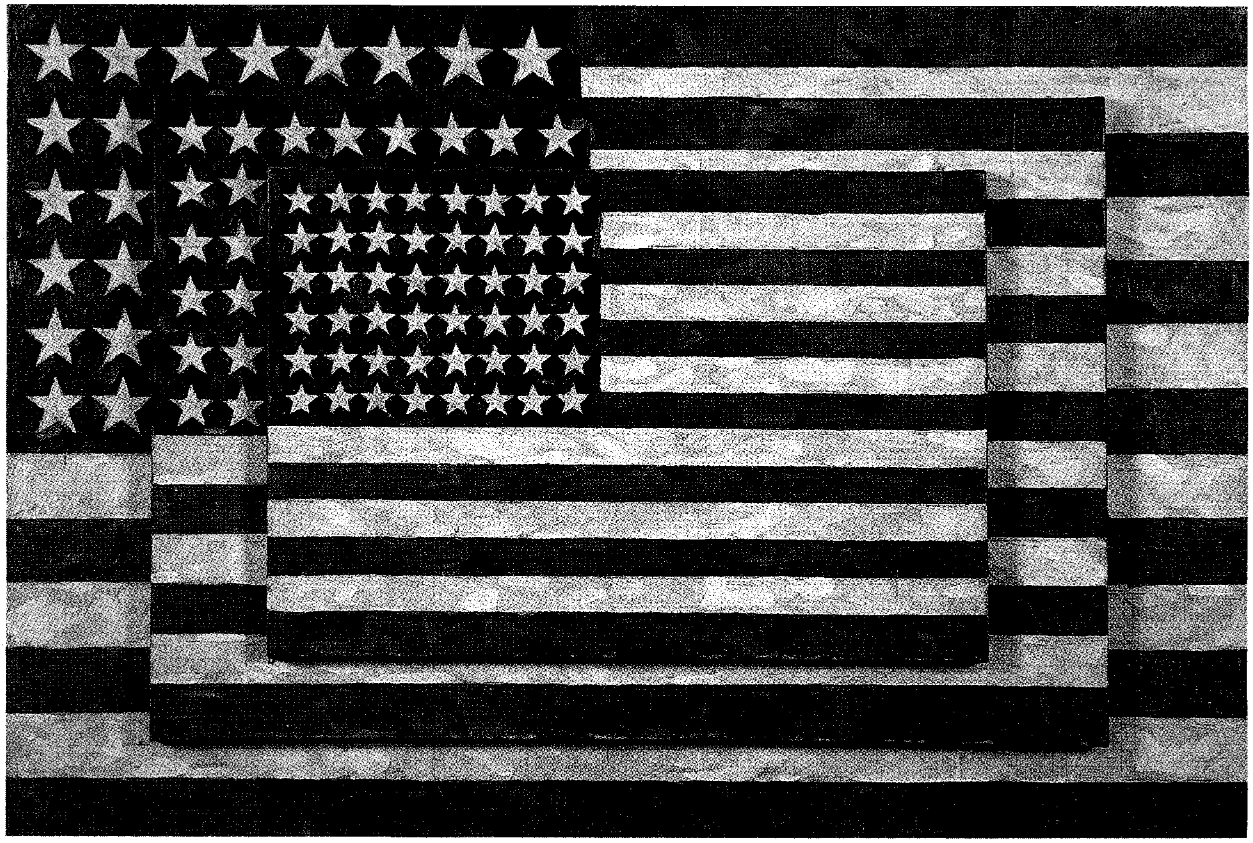

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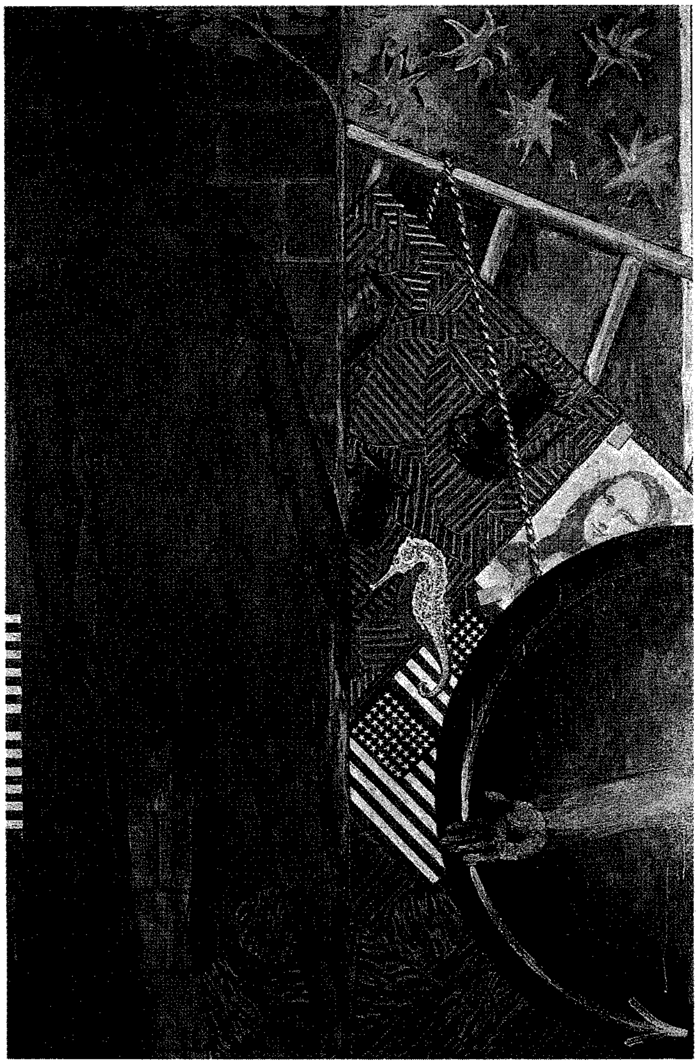

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Designer Duel

Fabien Baron's supporters strike back; taking aim at the male oppressor; cultural differences come to life onstage.

I WAS RATHER SURPRISED TO FIND MYself quoted in *New York* saying art director Fabien Baron "will be a footnote," when the words were not mine but the writer Rene Chun's ["On Madison Avenue: Rocket Man," November 4]. The imaginative Mr. Chun asked me if I thought Baron would be a footnote in design history, to which I replied, "No." In some cultures, a shake of the head means "yes"; in others, a nod means "no." How such miscommunication translated into a telephone conversation escapes me.

To set the record straight, I did suggest to the ax-sharpening Mr. Chun that Fabien Baron may receive less attention in design-history books than the current hype around him would suggest. But I also said that Baron's distinctive and elegant style establishes him as the worthy successor to the great *Harper's Bazaar* art director Alexey Brodovitch. Baron's equally distinctive sense of his own importance may be irksome to his contemporaries, but it should hardly be grounds to consign him to the footnotes of future design publications.

Peter Hall
Associate Editor, I.D. Magazine
MANHATTAN

I GUESS RENE CHUN DECIDED NOT TO USE anything I had to say for his smear job on Fabien Baron because I have actually worked with Baron and continue to believe he is a great designer, one of the few who bring art to the world of commerce. Fabien Baron has done more innovative work in ten years than the rest of his art-director colleagues combined, so there are bound to be sour grapes. Steven Heller, art director of *The New York Times Book Review* (now, *that's* innovative) calls Fabien the "flavor of the month." That's an expression Heller would never have used when he was art director of Al Goldstein's *Screw.*

Roger Black on Fabien Baron: "The thick accent, designer costume . . ." Please! Fabien pays less attention to his clothes than anyone I know. He's just not vain. As for the accent, well, he's French.

Is this what they call a hatchet job? If so, you'd better sharpen the hatchet, because Fabien Baron's work speaks eloquently for itself.

Glenn O'Brien
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I FIRST MET FABIEN BARON WHEN HE CAME back to the States and was creative director of *Interview* after working at Italian *Vogue.* I called him to ask if he would give an informal talk to my publication-design class at Parsons. From the rumors I had heard, I expected an arrogant French guy to walk into my classroom and scare my students half to death. Surprisingly, I found him to be shy and rather modest for someone of such newfound fame. When I asked where I could send his honorarium, he said: "Forget about it. I was happy to come here."

Fo Wilson
MANHATTAN

Rene Chun replies: "Hatchet job"? *Hello!* Anyone who calls my piece on Baron ("the hottest art director this decade has produced") a hatchet job obviously hasn't bothered to read it. For the record, I stand by all the quotes in this article, including Hall's. Visual people seem to grow skittish when their colorful comments appear in black and white.

Self-Respect

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT AT LEAST SIX readers took the time to write about your Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy article ["Letters," October 21], but apparently no one responded to the "Intelligencer" line from September 16 about Ron Perelman and his estranged wife, Patricia Duff: "It was the first time they had been seen together since the Democratic convention, when Perelman stormed off in a huff after learning that the politically active Duff had attended a party without his permission." Without his permission? Shades of the Middle East's patriarchalism!

Nancy Riggan
ORANGE CITY, IOWA

IF CLAIRE BLOOM HAD A LITTLE MORE SELF-respect, she would have removed herself, not just her daughter, from the hellish doll's house she chose ["Marrying Portnoy," by Peter J. Smith, October 21]. Because Claire Bloom is an attractive and accomplished actor with a submissive personality, I suspect it was easier for her to slip into the role of the innocent victim.

Tolerating unrelenting indignities, including exiling one's only child—such destructive behavior can hardly be viewed or explained as a *mission d'amour.* Take heart, dear Claire. Your tell-all will no doubt make millions, your career will continue to flourish, and your sympathetic friends can commiserate with you sans Roth, sans doll's house, sans agony.

Allan Gascoigne
SUWANEE, GA.

Language Barrier

BEFORE THE OPENING OF WOLE SOYINKA'S *Death and the King's Horseman* at Lincoln Center in 1987, Soyinka, during a preperformance symposium, chided American audiences and critics for their lack of engagement with his theater in particular, and theater outside the established Western canon in general. John Simon's 103-word admission that "the text [*Beatification of Area Boy*] often eluded me" and that he could not "review what [he] did not fully understand" hints more at a reluctance to understand than an inability to engage the text ["Theater: Curtain Call," October 28]. Why was Ben Brantley of the New York *Times* able to sit through what he called "a remarkable work" while Mr. Simon could only tolerate the first part? Soyinka is a Nobel laureate, and that alone should be inspiration enough for a critic for a major publication to better understand a play that wittingly illustrates the resilience of people abused by immoral leadership.

Donald M. Morales, Ph.D.
MANHATTAN

Correction In Brett Johnson's "Born to Filibuster," Norman Siegel, head of the New York ACLU, was incorrectly identified as last-born ("Gotham," November 4). He is the second of four children.

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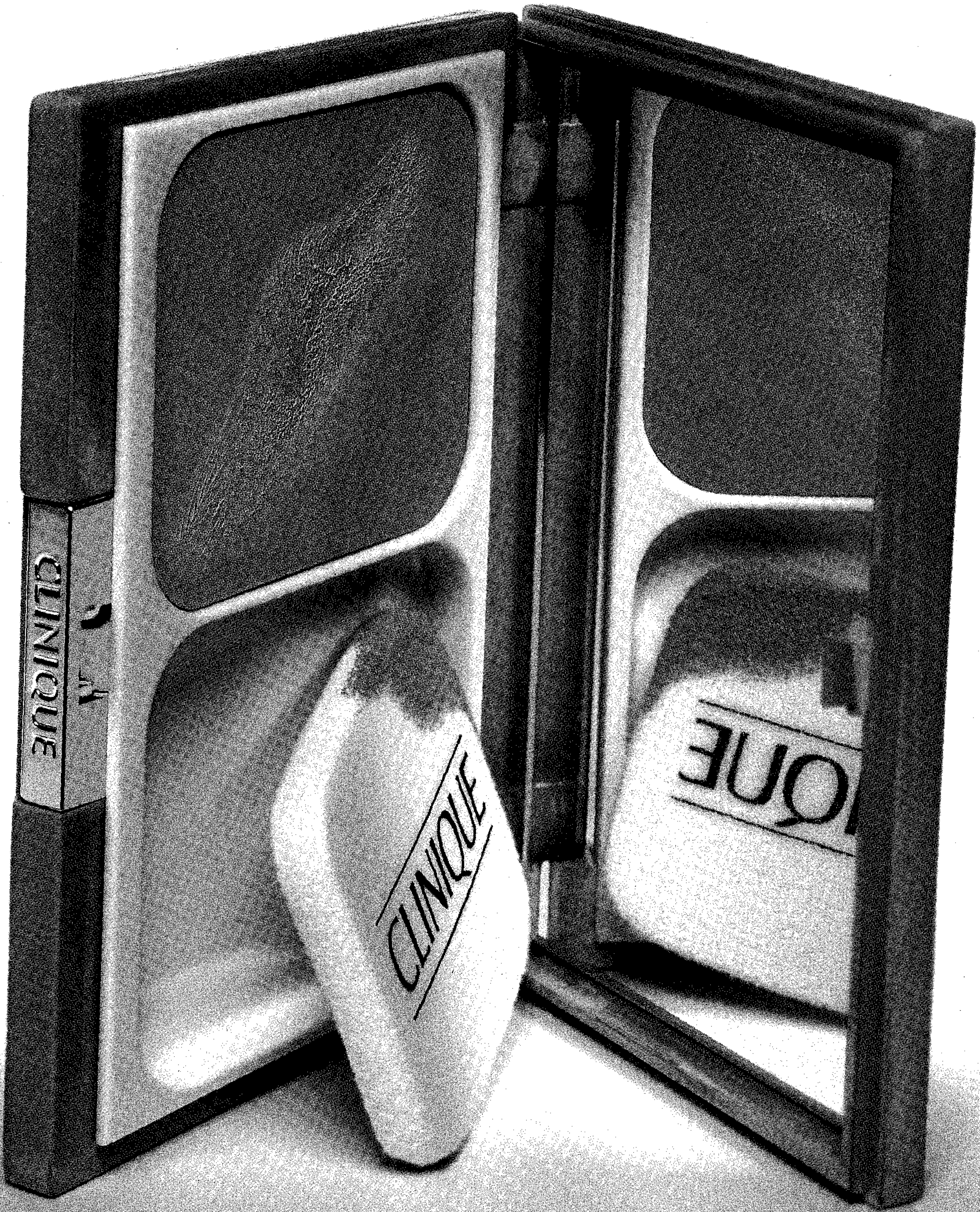
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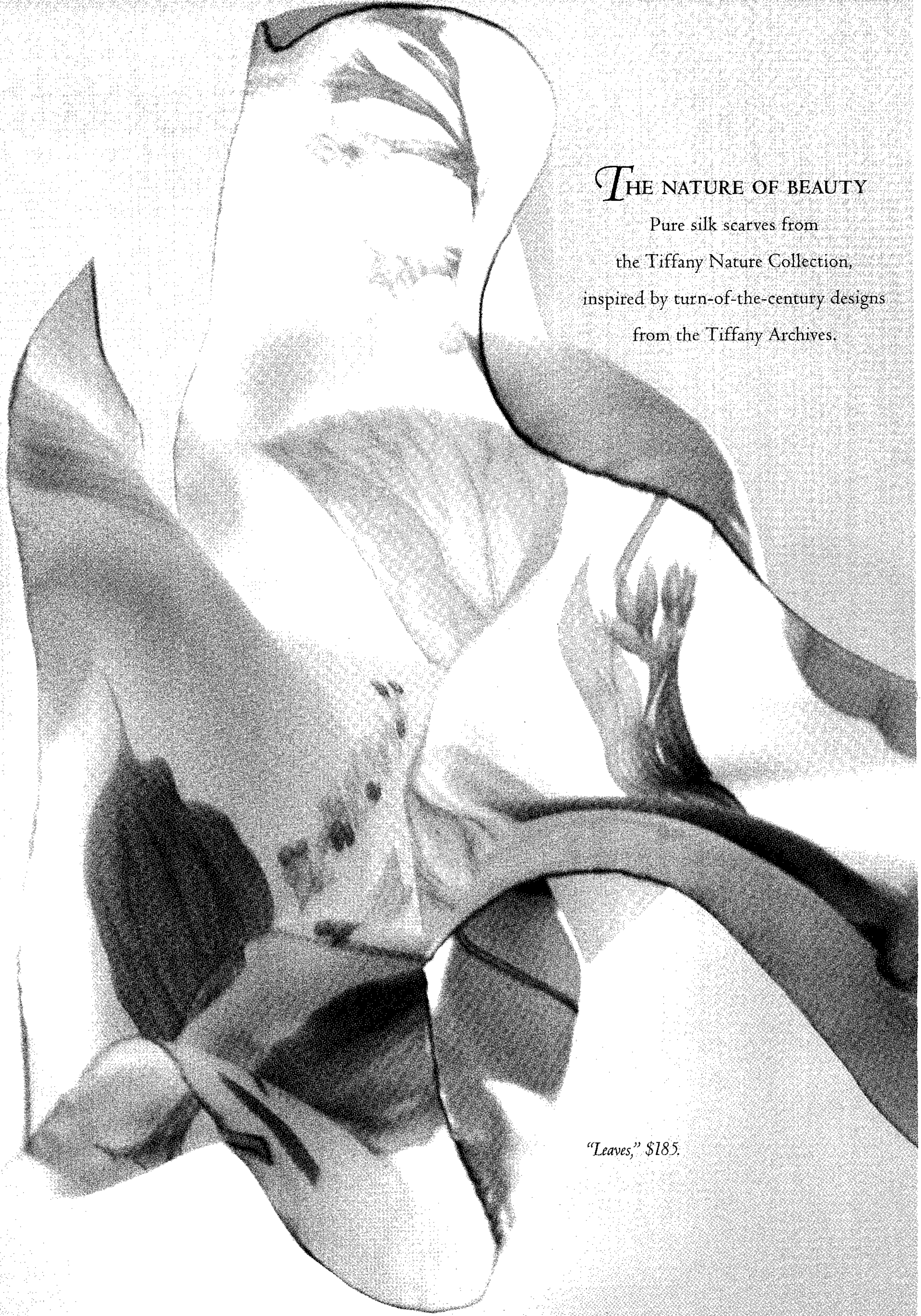

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

A SPLIT TICKET FOR CLINTON POLLSTERS?

Penn (right) + Schoen

New York pollsters **Mark Penn** and **Doug Schoen** may have helped the president win a second term, but Beltway insiders are whispering that their twenty-year partnership may fall victim to its own success. Initially brought into the campaign by the now-disgraced **Dick Morris,** the two operatives had a tough time in their first presidential race. Schoen worked with Clinton early in the campaign, but Penn is the one who ultimately moved to D.C., and sources say that Penn's heightened access ruffled feathers back home. "There's been tremendous resentment," according to one campaign insider, who reports that Penn stormed out of meetings with Schoen. Penn traveled with the president, helped prep him before the debates, was hailed as "polling's high priest" in a Washington *Post* profile on Election Day, and got a bear hug from Bill after the big win, while Schoen was relegated to performing weekly analyses and laying the groundwork for Gore's 2000 candidacy. While some political insiders are predicting a Penn-Schoen break-up, a White House source says that Penn—who is also entangled in a messy divorce—is "trying to work out his differences" with his partner. Penn, who plans to stay in Washington, insists that reports of the firm's demise are premature. "I see the firm just growing stronger, *together,*" he says. For his part, Schoen insists that, despite the stresses of the campaign, he "came away . . . with admiration and respect for the enormously good work Penn did."

THE EMPORIUM HAS NO CLOTHES

Want to run out and buy some of those oh-so-fabulous Halston outfits that are popping up on bus stops and billboards around town? Well, you might start off by dropping by Agnès b. According to a fashion-world insider, not *all* the blurry black clothing pictured in the $5 million ad campaign was actually produced by TTI Apparel Group, which bought rights to Halston's name last year and is bringing out a new line of couture and ready-to-wear inspired by the late designer. In fact, insiders claim, some pieces were actually purchased at Agnès b. and other shops because not enough Halston items were available when the shoot took place this past summer. A company spokesman strongly denies that any clothing in the ads came from other sources. But designer Randolph Duke, who was recently hired by TTI in the hope of revitalizing the Halston name, admits he's heard the rumors too. "This campaign is not really about the clothes [anyway]," the designer insists. "It's more about the Halston image."

PINO'S GOT A LUONGO WAY TO GO

Will the furor over **Pino Luongo**'s angry departure from Barneys uptown ever die down? Since August, the restaurateur has been embroiled in a nasty financial dispute with Barneys owners **Gene** and **Bob Pressman**—his partners at Mad.61 restaurant. Last month, as their battle dragged on without an end in sight, the restaurant's suppliers and purveyors began to wonder when they were going to get paid and exactly who was going to pay them. In an attempt to settle matters, Luongo invited a roomful of angry creditors to a meeting at his office above his less controversial restaurant Il Toscanaccio. With characteristic charm, says one industry source, Luongo told the group that though he really, *really* empathized with their plight, Barneys was in fact liable for all debts incurred at Mad.61, now reopened under different management as Fred's (Barneys refuses to comment on the dispute). This prompted **Michael Svirsky,** a party planner at Broadway Party Rental, to ask Luongo whether the cash-strapped Pressmans were also liable for the private parties Svirsky furnished at Luongo's Westchester home. Needless to say, the meeting ended soon after. Luongo's spokeswoman indignantly denies allegations that the restaurateur owes Svirsky any money for his private partying. "The rentals were paid for right after they were used," she says. "[Svirsky] is just trying to get some more money." Svirsky declined to comment.

Halston ad: Too good to b. true

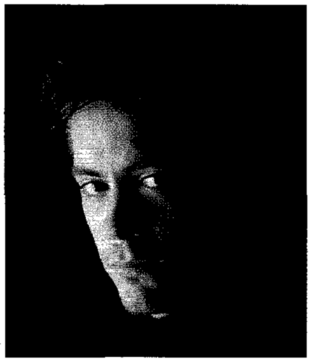
Pete Hamill: Making *News*?

PETE HAMILL: BEEN THERE, DUNN THAT

Is **Pete Hamill** about to get another try at running a New York tabloid? Sources say the scrappy columnist—who briefly took the helm at the *Post* for two crazed months in 1994—has emerged as a front-runner to succeed **Martin Dunn** at the *Daily News.* Ever since Dunn returned to his native England last month, *News* reporters have been staring with trepidation at the now-vacant glass-

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Carl Posey; Mayita Mendez; Marion Ettlinger/Outline.

Oprah Winfrey: Going hungry?



Robert Downey Jr.: Hoover heave-ho

walled office he once occupied. Early reports had the legendarily mercurial *News* publisher **Mort Zuckerman** offering the job to either managing editor **Arthur Browne** or executive editor **Debby Krenek.** Zuckerman fanned speculation about an in-house promotion with his off-the-cuff comments to **Dan Rather** at Dunn's farewell party last month. According to one sharp-eared person at the party, "Dan asked Mort who the next editor would be, and Mort pointed over to a table where Arthur and Debby were sitting and said, 'The new editor is at that table.' " But *News* sources speculate that since then, Zuckerman may have decided that neither Krenek nor Browne has sufficient cachet. "Debby came up through the ranks," says one Zuckerman pal. "She's really respected and knows how to put together a paper, but Mort may be afraid that she's not worldly enough." The Anglophilic publisher seems to have tired of the Brits as well. "[Former London *Daily Mail* editor] **Sue Douglas** flew over to meet with him," says one insider. "She left very depressed. He told her he doesn't want the British tabloid style." As for Hamill, word is that Zuckerman asked the nostalgia-prone New Yorker to rate the competition and report back to him. Now it looks like Hamill's homework may have paid off. "With Pete at the front and Debby and Arthur helping run the paper, it could be great," says one optimistic scribe. Zuckerman had no comment.

WILL NBC PRODUCE *EXTRA* BUCKS?

When the gung-ho journalists at NBC's *Extra* offered celebrity-photographer **James Edstrom** $8,000 for his videotaped footage of **Caroline Kennedy**'s exclusive Park Avenue reception for **John F. Kennedy, Jr.** and **Carolyn Bessette-Kennedy,** the paparazzo thought that he had orchestrated the ultimate tabloid coup. However, after viewing his tape on TV, the cunning lensman saw his windfall slip away when, he says, he received a shocking phone call from the folks at *Extra* informing him that they had changed their minds. Instead, Edstrom claims, the producers decided to float him a mere $750 dollars for his efforts. Incensed, the photographer decided to do a little impromptu labor organizing, threatening *Extra* with a boycott if it didn't pay up and warning that a slew of celebrity clients would join him in solidarity. Edstrom insists that his threats are being taken seriously and says that *Extra* called him last week with an offer of $3,500. Brimming with enthusiasm, he insisted on *at least* $4,000 and is currently awaiting his reply. A spokesman for the show declined to comment.

DOWNEY'S BEAT; OPRAH EATS

HOOVER ACT: **Robert Downey Jr.,** who has recently gotten more press for his drug problems than his acting, was a leading candidate to play J. Edgar Hoover, of all people, in an upcoming HBO movie, *Hoover.* Though sentenced earlier this month to 90 days in rehab and three years' probation after a series of arrests for cocaine and heroin possession, Downey would have been available for the HBO movie, which is expected to start shooting in Toronto by the end of the year. According to one Hollywood source, Downey was less than thrilled with the script, which explores the relationship between Hoover and his reputed lover, Clyde Tolson. Downey's agent, Ed Limato, turned down the project last week.

OUT OF THE KITCHEN: Who would stick around to cook three meals a day if they'd sold 6.5 million books? Certainly not **Rosie Daley,** author of the 1994 best-seller *In the Kitchen With Rosie: Oprah's Favorite Recipes.* Last summer, just before **Oprah**'s personal trainer, **Bob Greene,** began a relentless publicity campaign for *his* book, the queen of gab and flab lost her personal cook of five years. As Oprah explains it, "[Rosie] is retiring and moving back home to San Diego to be closer with her family and live on the beach." Though the 34-year-old cook has gone underground since her departure, Oprah isn't going hungry. She just stole away a new chef, Paul Gelose, from Telluride's PowderHouse.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Beth McGrath.

NO STOCK IN HANES-FAMILY FORTUNE

When underwear mogul **John W. Hanes** drew up his will in 1983, he must have been confident that his legacy would live on. Sons **John Jr.,** a former assistant secretary of State, and **David,** a former clerk for the Supreme Court, headed a multi-million-dollar publishing venture named DCI Publishing, Inc., and seemed well-qualified to look after the sizable family fortune their father left them and their three sisters. But in 1991, soon after DCI drained $9 million of the family's $14 million trust fund, David shot himself at the family's Millbrook estate. The company went bankrupt a year later. Feeling pressure from his creditors, John Jr.—last seen in public dancing a tango at an opera benefit with FDR's granddaughter **Selwa "Lucky" Roosevelt**—decamped to rural Montana with his wife, **Kiku.** Now, left with no recourse and even less money, the three struggling Hanes daughters have filed a Harriman-esque lawsuit against John Jr.; his former attorney, **Joseph Mitchell**; and Mitchell's ex-employer, the tony New York law firm of Reid & Priest, charging them with defrauding the family and bilking the trust through bad loans. Mitchell refused to comment, and John Jr. did not return calls. A Reid & Priest spokesman maintains that the sisters' lawsuit is an "entirely baseless" ploy "to make the lawyers the guarantors of [the family's investment plan]." The much-anticipated trial is scheduled to begin on December 2.

Photographs: top, Judie Burstein/Globe Photos; center, Davis Factor/Outline.

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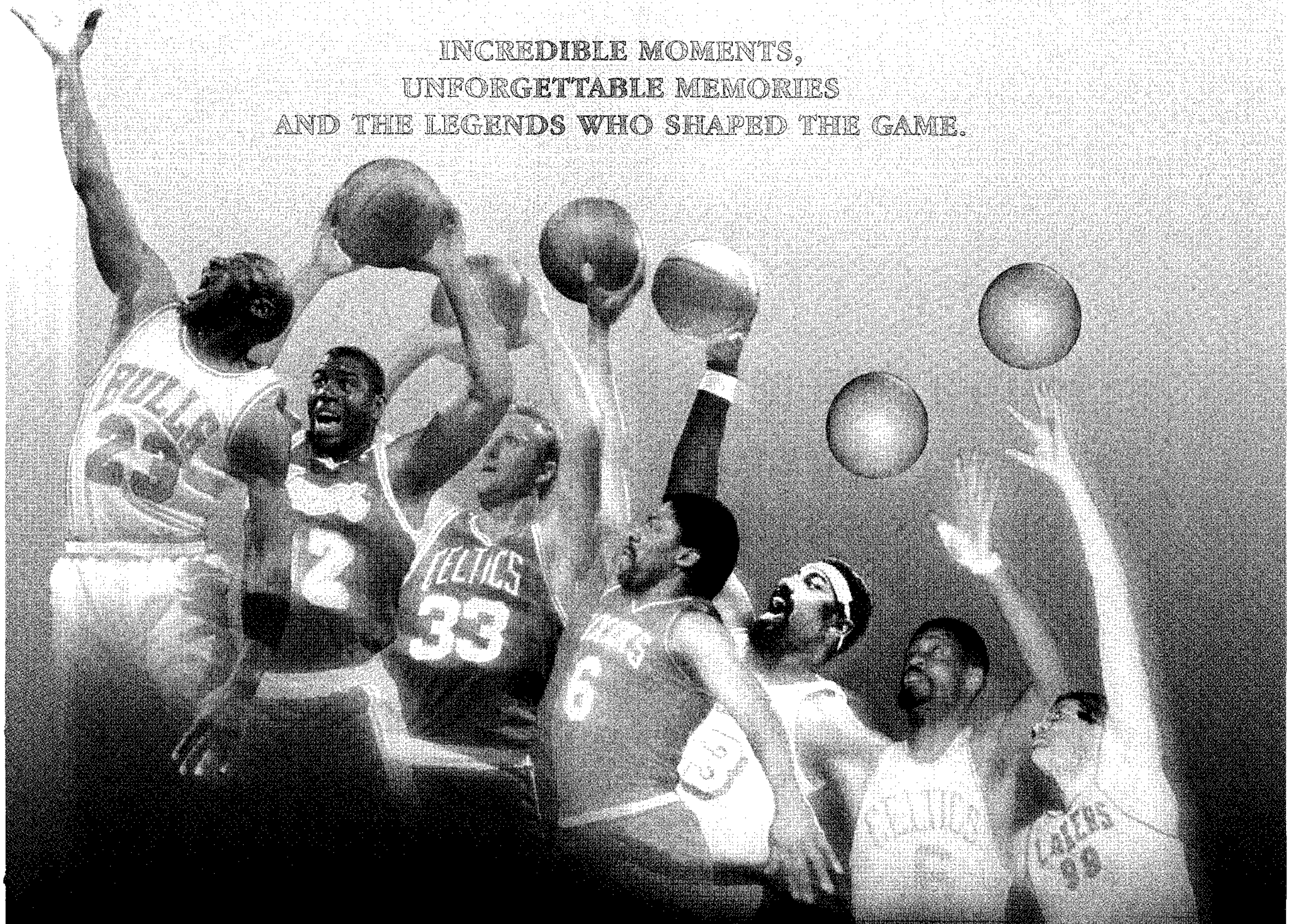

NBA at 50

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WORLD PREMIERE TNT ORIGINAL [illegible] NBA 50

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Allan Pepper

Stanley Snadowsky

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GOTHAM

An aviary overstocked with jays—*O. Henry*

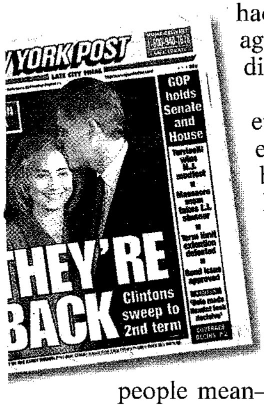
THE FRONT PAGE

Liberally Biased

Nobody knows media manipulation like the 'Post.'

We'll all pay for this tragic victory, the New York *Post* was still moaning two days after the election. Columnist Ray Kerrison went on in the news pages that "America has done the unpardonable—it has knowingly and deliberately elected a president it believes is dishonest, untruthful and untrustworthy." America had done this, as any *Post* reader knows, because it had fallen victim once again to the Liberal Media Conspiracy.

As *Post* media-watcher Hilton Kramer had explained just a week before the election, as he pretty much explains every week, "What, after all, do we mean by 'liberal bias' in the press? What I mean—and what I believe most people mean—is the conscious manipulation of news coverage designed to assist liberal candidates and liberal programs in winning public approval. . . . Does anyone really doubt that bias of this kind has dominated the current campaign?"



YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL

GOP holds Senate and House

HEY'RE BACK

Clintons sweep to 2nd term

Here are some of the headlines that the *Post* ran in its news pages about Bill Clinton in the week leading up to the election: WHAT THIS CAMPAIGN NEEDS IS MORE PREZ HECKLERS; LAUGH IS ON VOTERS IF THIS JOKER GETS BACK IN OVAL OFFICE; AIR OF SCANDAL HANGS ON CLINTON LIKE A CHEAP SUIT. And then, on Election Day: WHITE HOUSE COULD LOSE TO COURTHOUSE IF CLINTON WINS; SILENT SKEPTICS HAVE PREZ ON THE RUN; VOTERS WILL DETERMINE IF INTEGRITY MEANS ANYTHING; and the front-page, two-inch-high headline IS HE WORTHY?

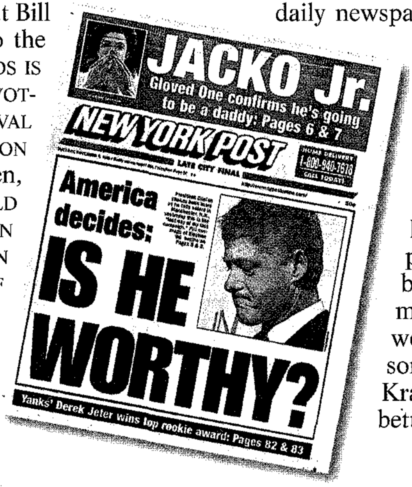
Here are some of the headlines about Bob Dole: OLD SOLDIER DOLE HITS HARD ON ETHICS ISSUE; MARATHON MAN DOLE PEALING OUT THUNDER ON ROAD; RACE AGAINST TIME AS BOB MOVES IN. There was one negative one: DAMMIT, BOB, HIT HIM HARD ON CHARACTER.

The *Post* did, however, draw the line at VOTING FOR CLINTON IS A MORTAL SIN. That, the paper decided, belonged on the opinion page. Though it wasn't so much an opinion as a direct order from God. "Can [Catholics], in good faith, vote for a president who has institutionalized infanticide, violating one of the sacred moral precepts of their church?" Ray Kerrison asked, and decreed, "No, they may not."

Hilton Kramer, meanwhile, spent his Election Day column musing that perhaps, just perhaps, the reason Bill Clinton did not release his full medical records was because he has had his penis surgically altered to remove or change "distinguishing characteristics" Paula Jones claimed she could identify in her sexual-harassment suit, "which, if true, would certainly be the ultimate in political coverups. Happy election day!"

THEY'RE BACK, the *Post* tombstoned the day after the tragic victory, summing up the race as MASTER OF STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE JUST HAD TO WIN on the one hand, and INSPIRING HERO KEPT THE FAITH 'TIL THE BITTER END on the other. By Thursday, the paper seemed to be moving back to its standard pre-election coverage of the president: BILL'S NEXT SCANDAL: BLUBBERGATE.

Interesting fact: Before the election, 111 daily newspapers—including the *Post*—had endorsed Dole, while only 65 endorsed Clinton, according to a straw poll by *Editor & Publisher.* Voters, however, were apparently not fooled by this sneaky liberal maneuver, or they were fooled by it, or something. Hilton Kramer could explain it better than we could.



JACKO Jr.

Gloved One confirms he's going to be a daddy: Pages 6 & 7

NEW YORK POST

LATE CITY FINAL

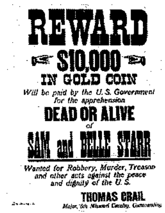
HOME DELIVERY 1-800-940-7678 CALL TODAY!

America decides: IS HE WORTHY?

Yanks' Derek Jeter wins top rookie award: Pages 82 & 83

OFF THE RECORD "The reason it's been so quiet is, the council leadership was skittish about the referendum vote. They asked us not to draft any controversial bills that might upset the public," a City Council member told *New York* after the term-limits referendum was defeated in last week's elections. "Now that we're a bunch of lame ducks, though, wait until you see what's going to come down the pike."

WILD, WILD, NEW YORK Last week, the Parks Department (along with two nonprofit agencies) offered $3,000 for any information about the identity of the "Psycho of Central Park," who bulldozed two trees on the Great Lawn. Other agencies and the usual amount they offer in bounty: Fire Department, for information about arson cases: up to $1,000. MTA, for information on vandalism and arson: up to $10,000. Department of Sanitation, for information on illegal dumping: up to one half of fine levied (up to $10,000). Mayor's office: $10,000 for help in conviction of a felon, $100,000 for a terrorist.



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ON THE DOLE "I'd advise him to go back to school, work on his typing, and learn a little Microsoft Word for Windows. And then talk to Bill Gates about a job, because he's the true ruler of the world at this point."—Jamie Flanders, manager of Tiger Information Systems, an employment agency, on what he'd tell Bob Dole if asked about future employment options

Crime

SEATING THE MASSES

THE SUBWAY CAR WAS NEARLY EMPTY, AS usual, when 20-year-old Asher Steinmetz boarded an F train at Stillwell Avenue in Brooklyn at 9:16 A.M. Steinmetz, a high-school Talmud instructor making his daily trip to a yeshiva in Seagate, placed his stack of books on the vacant seat next to him. The train remained parked at the station.

The next thing he knew, two plainclothes policemen asked him to step outside the car. He was then issued a $50 summons. The offense on the ticket: "Taking up more than one seat."

"I thought it was a joke," Steinmetz said. That is, until he saw the police do the same to two other people who had been in the car.

In fact, according to Paragraph J, Section 1050.7 of the Metropolitan Transit Authority Code of Conduct, it is illegal to occupy more than one seat in a station, on a platform, or on a conveyance. "The rule has been around since 1940," says Charles Seaton, a spokesman for the New York City Transit Authority. "It wasn't really enforced regularly until now." When asked if this regulation applied to commuters who naturally take up more than one seat due to body size, Seaton says, "They are obviously not included."

Seaton wouldn't comment on why the MTA has decided to enforce the regulation, especially at times when the train isn't exactly SRO.

"The transit police didn't ask me to move my package, which, even though the train was empty, I would have," says Steinmetz. "With a smirk, they just wrote me and the others tickets. I couldn't believe it."

Nor could the chairman of the city's transportation committee, Noach Dear, city councilman from Brooklyn. "This is nothing less than appalling," says Dear. "I can understand it if someone in a crowded train decides to stretch his feet on the seat. But I hope the transit system doesn't intend to fund itself by harassing passengers."

Councilman Dear has fired off several angry letters to officials, including Police Commissioner Howard Safir and Kenneth Donohue, head of the Police Department's transit bureau, in an "attempt to rectify the situation." Neither has responded. A spokesman for Donohue's office said he was "out of town at a conference and normally doesn't speak to the media."

"I've never heard of the regulation," says Gene Russianoff, staff attorney for the public-interest transportation group known as the Straphangers Campaign. "To enforce it on virtually empty trains is going overboard." But Russianoff isn't surprised by the MTA's incursion into subway decorum. He cites the posters in the subway that ask commuters not to eat and drink. "[They] make it appear as if doing so is against the law. But this isn't the case.

"The next thing you know, the city's going to expect commuters to sit with their hands folded like kindergartners."

BINYAMIN L. JOLKOVSKY

Passengers on the N train last Thursday.

Politics

EXIT POL, RIGHT

LAST TUESDAY AT 6:30 P.M., 27-YEAR-OLD Michael Benjamin stood outside a polling station in Borough Park, Brooklyn. Benjamin, a computer-software-marketing executive and 1992 NYU graduate, was dressed in a neat dark suit and held a sign that read MICHAEL BENJAMIN FOR CONGRESS. "I'm a fiscally conservative but otherwise centrist Republican," he said to a group of men dressed in traditional Hasidic garb. "If I win by one vote, I'll take you out to dinner," he told another man.

Some passersby, mostly men walking alone, stopped to talk to Benjamin, and a few even agreed to vote for him. "You see?" Benjamin said optimistically. "If I'd only had some campaign generals here, I could have taken this area easily."

It had been a tough campaign for the Republican candidate for Congressional District 8, an area made up of the famously liberal Upper West Side and predominantly Democratic Jewish neighborhoods in Brooklyn. Not to mention that Benjamin's opponent was the popular two-time Democratic incumbent Jerry Nadler.

"I'm running for Congress. Do you know anybody who hasn't voted?" Benjamin asked a heavyset woman with three kids as she walked into the polling place. "You're not allowed to campaign this close to the station," she said curtly. "If you don't move, I'm going to call the cops."

"Boy, they're mean out here," Benjamin said, as he moved to the corner of the block. After he had given away the last of his flyers, Benjamin got into his campaign car (a Nissan Pathfinder on

SHOT

Fifth Avenue and 12th Street, 4 P.M., Thursday, October 31, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photograph: top, Teru Kuwayama.

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DISCOVERY

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HRH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MANUFACTURERS OF LAND ROVERS AND RANGE ROVERS ROVER GROUP LTD BIRMINGHAM

BY APPOINTMENT TO HM QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER MANUFACTURERS OF LAND ROVERS ROVER GROUP LTD BIRMINGHAM

BY APPOINTMENT TO HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES MANUFACTURERS OF LAND ROVERS AND RANGE ROVERS ROVER GROUP LTD BIRMINGHAM

Always use your seatbelts. SRS/airbags alone do not provide sufficient protection.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loan for the week from his brother Jim) and headed into Manhattan to meet his volunteers. "I chose to spend my money on the election and *not* on a post-campaign party," Michael said as he drove west on the Belt Parkway. "So the folks at the Dole campaign said we could join them tonight."

At 9:30 P.M., outside the Dole-Kemp "Victory '96" headquarters at the Women's National Republican Club on East 52nd Street, a group of 30 or so well-dressed young men were holding hands and running around in a circle shouting, "Newt Gingrich for president! Newt for president!" Some had boxer shorts on their heads. "With those guys behind us, Clinton better watch out," Benjamin joked as he entered the lobby.

Upstairs, Benjamin's mother, father, and younger sister were standing with his supporters next to a big-screen TV. "How are we doing?" Benjamin asked. The polls had been closed for over an hour. "I haven't heard anything," one volunteer said, then walked to the bar. "He's been so devoted," Michael's mother said, putting an arm around him. "I always say he's a winner no matter what he does," his father added.

Michael Benjamin on Election Night.

Benjamin walked over to shake hands with New York State attorney general Dennis Vacco. "It's been been an upstream swim for you," Vacco said, giving Benjamin a conciliatory pat on the back. When Benjamin stepped away, an elderly man with gray hair said, "As President Bush once said to me, 'Even in the fray of a storm, you must remain calm.' " Everybody nodded in agreement.

By eleven, Benjamin was back at the television. "I've got butterflies in my stomach," he said. "But I guess they would have announced it if I'd gotten more than 30 percent." Right then, the TV screen filled up with the smiling face of Chuck Schumer (a Democratic congressman from the Ninth District), who was raising his hands over his head in victory.

"No! No!" a man standing next to Benjamin shouted at the screen. "I won't concede. Not until hell freezes over."

"That's Robert Verga, Schumer's opponent," Benjamin said, shaking his head. Verga took a swig from a bottle of Budweiser and said loudly, "And even if it does freeze, I'll meet him on the ice."

By midnight, Bob Dole had conceded to Bill Clinton, but Benjamin had still not seen or heard his results. Everybody bade good night to Benjamin's parents, who had to drive back to Connecticut, and then Benjamin and four volunteers hopped into a cab and headed over to Snapper Creek, a bar on the Upper East Side. Benjamin had become a little glum. "I guess my application for employment was denied," he said. "I don't mind so much, as long as I got over 30 percent . . . ," he trailed off.

The atmosphere at Snapper Creek, where the city's few victorious Republicans—State Senator Roy Goodman and Assemblyman John Ravitz—had gathered, was much more upbeat. The jukebox blared "Sexual Healing," and a couple of women in suits were doing pink "woo-woo" shots with the bartender.

John Ravitz, who had taken off his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves, came up and put his arm around Benjamin, and they talked for a while. Then Benjamin got an Amstel Light and began watching the TV that hung over the crowded bar. After a few moments, his numbers came up.

Seventeen percent.

Benjamin was quiet, and his staff circled around him. "All that campaigning was for nothing," he said to one volunteer. "I barely did any better than the last guy who ran against Nadler." Then he brightened. "If Mother Teresa had run as a Republican in that district, all those Democrats wouldn't have trusted her either," he told the group.

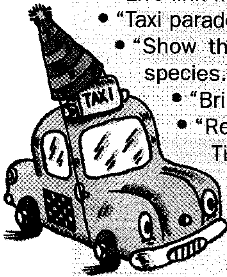
NORMAN VANAMEE

CITY

Open Invitation

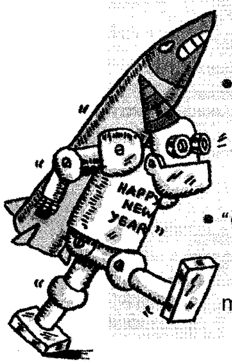
'The rules of the contest were quite simple. It had to build on the tradition of New Year's Eve in Times Square; it had to be doable; it had to be festive; and remember that we are the crossroads of the world," says Gretchen Dykstra, president of the Times Square Business Improvement District. The kickoff to the millennium is likely to be no small party, and more than 640 proposals (from 21 countries) were submitted for Times Square's New Year's Eve 1999 celebration. Some were easier to dismiss than others, including one suggestion that the Artist Formerly Known as Prince perform "1999" high up on a platform and drop 2,000 $1 bills at midnight. ("Not safe," Dykstra notes.) Here, a peek at some of the 118 entries that *did* make the first cut and were duly considered by the BID before a multicultural show—with daylong satellite feeds from each time zone as it meets the millennium—was chosen.

BRETT JOHNSON



HAPPY NEW YEAR

- "Construct the clock at Biltmore again to let old loves meet."
- "Ball drops in cannon, shoots up, explodes, gives confetti."
- "Live link with Belfast."
- "Taxi parade (100) playing "It's a Small World."
- "Show the creation of world and development of human species."
- "Bring the oldest 100 people to Times Square."
- "Representatives of circuses from the world perform at Times Square."
- "Wishing object in Times Square for the people of the world to make wishes."
- "Laser broadcast of celebrities to outer space."
- "Chinese festival, not costly but beautiful."
- "Everyone has to bring flower to give neighbor, handkerchief to beckon."
- "King Kong on a building trying to stop the ball from falling."
- "Magnificent tableaux with 100 most worthy individuals (chosen by committee)."
- "Huge globe, in which a choir can disappear, appearing to leave Earth."
- "Futuristic parade; giant robots to tow symbolic rockets to Times Square."
- "Drop orchids on crowd, represent happiness, love, peace, etc."
- "Everyone hold up sign with name and date that had a special meaning."
- "Complete silence a minute before ball drops, praying for worldwide peace."
- "Angel descending at midnight and recite Lord's Prayer."
- "Marching bands of pipers."
- "Holographs of important dead people give a speech."
- "One hundred people whose birthday is the first of January of each year of century."
- "UFO landing on Times Square, fake aliens greeting mankind, couple leaves."



Photograph by Ryker Vanamee; illustrations by Paul Corio.

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Winner's Circle

At the Sheraton for the Clinton/Gore '96 Celebration.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photos by Patrick McMullen

Clinton-Gore faithful at the New York State post-election party.

FROM THE WAY HE WAS EAGERLY SHAKING strangers' hands at the Sheraton last Tuesday, you'd have thought Mark Green was going after undecided voters. In fact, the polls had already been closed for more than an hour, and the networks had declared Clinton the winner. But to seasoned political players, the game's not over till the last vote is counted. "I can't fully react yet," said state-campaign chair Victor Kovner. "We're excited, and exhilarated, but I don't feel I've changed gears yet."

Nevertheless, most Clinton supporters had been flouting protocol for hours. Their conviction that their man would win seemed less a matter of exit polls than the belief that they *deserved* his victory. It was their time, almost like destiny. "New York Democrats are ready," said Judy Hope, state Democratic chair, "ready to savor every minute, even if we have to stay up all night. We didn't leave much to chance." When the time finally came for officially sanctioned jubilation, Kovner announced he'd personally "spoken to Little Rock"—no names, please—and was authorized to extend its gratitude to each and every person present. A vast bank of TV cameras broadcast his words live to TVs across the state—and around the room, where several people near the podium craned their necks to watch them, preferring to view the scene in its more familiar pixilated form. "All New York can feel very proud that they've stood for decency against the draconian measures of the Gingrich-Dole team," Kovner said.

To Maria Gordon, a correspondent for Moscow's TV6, the contrast was considerably less stark. In Russia, "everyone's fighting for power; political parties are like life and death. Here, in America, it really doesn't matter who wins. I was here for a Republican administration and then a Democratic administration, and nothing ever changes," she said.

She meant it as a compliment.

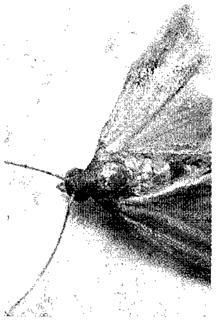
Top, at the opening of J. Crew's SoHo store, photographer Larry Clark and J. Crew vice-chair Emily Woods; above, Donna Karan with Peter Lindbergh at a party celebrating his book *10 Women*.

From upper left, C. Z. Guest and Sallie Wheeler at the National Horse Show Ball, which benefited the Ronald McDonald House; John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy with Leonard Lauder at the Whitney Museum for the thirtieth anniversary of the building, which Marcel Breuer designed; Spy owner Kelly Cole, Jay McInerney, and Sylvia Miles at Spy's first-anniversary party.

Neighborhood

THE NEW HOT LOFT BUG

"I HAVE ABOUT A DOZEN CASHMERE sweaters," says Fay Zinger, a mural designer living in TriBeCa, as she stands before her large, recently renovated closet. *"And they've all been ruined."* Zinger unfurls a plush dove-gray cardigan from Lord & Taylor as evidence. The three-inch holes scattered across the back suggest the sweater has been breakfast to something with an aggressive appetite. "I'm usually a Pringle girl," she says, referring to the brand of luxurious Scottish cashmere sweaters that retail for about $345, "and they love Scottish cashmere. They always go after it first, the little bastards."



The TriBeCa moth.

Renovated warehouse buildings in SoHo and TriBeCa have long been prime dwellings for the fashionable, but this fall, they're also becoming a mecca for a mysterious bug that leaves large holes and gossamer webbing on cashmere, silk, and angora. Some residents theorize that the bug is a holdover from when many lofts were textile warehouses, or that it's a hybrid that's coming from nearby Korean markets. "They're everywhere," says Zinger. "But not uptown. I talked to my friends on the Upper East Side, and they're not there."

Journalist Evan McGlinn has also "stared into the eyes of the beast," in his loft on Hudson Street. "They're a complete nightmare," he says, reflecting on his ravaged woolens. His girlfriend, Bradley O'Brien, a designer at Ralph Lauren who lives uptown, will no longer keep her prized sweaters at McGlinn's home.

Tineola bisselliela, or the webbing clothes moth—a pale bug with flat wings—is the most likely culprit, according to Louis Sorkin of the entomology department of the American Museum of Natural History. During the caterpillar stage of its life, the bug feeds on protein material, namely hair and wool, but there's no concrete reason why it seems to prefer SoHo and TriBeCa.

"We're all mortified and stand around in the dry cleaner's talking about it," says Zinger of her neighbors. In fact, since the moth can live for up to four years, dry cleaners may be the only ones taking solace from the webbing-moth plague. "It's real bad over here. Almost every customer's got holes," says Joe Delvillar of Finest French Cleaners on Hudson Street, before adding enthusiastically, "Dry cleaning will kill them!" CAITLIN DOWE

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

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THE ELECTION

MICHAEL TOMASKY

A Raceless Race

This year's campaign was most notable for what didn't happen: no racial code words or ugly wedge issues. Is Willie Horton finally history?

Jack Kemp at Sylvia's Restaurant in Harlem. *Actually* kinder and gentler.

THE WORST SORT OF GENRE novelist would never have dared invent such a scene, but it actually happened. At about 9:30 on Election Night, NBC correspondent David Bloom was reporting from Dole Central in Washington that the candidate was about to concede. He read a statement over the air from the campaign, to which the network's Tim Russert responded with stunned disbelief. *Conceding!?* It was only 6:30 in California, for God's sake!

Then, around 10:10, the network went back to Bloom, now reporting that the Dole campaign wished to retract its concession, which had been released by mistake. Amazing. A campaign that did virtually everything wrong, when it came down to the merciful end, didn't even know how to lose.

Nothing interesting happened in this campaign. But something very interesting *didn't* happen: For the first time, really, since 1960, the Republican presidential nominee not only refused to use race to polarize the electorate but in fact went (a little) out of his way to tell his party that it should not be used.

Consider. In the summer of 1964, Lyndon Johnson signed the Civil Rights Act, understanding, as he put it then, that he had "delivered the South to the Republican Party for a long time to come." Barry Goldwater campaigned openly against the act, and though Johnson clobbered him, Goldwater did win five states in the Deep South. Four years later, and again in 1972, Richard Nixon perfected the "southern strategy" with his unsubtly coded language about "law and order." True, Gerald Ford didn't work the issue too hard (he probably forgot), but with Ronald Reagan and his talk of welfare queens and crime, it came back with a vengeance. On to Willie Horton in 1988 and more welfare-and-crime talk in 1992, and the circle has been more or less unbroken.

But Dole, during his acceptance speech at the San Diego convention, told his audience: "If there is anyone who has mistakenly attached himself to our party in the belief that we are not open to citizens of every race and religion, [then] the exits, which are clearly marked, are for you to walk out of as I stand this ground without compromise." Platitudinous, to be sure, and not really true—but still, he didn't have to say it, did he?

The reasons this happened are complicated and in some ways not yet fully knowable. Obviously, it wasn't because Republicans have suddenly seen the light. Indeed, it came to pass in some respects because this year's Democratic nominee was the first in the post–Great Society era to agree with the Republicans on welfare reform, the death penalty, and some other issues that have traditionally defined the divide. And it may simply be serendipity. But whatever the reasons, the possibility exists that the southern strategy, which has defined—and poisoned—American politics for 30 years, may be on the way out.

"They've won the South for all intents and purposes, which is what that strategy was all about," says Princeton University history professor Sean Wilentz. "It got to a point of diminishing returns, where it was hurting more than it helped, especially among women." To Wilentz, women—who supported Bill Clinton, according to a CNN exit poll, by a margin of 54 to 38 percent—have been increasingly turned off by Republican extremism on social issues, race and abortion chief among them. Consideration of women voters, he says, is making the GOP play down polarizing strategies.

Glenn C. Loury of Boston University gives more credit to the presence of Jack Kemp on the ticket. Kemp, of course, has had a reputation for some years now as the conservative who likes black people, and he actually campaigned to some extent in black neighborhoods. Loury recalls discussing *The Bell Curve* with Kemp and says, "He was so contemptuous of it, I was kind of taken aback."

Like Wilentz, Loury sees "something of a backlash against extreme conservatism in the Northeast, the Midwest, and the West." But he points out that neither party talks in any serious way about the problems of the inner city, and he believes it's the Democratic Party's move toward the right, more than anything else, that has made racial politics moot. "There's no need for a Republican to run an ad with the black-looking murderer, saying all the usual things, because his opponent wants to fry the guy as much as the Republican does," Loury says.

Photograph by Brooks Kraft/Sygma.

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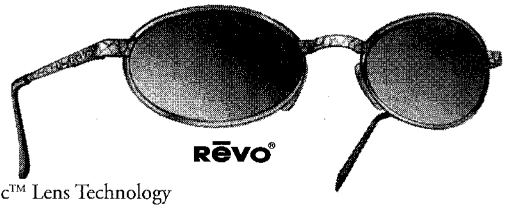

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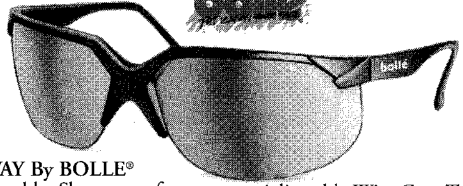

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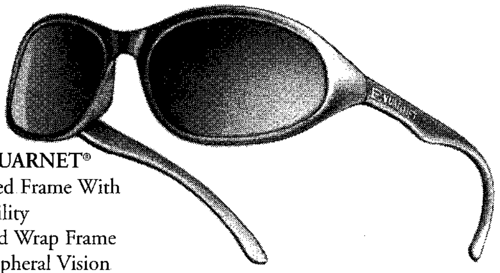

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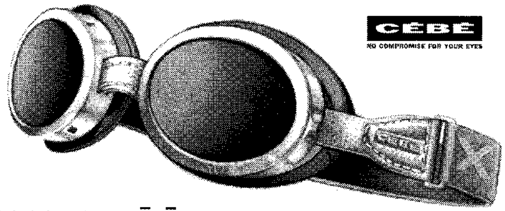

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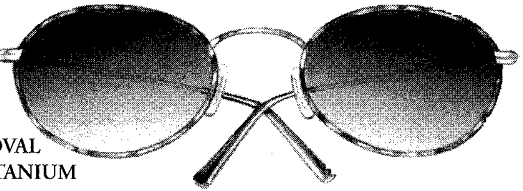

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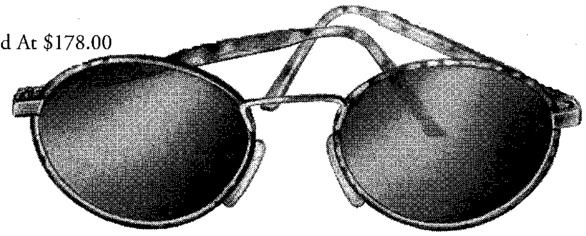

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True enough. But there are also signs that the raging racial debate has calmed just a bit. Consider what happened with Proposition 209, the California anti-affirmative-action initiative that passed with 54 percent of the vote. A year ago, pundits were predicting a hideous replay of the Prop. 187 fight. It didn't happen. Dole spoke in favor of it, but not in a polarizing way, in late October; at the same time, Kemp kept his distance from it. The sharpest rhetoric that emerged actually came from the initiative's opponents, who ran a television ad that flashed a burning cross and the image of David Duke, as if to suggest that supporting the measure put one in bed with the Klan.

It's hard to say how hopeful one should be about all this—after all, books are just now hitting the shelves about "the coming race war." But something, at least at the level of presidential politics, is changing, and even if it's merely that the southern strategy is now of limited utility to the Republicans, is that not in itself a good thing? If the GOP feared a too-costly backlash against a Willie Horton–type maneuver, doesn't that say something positive about the political culture? And what internal polls made Dole's speechwriters believe they had to feature that passage in the San Diego speech?

Of course, one big change has not yet occurred: The Republicans are still not competing for black votes. The Dole-Kemp ticket got just 12 percent among blacks. Kemp and his friend Jude Wanniski, he of Reagan-era supply-side fame, have argued for years that the GOP must seek black support, but, Wanniski acknowledges, most conservatives simply aren't ready. "They're afraid of it," Wanniski says of the GOP leadership's attitude toward his outreach plan. "Fear of change, in both the Democratic Establishment and Republican Establishment. *Establishment*—that's what it means." (Part of what the GOP might fear in Wanniski's planned trajectory is his odd faith that Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam are the GOP's paths of ingress into black America.)

Because the Republican Party ignores (or offends) black voters, the Democratic Party takes them for granted. That's bad for all concerned, especially poor black people. If Dole accomplished nothing else, he may have made some in his party think about that equation and the damage it's done to the republic. That would be a better legacy than those left by his predecessors who won. ■

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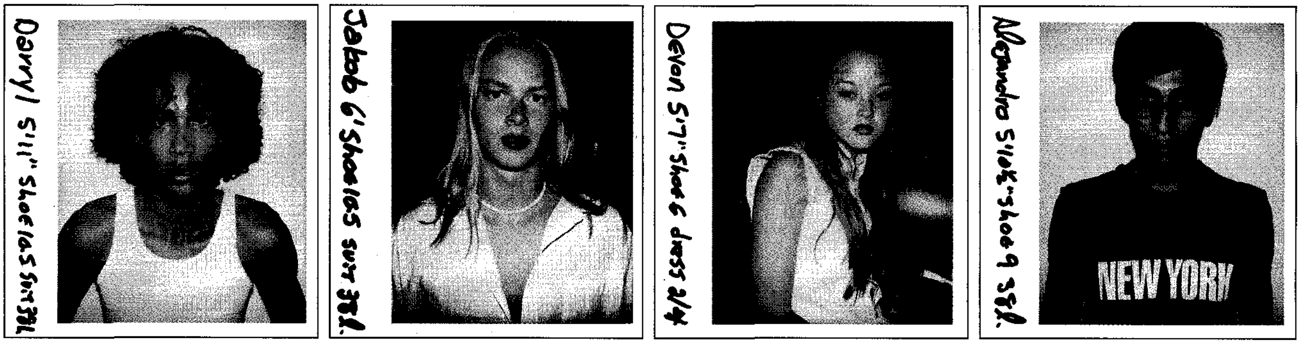
This Year's Models

Sayonara, Cindy. As cutting-edge advertisers race to get real, casting impresario Ned Ambler is single-handedly turning oddballs into objects of desire.


Darryl 5'11" shoe 10.5 suit 38L
Jakob 6' shoe 10.5 suit 38L.
Devon 5'7" shoe 6 dress 2/4
Alejandra 5'10½" shoe 9 38L.
NEW YORK

Polaroid dreams: A few of Ned Ambler's models-next-door, coming soon to a billboard near you.

'WHEN I SAY 'STAR,' I mean it for real," Ned Ambler is saying, a bit petulantly. Seated at a café on St. Marks Place, the budding model impresario is fuming over a recent article in *Women's Wear Daily* that found a touch of irony in Ambler's constant use of the term *star* to describe the dozens of amateur non-models—grungy young cab drivers, East Village bass players—that Ambler has cast in recent ad campaigns. Selling fashion from Levi's to Gianfranco Ferre to Dolce & Gabbana, Ambler's downtown nobodies are also showing up on MTV, in *Details* fashion spreads, and on Comme des Garçons runways in Paris.

"I always call them my stars, because I think they would be able to star in a film. You see some people walking down the street, and they have such a presence. Those are the kind of people who are interesting to photograph," Ambler says. "You get more of a sense of character rather than the model just being a mannequin. Sort of an inner life. Some soul. Some models are just so *soulless,*" he sighs.

Nobody would accuse Ambler's models of being standard-issue beauties, with their dramatic noses, sunken eyes, radical hairstyles and headed-to-rehab expressions.

There's Gabriel Zapata—the gaunt-faced slacker who appears alongside Kate Moss in ads for Calvin Klein's cK be. "He's got a really unique, interesting face," gushes Ambler. "It's, like, *Rasputin-esque*. I found him in Washington Square Park. He was sitting in the fountain one summer day."

There is also Jakob Prüfer, the teenaged Dane with the pierced lip and the long platinum hair who appears in Mario Testino's Calvin Klein–knockoff campaign for the Gap. Ambler found Prüfer, 19, "hanging out" in Tompkins Square Park this past spring. This summer, he was snapped up by Ford Models.

At the tender age of 27, Ambler talks up his young discoveries like a proud father. "This playwright friend of mine, Sander Hicks—he's amazing, and he's only 22, so he's going to be huge," he says. "Theo [the lead singer of Lunachicks]—she's totally amazing, one of the most beautiful women on the planet; she's hilarious. . . . She's going to be huge!"

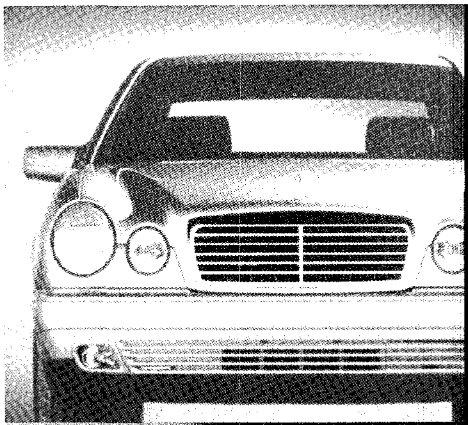
Perhaps, but the first one getting huge is Ambler himself. The skinny entrepreneur is the man—the only person, in fact—behind Ned Ambler Pictures and Casting, a casting agency not for actors but for models, who, in fact, are not models at all until Ambler tells them they are. Supplying top fashion photographers like Richard Avedon and Steven Meisel with an unending stream of achingly groovy unknowns, Ambler is helping to take a wide constellation of his stars mainstream and, in the process, changing the way our society defines beauty.

Unlike traditional modeling agencies, Ambler does not sign his finds to contracts or take a cut of their fees. Instead, he hires himself out to photographers and, working per diem, combs the city's nightclubs, coffee shops, and sidewalks as a finder of faces, of talent too unproven or uncommercial for traditional modeling agencies. While production people will often dig up "real" models for shoots as part of their general duties, Ambler has turned this obscure chore into a burgeoning business. For as long as this fad lasts, he's the "real people" guy.

"Steven Meisel was recently doing a job and looking for a skinhead," says Mark Stratton, the production coordinator who first called on Ambler for Meisel's grunge-landmark cK one campaign two years ago. "I called Wilhelmina, Ford, Boss, everyone. There weren't *any* skinheads. So I called Ned. He found several, and a lot of people who would be willing to be skinheads for the right price." For cK one, reality paid off big. The fragrance went on to become the world's best seller in 1995. Only six weeks into its run, the relentlessly hyped cK be campaign—which features two Ambler models and the peripatetic Kate Moss—is making a similar splash.

"We think there's a mood that our customers like, the non-glamorized approach," says Calvin Klein spokesman Robert Triefus. "I think the cK be campaign is looking at beauty in a number of ways. Visually, for one, but if you've seen the TV commercials, it's also finding an inner beauty as well. That campaign, where the individuals speak to camera, is based on real interviews that these individuals conducted and emo-

Photographs by Ned Ambler.



You've always heard owning a Mercedes made a statement. (Even though you bought the car entirely for the engineering, of course.) Well, now you can make another one. With these handsome leather designs made exclusively for Mercedes-Benz by Bally of Switzerland. What kind of statement could this make? My other Mercedes is a handbag, comes to mind. Hmmm. Sounds like there's an idea for a bumper sticker in there somewhere.

Mercedes-Benz

MY OTHER MERCE
IS A HANDBAG

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YOU'D GIVE YOUR LIFE FOR THEM.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT THEY WANT.

You're Everything to Me
Happy Birthday
DAD
HAPPY BIRTHDA
happy
Birthday
I Love You!

THEY JUST WANT YOU TO STAY HEALTHY.
SO IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT
PRAVACHOL FROM BRISTOL-MYERS SQUIBB.

PRAVACHOL. THE ONLY CHOLESTEROL-LOWERING DRUG OF ITS KIND PROVEN TO HELP PREVENT A FIRST HEART ATTACK.

If you have high cholesterol, there's something you should know. You may be at risk of having a first heart attack, even if you have no signs of any heart problems. And the grim fact of the matter is, up to 33% of people do not survive their first heart attack.

If improving your diet and exercise is not enough, you should ask your doctor about PRAVACHOL. The first and only cholesterol-lowering drug of its kind proven to help prevent first heart attacks. It may be able to help you live a longer, healthier life.

A new landmark five-year study including over 6,500 males with high cholesterol showed a dramatic reduction (approximately one-third) in the number of first heart attacks and deaths due to heart disease among those taking PRAVACHOL.

PRAVACHOL, when used with diet, has been proven to reduce the risk of a first heart attack, reduce the risk of death from heart disease, and reduce the risk of heart surgery in people with high cholesterol but no symptoms or history of heart disease. PRAVACHOL is a prescription drug, so you should ask your doctor or healthcare professional if PRAVACHOL is right for you. Some side effects, such as slight rash or mild stomach upset, occur in about 2–4% of patients. PRAVACHOL should not be taken by women who are pregnant or nursing, people who are allergic to any of its ingredients or by anyone with liver disease. Your doctor may perform tests to check your liver before and during treatment. Be sure to tell your doctor right away if you experience any muscle pain or weakness, as it may be a sign of a serious side effect. Be sure to mention any medications you are taking so any possible serious drug interactions can be avoided. Please see important information on the next page.

Please keep this reminder.

Ask your doctor if Pravachol is right for you or ***call 1-800-PREVENT*** *for more information on the first and only cholesterol-lowering drug of its kind proven to help prevent first heart attacks.*

PRAVACHOL®
pravastatin sodium 20 mg tablets
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PRAVACHOL HELPS PREVENT FIRST HEART ATTACKS.

Bristol-Myers Squibb Company

PRAVACHOL®

Pravastatin Sodium Tablets

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed before the initiation of treatment, at 6 and 12 weeks after initiation of therapy or elevation in dose, and periodically thereafter (e.g., semiannually).** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare ($< 0.1\%$) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination. PRECAUTIONS: General —** Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life ($t^{1}/_{2}$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients —** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions —** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle.** *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0-12\,hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol*, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function —** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p< 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a $\geq 50\%$ rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity —** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility —** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X. —** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS.** Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers —** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use —** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events —** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

	All Events		**Events Attributed to Study Drug**	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (n = 3293) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities*: elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities —** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy —** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions.**) **OVERDOSAGE:** To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

Consult package insert before prescribing PRAVACHOL® (pravastatin sodium).

Revised July 1996
D3-B001-7-96

J4-538D

tions and feelings that are personal to them. It's a beauty in a holistic sense."

CALL IT ANTI-CHIC. IN CONTRAST TO THE polished glamour that has long dominated fashion—and fashion advertising—the new wave of fashion advertising stresses gritty, unvarnished realism and a wider range of ages, races, and body shapes. In cK one ads this summer, Calvin Klein felt compelled to balance out the Twigginess of Kate Moss with a defiantly fat woman as well as a host of "flawed" regular folks (many of whom were discovered in New York by, of course, Ned Ambler).

Last spring, the watchmaker Omega briefly, and quite publicly, threatened an advertising boycott of British *Vogue,* protesting its propagation of anorectic models. All the while, Dr. Mary Pipher's *Reviving Ophelia* was hovering on the best-seller list, recycling the argument that beauty standards are cruelly unrealistic for girls. Apparently, marketers were sensing a growing revolt among fashion consumers tired of torturing themselves to look like models. Instead they wanted models who looked (more) like themselves.

Into this vacuum wandered a young fashion assistant with a thick black book of friends, a Polaroid camera, and some second-generation-p.c. ideas about expanding definitions of beauty. Soon, the fashionably sunken chests, hollow eyes, and stringy hair familiar to late-night diners at Ukrainian coffee shops in the East Village were popping up in ads for Levi's and Members Only. Even people who had never been to the Limelight were taking notice. Thus, inevitably, a marketing movement was born, one that boldly appropriated the name—if little of the anticommercial iconoclasm—of the "New Realism" photography movement.

Photographer Josh Jordan, who regularly uses Ambler models for fashion spreads in magazines like *Interview* and *Out,* believes that Ambler has been able to successfully rebalance skewed, and unfairly narrow, definitions of beauty. "[The New Realism is about] changing your idea of what is a classic look. Like the guy with the big nose in cK be. He is really classic-looking, but you need to make people remember that."

Stratton believes the "real" models are more encouragingly familiar, more spontaneous and fresh, than the classically chiseled jock-Aryan variety.

"I think college kids want to see people who look like themselves, or they at least

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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want to see a fantasy of themselves," he says. "If they see themselves as rebels, they relate to the people with the pierces and tattoos, even though in seven years they're going to be stockbrokers."

So the hunt grows ever more tireless. Ambler is always looking for a new face to Polaroid. Often, he will take in five clubs a night. He'll run home to slip on some black chaps to check out a leather bar, or a blazer to find gospel singers uptown. One waitress who served him a lemonade ended up in the Testino Gap ad. It's capitalism as scavenger hunt. "I'm kind of tired of casting people who know they're hip," he says wearily. "So I've been going to bowling alleys and frat bars around NYU. The people who don't expect it are more interesting, in a way."

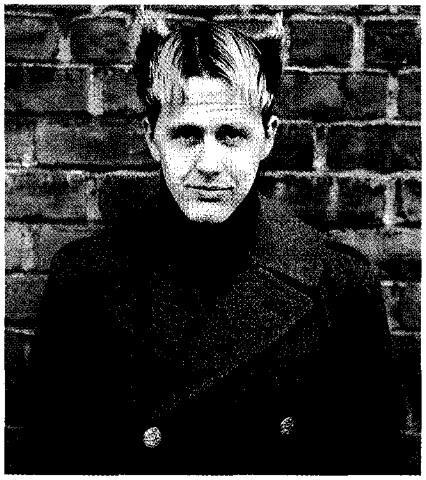
"He's just got a really good eye for finding somebody who is a young, groovy, edgy-looking kid who is not a freak," says Stratton. "That's really a fine line. You want them to be appealing, even though they have a pierced lip and black roots and dyed hair."

In person, Ambler shares with many of his models a pronounced clubland exotica. He wraps his skinny frame in obscure thrift-store tunics and reinvents his image "bi-seasonally" (today, it's a moussed-up concoction suggesting at once Batman and A Flock of Seagulls).

Leaning over a corner table, he proudly pores over a fat pile of magazine clippings, flipping to an ad for Calvin Klein jeans that features a girl in a black denim dress. "Her name is So Fine. I found her outside a McDonald's in Harlem." Another page features George Castro, 21, a cab driver who bears an eerie resemblance to Willem Dafoe. "He's totally amazing," Ambler says of his modeling hack. "It just makes me feel good that I can help him get out of that."

Ambler's origins, like those of many of his flamboyant East Village compatriots, are actually far from exotic. He was raised an only child in Richmond, Virginia. In his teens, he was a boarding-school student at the Salisbury School in Connecticut, where he "had to wear a coat and tie to class, even on Saturdays." By 1988, he was studying film as an undergraduate at NYU. After graduation, he occupied a succession of apartments in Alphabet City. He planned to make films (he has since finished one, called *Rock Star*) and tried to make ends meet selling collage illustrations to magazines.

But Ambler's big break came three years ago, when he landed a job as a gofer at *L'Uomo Vogue*. One day, the editors needed someone to go out and dig up a dozen local kids for a fashion spread. Ambler was uncannily well prepped for the task.


Model citizen: Mr. Ambler makes his rounds.

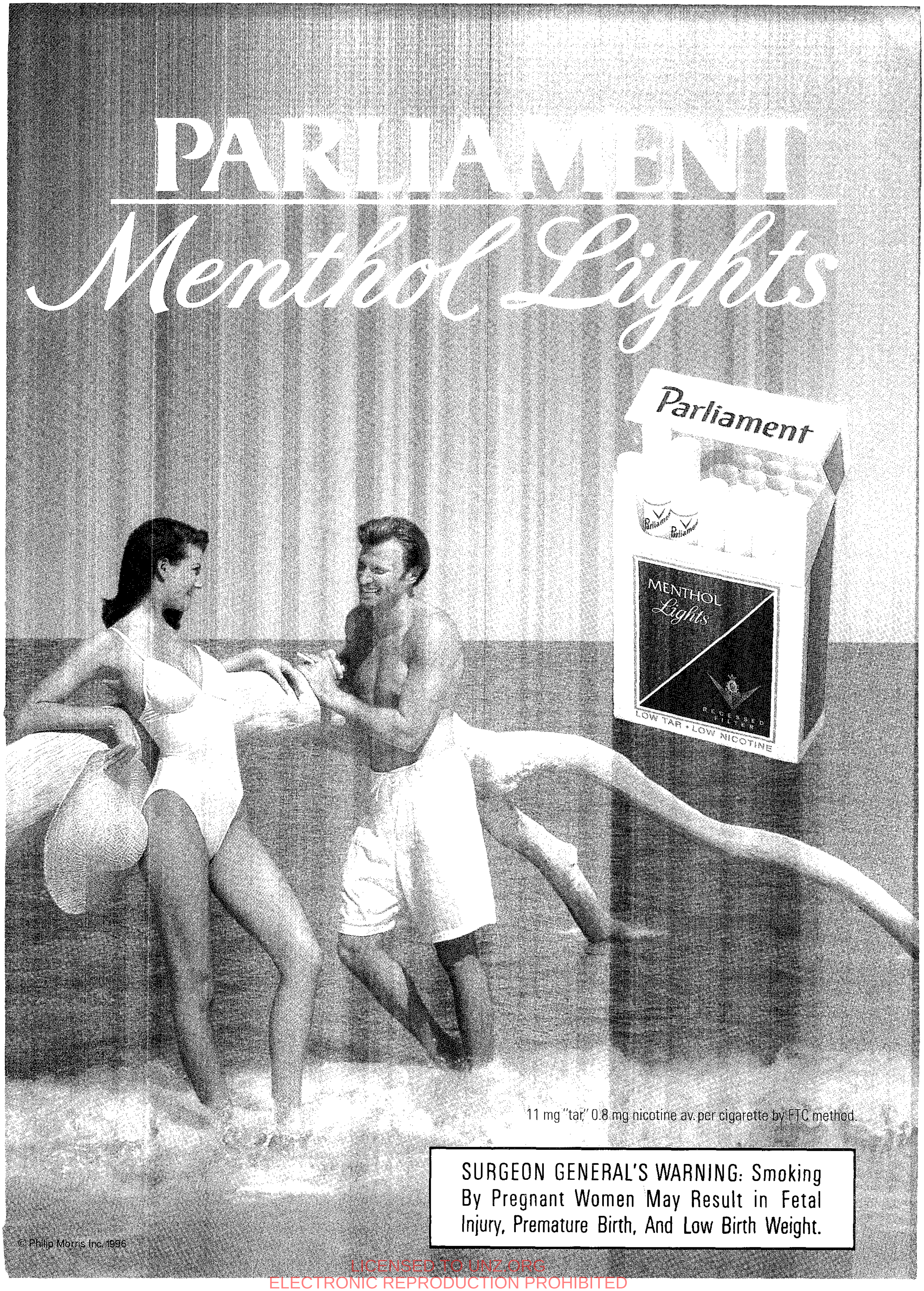
"Since I was in my teens, I followed like twenty different magazines: *Details, Interview, Detour, ID, The Face*. Read every page and every inch," Ambler says. "So I've been able to follow Dolce & Gabbana ads and Calvin Klein ads, and I know what Steven Meisel's type is. I know what Ellen von Unwerth's type is. Now when I'm out, I'll say, 'He is so right for this Ferre ad I'm doing. Michelle Comte is going to love this blond-haired boy.' So I Polaroid him.

"There are some people who are so sexy and gorgeous and amazing, but they don't photograph that well. You really don't know until you Polaroid somebody," Ambler says. "I'll go into a huge club like Twilo and maybe see three people I like out of a thousand."

For the most part, Ambler's kids have stepped through this window of opportunity to find a one-shot chance to make $1,500. Some will do a shoot every month. There are a few, however, who are actually starting to become "huge." Ambler cast some two dozen amateurs in Testino's *faux*-spontaneous Gap campaign. Four have since signed with major agencies. "I'm not afraid of my job ending, because there's always going to be a need to find models," says Ambler, stopping to ponder a future beyond Ugly Chic. Fashion being fashion, it will change, after all. So Ambler will, too.

"As we move away from the new-realism thing, a lot of the models are still going to be, like, downtown people, but you're never going to know it, because they just have classic good looks," he says. "They're going to be East Village rockers, but they're going to be doing Gucci ads." ▬

Photograph by Joshua Jordan.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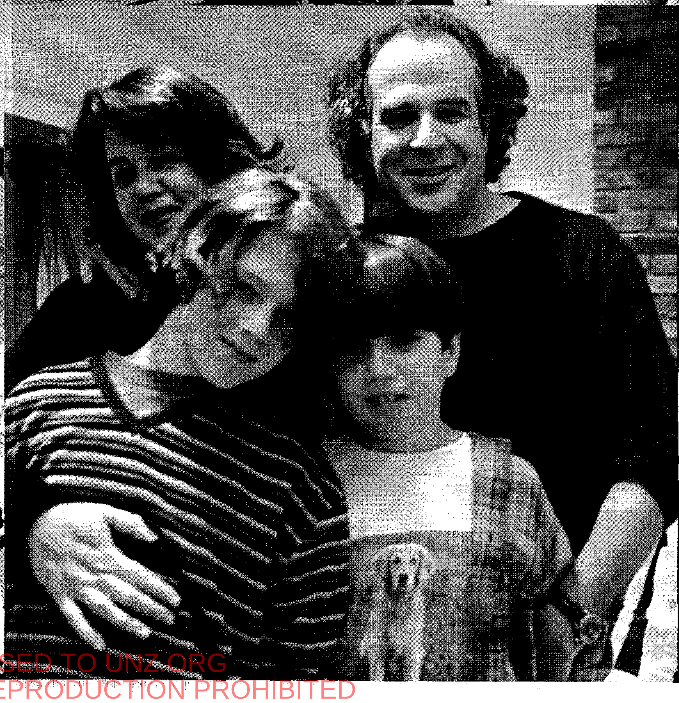


MONTCL

THE UPPER WEST SIDE OF SUBURBIA

With all the amenities but Zabar's, Montclair, N.J., has become a refuge for New Yorkers who say they like everything about the city—except living there.

By Craig Horowitz

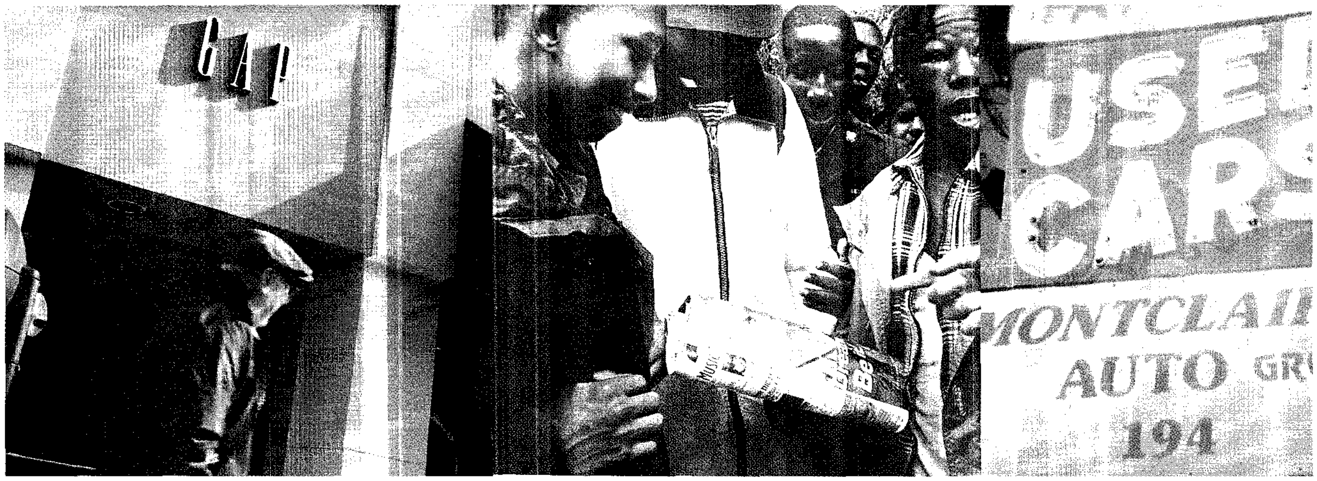
A little more than six years ago, after much hand-wringing, soul-searching, and kitchen-table debating, Stuart Rubin and his wife decided it was time to sell their Manhattan co-op and move to the suburbs. It was, at best, a painful decision. Rubin, a 46-year-old criminal-defense lawyer, and his wife, an artist, had lived in Kips Bay for twelve years and thought of themselves as hard-core city people: hip, sophisticated, and progressive. The kind of people who see *Trainspotting* the weekend it opens.

But after their two boys were born, the Rubins began to reconsider their carefully crafted urban existence. The once-irresistible appeal of ethnic restaurants, downtown galleries, and weekends in the country now had to

burban
ourier
MONTCLAIR

Sunny scenes of suburbia: Montclair mayor Bill Farlie and his wife, Barb (top right), in front of their home; lawyer Stuart Rubin with his wife, Rochelle, and two sons (bottom center).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERNESTO BAZAN, JEAN LAUGHTON, AND GREG MILLER
FOR *NEW YORK*



be weighed against paying for a family-size apartment and expensive private schools. They looked at houses in Westport, Larchmont, Hastings, Westfield, and Short Hills. But the problem was always the same: The Rubins simply didn't like the suburbs. Too sleepy. Too sterile. Too homogeneous. Too many Republicans. How could they move to a place where the most taxing intellectual activity, they believed, would be keeping track of car-pool assignments? Though they craved more space, a yard, good schools, and a safe environment for their boys—now 12 and 10—what they really wanted was to have these things without leaving the East Side.

> **"We just didn't identify with the suburbs. We wanted to find a town where we wouldn't feel like suburbanites."**

"We just didn't identify with the suburbs," says Stuart Rubin, a self-described former hippie whose gray hair is thin on top but long and thick in the back, hanging several rebellious inches past his collar. "We wanted to find a town where we wouldn't feel like suburbanites."

For John Curtis and his family, moving out of the city presented a different set of challenges. Curtis, a black man who grew up in South Jamaica and graduated from Queens College with a degree in African-American studies, was always committed to living in the city. The son of a bus driver, Curtis owns a marketing-and-promotions company that helps major corporations penetrate minority markets. Though he could afford to live almost anywhere, Curtis believed it was important to stay in the inner city. He bought a brownstone on Monroe Street in Bed-Stuy, moved his family in, and began to renovate. He was gambling that with a similar commitment from other people like himself, the neighborhood would eventually get better.

It never did. "We were waiting for gentrification," says Curtis, whose son Coltrane went to private school in Park Slope, "but it always seemed to pass us by." Ultimately, it was Coltrane's welfare that prompted the exodus. Curtis was not willing to subject his son—just beginning his teenage years—to the temptations and dangers of Bed-Stuy's streets.

"When we lived in Brooklyn and he was on his bike or just outside, I could never let him get beyond my line of sight. I got tired of worrying about him every moment. I know there are some people back in Brooklyn, some of the brothers, who might say I sold out or turned my back on the neighborhood. That's all right," Curtis says without rancor. "I know I did the right thing and I've never looked back . . . not even once," he adds, smiling now. "I did what I had to for my family. I wanted to live someplace where I felt my son would be safe."

But it wasn't quite that simple. Sure, the Curtises wanted a place where their son could get a good education in the public schools. But they also wanted—perhaps even needed—a place where they wouldn't feel left out. Or worse, feel as though they had checked out.

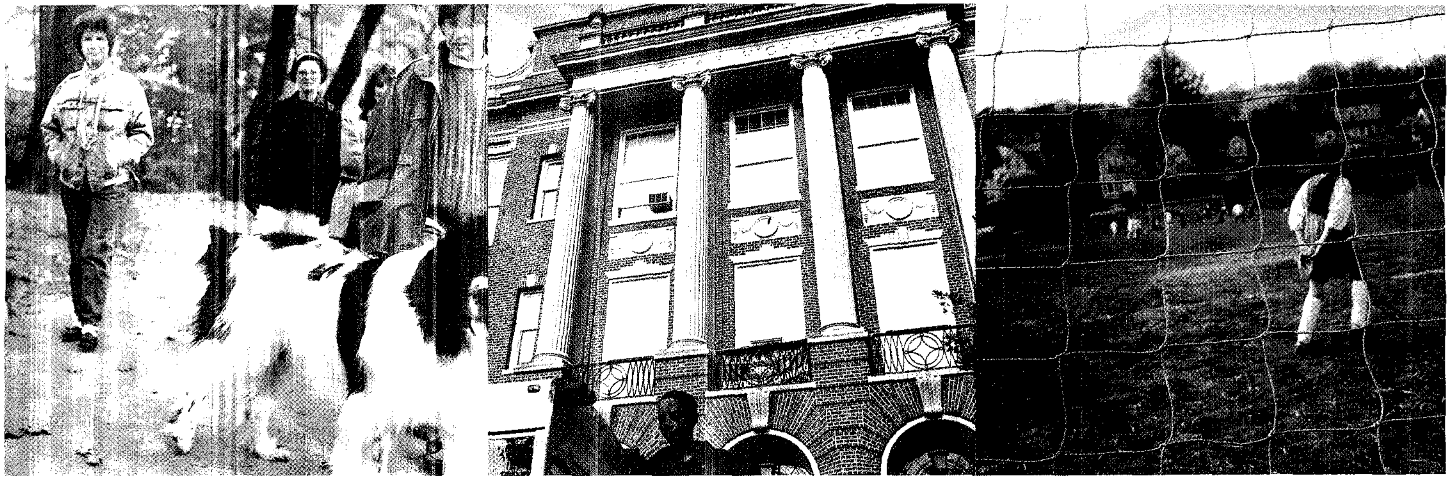
Despite their differences, the Rubins and the Curtises ended up choosing the same town for the same reasons: aesthetics; proximity to Manhattan; old houses. Most significant, however, was the fact that both families were willing—indeed, eager—to live with people of a different skin color. So after all the awkward moments in cars with real-estate agents, the follow-up strategy sessions in coffee shops, and the inevitable moments of doubt, both families moved to Montclair, New Jersey.

"I felt immediately comfortable here," says Curtis, sitting in his office in the heart of Montclair's downtown business district and listening to Oscar Peterson on Newark's WBGO, the last all-jazz radio station in the metro area. "I understood that Montclair was predominantly an upscale town, but I also recognized that there were lots of people who looked like me."

Despite its traditional green-shuttered, leafy appearance, and the obligatory soccer moms tooling around in pricey Jeeps and minivans, Montclair is actually a suburban anomaly. Of its 38,000 residents, slightly more than 30 percent are black. By comparison, Summit is less than 6 percent black. There are other suburban towns with significant black populations, but unlike, say, Englewood or South Orange, Montclair is not diverse by virtue of white flight, or some quirk in the real-estate market. While there is a poor, overwhelmingly black section of Montclair, there is no easily discernible right-side/wrong-side-of-the-tracks geography. Upper Montclair, which has its own Zip Code and generally more expensive houses, is mostly white, but blacks live in every part of town. "My congregation," says Archie Hargraves, the high-profile black reverend of Trinity Presbyterian Church, "goes from six figures to hardly any figures."

Montclair is diverse because much of the population believes it should be. Old lefties, idealists, unapologetic integrationists, and people with all the right liberal credentials are attracted to this town because of its tolerance. Montclair offers a rare chance for adults—who have kids and mortgages and quality of life to worry about—to put

Photographs: Jean Laughton (1,3,4,6); Ernesto Bazan (2,5).



More mini-city than typical suburb: Life in and around Montclair High School (second from left, second from right, and far right). One of Montclair's many parks (third from right).

their money where their rhetoric is.

Says Montclair High School principal Elaine Peeler Davis: "This town tests those of us who said in the sixties that we wanted a different world."

Despite—or perhaps because of—this strain of latter-day sixties utopianism, virtually every issue, every squabble, every controversy in town seems to have a racial element: taxes, school funding, downtown revitalization, police protection, and the current debate over whether pre-K classes ought to be part of the public-school program. This inevitably leaves some bruises. "Race is a part of every conversation in this town," says Town Council member Jessica de Koninck, a white woman who has a daughter at Montclair High School and a son in middle school. "We spend a lot of time beating ourselves up about it, and we are very comfortable calling each other racists." Still, De Koninck is so committed to Montclair that, rather than move, she commutes three hours a day by car to get to and from her job in southern New Jersey.

"Diversity is what makes this town so interesting, so appealing, so complex, so rich, and so vexing," says school superintendent William Librera, who is, because all issues of race seem to crystallize in the schools, always the locus of controversy. "You know the old cliché? I have some good news and some bad news about Montclair. The good news is its diversity. And the bad news is . . . its diversity."

Located about fifteen miles north and west of midtown Manhattan, past the malls and the swamps of Secaucus, the vast openness of the Meadowlands, and such conspicuous Route 3 landmarks as the gloriously retro, silver-coated Tic Tock Diner, Montclair looks, on first inspection, like any of the other older, upscale suburbs in the metropolitan area. Its pretty streets are lined with turn-of-the-century Colonials, classic Tudors, and quirky Victorians. There are huge oak trees, lush parks, tennis courts, and all of the other aesthetic and recreational accoutrements one would expect to find in a town where the average house sells for about $300,000 (prices can go as high as $1 million).

But Montclair is not like other suburbs. In fact, the town seems, at times, almost schizophrenic about whether it is a suburb at all. On the one hand, Montclair can display typical small-town instincts, as it did recently when it restricted the use of leaf blowers to cut down on noise pollution. On the other hand, is there another upscale suburb—Basking Ridge? Chatham? Franklin Lakes?—that has an active, vocal civil-rights commission? Or one that has flirted with forming a civilian review board to assess complaints about the police?

Still, Montclair must be a suburb if it has seventeen parks and playgrounds, plenty of girls' softball, and house lots that can, in ritzier sections, run to several acres. But what other suburban town is actually divided into wards—an archaic term more likely to spark visions of Chicago's big-city machine politics than the genteel local politics of a suburban council race?

"A lot of people think of this as suburbia," says Larry Glover, a local marketing executive who serves on numerous committees in town, "but it's not. We have some of the physical attractions of suburbia, but the character is clearly urban."

In fact, Montclair is, in many ways, more like a small city. Compared with the languorous, more bucolic burgs to its west and north, Montclair crackles with what in Manhattan is approvingly referred to as "energy."

Montclair has its own art museum, with an estimable collection of American and Native American painting, including works by John Singer Sargent, Thomas Eakins, Edward Hopper, and Thomas Hart Benton. There are four local theater companies that often employ name actors, directors, and playwrights to mount serious, controversial works. Last season, for example, Luna Stage, a storefront theater, put on *We Don't Have Enough Sugar for the Public,* a theatrical exploration of race relations past and present. This season, Luna is doing *Macbeth* with Frankie Faison, a Montclair resident and Tony nominee for *Fences.* The town is also home to Montclair State University, a jazz club, three independently owned bookstores, and not only two standard-issue triplexes but an art-movie house as well.

All of which makes Montclair enormously appealing to New Yorkers. People like the Rubins and the Curtises: smart, successful professionals who once saw themselves as umbilically connected to the city but had this tie snapped when, as Irving Kristol put it in a more charged context, they got "mugged by reality." These boomer families, a remarkable number of whom have moved to Montclair and other New York–area suburbs in the past decade, are starting to fundamentally change the character of suburban life.

Though Montclair has its share of investment bankers, CEOs, and middle-management corporate types, it is also home—again because of its tolerance—to a notable number of gay and lesbian and biracial couples. Couples who have adopted foreign babies say they moved here in the belief that the kids would be more readily accepted in a diverse

Luncheonette
baby boom

school population. And Montclair is a virtual ghetto for journalists: *Time, Newsweek, People,* the networks, and a broad spectrum of other magazines and book publishers are all heavily represented. Though no one has made a formal count, it seems as if half the staff of the New York *Times* bunks here.

There's also an extraordinary number of novelists, actors, and artists. So many local painters live here, in fact, that when the Montclair Art Museum announced that it would mount a show this spring highlighting the town's artists, a *salon des refusés* was put together almost immediately.

Like the Upper West Side, Montclair seems slightly messy, almost untidy. Some of the houses have a sad, forlorn look, as if they have gone too long without a fresh coat of paint. But for the people who live here, this slightly-frayed-around-the-edges ambience is yet one more part of the overall appeal. It makes the place seem more real, less like one of those antiseptic suburbs Montclairians all struggled so assiduously to avoid.

Even Montclair's central downtown business district is Upper West Side–like. Running for a little more than a mile along the main artery of Bloomfield Avenue, it is really a series of connected but disparate sections, whose character and essence can change from one block to the next. While there is a Jaguar dealer and a Starbucks at one end, there is also a series of small, run-down businesses including a beeper store and a couple of chicken-shack-style takeouts along another stretch.

> **"This town tests those of us who said in the sixties that we wanted a different world."**

"I'm not going to kid you," says Ed Remsen, the executive director of Catholic Big Brothers, who moved to town with his family ten years ago from Brooklyn's Sunset Park and heads a volunteer group working on downtown revitalization. "There are signs of deterioration downtown, and parts can even look a little menacing." As with everything else, what to do about downtown is a topic of fierce, racially charged debate.

Indeed, every issue—a new commuter rail link to Manhattan, a church expansion, racial balance in the schools—becomes a jihad. "One of the minuses about having all of these smart, interesting, socially committed people living here," says *Wired* columnist Jon Katz, an eight-year resident, "is that New Yorkers have one approach to dealing with issues: They fight. So every issue here just becomes impossible. It's like some kind of Kabuki nightmare of eternally warring factions.

"This is a place where I'm totally comfortable walking my dogs at one or two in the morning—which I do all the time," says Katz, who writes suburban mysteries set in a Montclair-like town. "But I'm far too frightened to go to a school-board meeting."

Katz may be in the minority. "This town embraces the struggle," Ellen Harris says proudly, her shoulders square and chin straight out. The director of the Montclair Art Museum, Harris, a former deputy director at MOMA, moved to town with her husband and two kids four and a half years ago from a loft in TriBeCa. "We're not hiding in the suburbs. We have taken diversity and the conflict that is America in 1996 and embraced it in a different setting. We don't want to be Livingston," Harris, who is white, says in her office one afternoon, referring to the quieter, more traditional suburban town fifteen minutes west of here.

There is a strain of self-righteousness that rises to the surface whenever the new transplants talk about Montclair. Again and again they tell me that they try harder, care more deeply, and are willing to sacrifice to make things better. It's not clear why they're so emphatic—does it satisfy a continuing need to rationalize their decision to leave the city?

"Hey, if you want to live in Vermont, go live in Vermont," says council member De Koninck when I ask her whether the constant battling doesn't get tedious. Similarly, when I ask Stuart Rubin one afternoon while sitting on the porch of his turn-of-the-century farmhouse whether living in Montclair is exhausting, he responds in a voice thick with condescension, "Excuse me, being a citizen takes effort. This is uplifting, not exhausting."

Rubin, a tireless Montclair booster, tells me how "fabulous" it is, as his son heads off to play basketball, that one of the kids in the game has dreadlocks. And just in case I still haven't gotten his point, he leans in and says: "As with everything in this town involving race, no place works harder, cares more deeply, or gets better results."

But is it working? Just because blacks and whites live in the same town or in the same neighborhood or even on the same block doesn't mean they have created a fully integrated community. "This town is obviously diverse," says John Curtis, whose volunteer work includes heading Million Man Montclair, a group of black men who went to the march last year and came home energized to take on projects in the community. "But I don't know how integrated it really is."

Photographs: Jean Laughton (1,3,6); Ernesto Bazan (2,4); Greg Miller (5).

Black and white in suburbia: John Curtis, a black marketing executive who moved his family from Bed-Stuy (second from left); girls hanging out in front of Montclair High School (third from right).

Hargraves, the reverend, goes a step further. "We're not naïve," he says. "Montclair is a human community . . . of course there's racism."

But Curtis also talks about making connections and friends with whites he meets in his role as a volunteer in the downtown-revitalization effort. Go to a backyard barbecue anywhere in town, he says, and the likelihood is there will be both blacks and whites in attendance. And there is, in fact, plenty of evidence that a bedrock level of interracial comfort does exist in Montclair.

When New Jersey Transit announced plans to tear down 29 houses in a poor black neighborhood to build a direct train link to Manhattan (commuters must now go to Hoboken and take the PATH), there was an immediate outcry. With its clearly drawn contrasts and easily exploitable stereotypes, it was an issue made for an outside agitator. And sure enough, Khalid Muhammad from the Nation of Islam came to town for a speech and a march. Twice. Both times, he was ignored by Montclair's residents, fewer than two dozen of whom showed up to each event.

"We have a process in this town that works," Curtis says of the Khalid episode. "We have black and white people here who are intelligent, capable, and logical. And these people resent that kind of outside intrusion." One black minister, speaking on condition of anonymity, said, "We don't want to destroy what we have built here. We're not interested in tearing things apart, and that's what Khalid Muhammad and those folks are all about."

"My boys have had sleep-overs with kids from every part of town," says Stuart Rubin, who serves on the civil-rights commission, "and let me tell you that when the black kids and the white kids wake up in the morning in the same bed with their feet in each other's faces, it's a wonderful thing."

Unfortunately, the afterglow doesn't seem to last. As the kids get older, outside influences start to have an impact and they begin to sort themselves based on color. "The dotted line is drawn at middle school and the solid line at the high school," says Larry Glover, whose 10-year-old son is one of three black kids out of 300 who play hockey in the town program. "His focus now for birthday parties and sleepovers is, who is my friend? It's not who is black or white."

One big reason the kids begin to drift apart has little at all to do with race. It is simply the normal struggle of adolescents—especially girls—to be part of a group. As teenagers try to find their place, it is not surprising that they end up with the kids who are most like themselves. "Their social circle narrows the higher up they go," says Frankie Faison, the black character actor, whose 17-year-old daughter is a senior at the high school. Faison's wife, Jane Mandel, who owns and runs the Luna Stage theater, is white. Together since 1971 when they met in the M.F.A. program at NYU, they have three daughters in Montclair's schools.

"A lot of parents don't feel quite as comfortable with a black man coming to their home as they did with a little kid," Faison says. "You know, that cute little 7- or 8-year-old black boy they were so happy their kids were playing with is now somebody who could be dating their daughter."

The truest measure of any interracial community's long-term viability—indeed, of any suburban community's viability—is the health of its schools. They become the nexus of a suburb's various and competing interests. Everyone comes together: black and white; young and old; rich and poor; Christian and Jew; progressive and conservative.

Add to this mix the obsessiveness of boomer parents for whom no detail of their children's education is too small and no aspect of their school life too pedestrian to be taken for granted. There are women in Montclair who every morning get their kids ready for school and take them outside to wait for the bus. When the bus comes, the kids get on, the women race to the garage, jump in the car, and surreptitiously follow the bus to school.

"I have to tell you," says one school official, struggling to be diplomatic, "that dealing with older parents, the transplanted urban dwellers who are in their forties and have young children, is a lot different than dealing with a 24-year-old parent. Everything becomes so complicated."

Like other towns in New Jersey and perhaps other towns everywhere, Montclair is struggling now as federal and state aid shrink at the same time its school population is growing. And Montclair's commitment to multicultural equality requires more than goodwill—it costs real money.

The recent war over pre-K education illustrates the problem. Facing budget constraints, the school board decided last month that the town could no longer afford the $1.7 million it cost to support one year of pre-kindergarten education for its kids. This even though every study indicates that kids at risk—those from poor families, single-parent homes, and the like—benefit greatly from early education and intervention. (The funding trap for Montclair is that while 17 or 18 percent of all its students are on free- or assisted-lunch programs, the cutoff to qualify for additional state aid to pay for

Montclair, 07042: Ed Remson, who is leading efforts to revitalize Monclair's downtown business district, with his family (second from left); girls in the Montclair High School band (third from right).

pre-K classes is 20 percent.)

"For the first time," says Mayor Bill Farlie, who was elected last spring on a platform of fiscal responsibility, "there is a real gap between what we want to do and what we can afford to do." Farlie, who has lived in town for 28 years, is a good example of Montclair's tax problem. The town's budget is $100 million, 52 percent of which goes to the schools. Most comes from real-estate taxes. Farlie's tab—he owns a beautiful redbrick colonial in the heart of town, a big house but certainly not a mansion—is $26,000 a year.

So when Montclair High School came in ninety-fourth out of 259 schools in *New Jersey Monthly*'s latest statewide school rankings, homeowners worried about their property values were not exactly glowing with pride. Though the top schools—judged essentially by test scores—were predictably those in upscale, homogeneous communities, Montclair's poor showing still riles.

"I will never apologize for not being No. 1 or 2 by the criteria they use," says an obviously frustrated Davis, the Montclair High principal. "It represents a linear way of thinking about achievement. It doesn't provide the layperson with any idea about what those schools do to engage their students," says Davis, a spirited black woman. "It basically just says that if you have students coming from middle- and upper-middle-class families where education is valued and they provide a lot of enrichment activities, the achievement will be high. It just perpetuates a gene-pool theory."

Stand outside the high school in the morning or the afternoon, and the divide is obvious—the black kids are on one side of the building and the whites are on the other. White parents see something else as well: The large congregation of black kids decked out in their street gear is, they say (usually off the record), frightening.

"I know there are a lot of people who are uncomfortable with what they see in student dress, who find it menacing," says Davis. "They come up to me at PTA meetings or wherever and tell me the kids look like thugs. But I tell them the baggy pants and all that kind of thing is just a style, you know, MTV and all of that. I ask them if they feel as threatened by what they see on Midland Avenue, where it's predominantly the white kids hanging out, smoking or whatever. And they tell me they don't. So the real issue is, are they threatened because the kids are dressed like thugs or are they threatened by race?"

Race may have something to do with the fact that more and more white students leave the public school system as they get older. Montclair High is 52 percent black (for different reasons, increasing numbers of upper-class blacks also seem to be taking the private-school route). To the dismay of many residents, this arithmetic raises the possibility that Montclair could, with a nudge in the wrong direction, become another Englewood, a splintered town in which whites and upper-middle-class blacks abandoned the public schools. When that happens, a town slowly begins to wither.

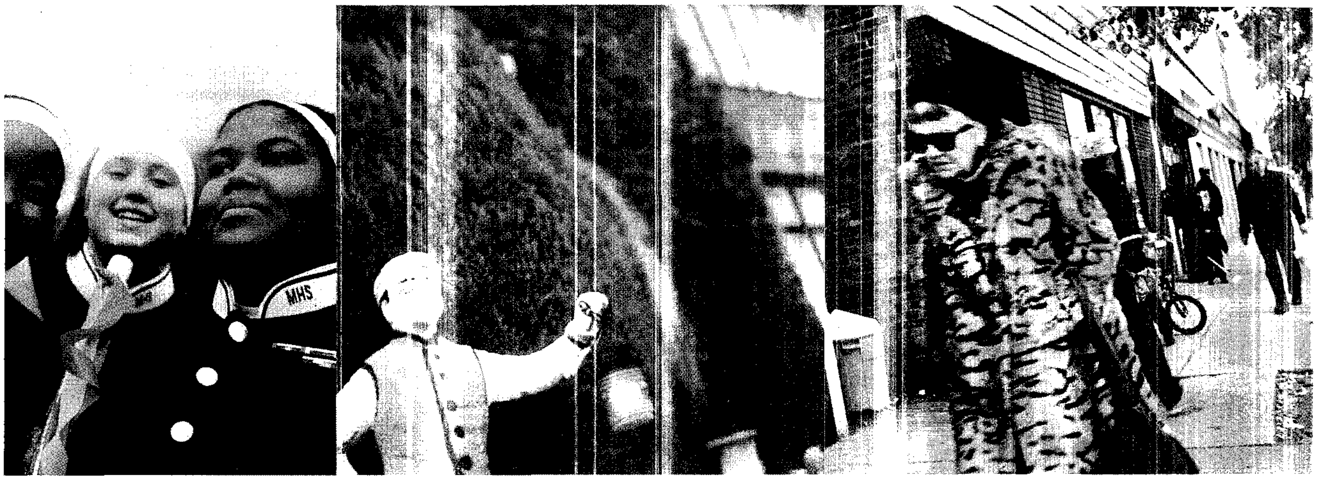
"I think if that fear exists," says Margot Sage-EL, who moved to town six years ago from Brooklyn's Clinton Hill and co-owns Watchung Booksellers, "it's based more on perception than reality. It's the kind of fear that someone talks about during one of those whispered, backdoor driveway conversations you have with someone who's similar to yourself."

"The tipping-point concern is bogus, it's simplistic, it's silly, and it doesn't apply here at all," superintendent Librera says emphatically. "We're already 12 to 15 percentage points beyond what is normally considered the so-called tipping point. The places where it was a problem didn't respond to changes in their community. This town has not only remained viable but gotten stronger and more attractive to people coming out of the city." Then comes the Montclair peroration: "This is the healthiest place I know. I tell parents what a great laboratory for the future this town is for their children because they live in a world that the country is becoming."

It is an hour of the morning when perhaps only cops and cabbies ought to feel like their day is in full swing, but at Montclair High School, a large Federal-style brick building in the center of town, activity in the first-floor office hums along at what appears to be midday pitch. Though it is not quite 7:30, teachers arrive, check for messages, drop off paperwork, and head to their classrooms. A few linger to catch up on bits of gossip. Students, weighed down by their backpacks like infantrymen on a long march, drift in, ask a question, and drift out again. Behind the counter, several secretaries busily work the phones, the copy machine, and the file cabinets. Meanwhile, in a small, spare conference room with a round table and mismatched chairs, a group of Montclair High School seniors has gathered to talk to me about the issues they face living in a town that values diversity.

"Let me tell you about a defining moment," says Hillary, a pretty black honors student with big hoop earings and denim shorts who is headed to Georgetown and then, she

Photographs: Jean Laughton (1,3,4,5,6); Greg Miller (2).



hopes, to medical school (the students agreed to speak on the condition that their full names not be used). “Last year when the O.J. verdict was announced . . . several classes had televisions, and when they said not guilty, all the black kids jumped up and down and went crazy and all the white kids just groaned in disgust. For several weeks around here, everything was very touchy.”

“It’s sad,” says David, a tall, wiry black kid with a sixties-style Afro who is shooting for Princeton, “that even in this town, we can remember where we were when the verdict came down. It’s sad, because it shows how deep the racial divide still is.”

“That cute 8-year-old black boy they were so happy their kids were playing with is now somebody who could be dating their daughter.”

“Diversity for me means that I sit next to a black kid in homeroom,” says one of the two white girls in the room. “It’s really an aberration when I have any meaningful contact with a black kid.”

“Sometimes,” says the other white girl, “I find myself wanting to be friends with someone just because they’re black. I know it’s weird.” The girl’s parents are progressives who’ve always told her that Montclair is a unique place. Nonetheless, she says, “you learn in middle school, which is, like, the worst time for kids, what happens if you like a black guy. All these ugly rumors start. . . . You know how many times I had ‘jungle fever’ screamed at me? You just don’t want to subject yourself to those pressures.”

“Interracial dating?” asks Hillary. “No way.”

Some of the separation is caused by tracking, which puts students of different abilities in different classrooms, so learning can be paced more effectively. Many blacks in town and around the country believe that this practice is racist. They think it not only stigmatizes some kids but that many—particularly blacks—are characterized as low achievers through the use of yardsticks that are themselves racist. Tracking can, opponents argue, become a self-fulfilling prophecy. The fiercest ideological opponents of the practice believe the goal of racial diversity in the classroom should take precedence over everything else—including the pace at which kids learn.

David and Hillary both bemoan the fact that in their advanced-placement classes, there are few if any other blacks. The fact that honors classes are nearly 80 percent white is a problem recognized by the town, which is in the sixth year of a ten-year plan to level the playing field. Progress is slow.

“You do need to separate people—you know, people who can do calculus from people who add two plus two and get three,” David says. “But the school needs to examine the way the chips fall.”

Three years ago, this issue blew up when ninth-grade English classes were untracked, and devoted to a curriculum called World Lit. Nearly 100 families pulled their kids out of the public schools, seeing portents of a coming p.c. hell in which diversity would take precedence over achievement. “I told my dad,” says one of the white girls, “that all I had to do was write a twelve-page paper on how evil white people are and I’d get an A. And that’s what happened.” Montclair ultimately finessed the entire tracking issue—the school now has a flexible honors program in which parents can ask to have their kids placed in an honors class even if their performance doesn’t seem up to it. The World Lit curriculum remains.

Amid all the carping in our discussion group, the kids turn against me when I suggest that it sounds as if they could just as well have gone to school in a segregated community. “The best experience is to live with people who are different,” David, the black senior, insists. “It’s the way I learn the most about myself.”

“I know that anywhere I go in life I’ll be okay,” Hillary chimes in, “whether I’m the only black person or one of many. I know I’ll always be all right. Growing up in this town has given me a foundation. It has helped prepare me for the real world, and I’m confident that I know who I am.”

Though the very idea of integration seems almost quaint now, it is both hopeful and heartening to find a place where people are at least trying. In New York, blacks and whites are forced together every day on the streets, in the subways, in (some) neighborhoods. But proximity rarely produces real contact. Blacks and whites lead completely separate lives. It’s ironic that in the suburbs, which are most often associated with escape and separation, Montclair has managed to get blacks and whites to talk to one another.

“The best thing we’ve done here,” says Faison, the actor, offering *his* peroration, “is to put people in a community together. Is it working perfectly? Of course not. But we’re trying to deal with the issues. And for that alone, I can’t think of any place I’d rather be.” ■

SEVEN OF MU

The crime rate is down, but murder is still so mundane in New York that most deaths don't even catch the media's eye—twelve victims and just three newspaper pieces in one typical week. Why do some murders make headlines and others only widows? An annotated killing calendar, by Ed Shanahan

PEOPLE ARE KILLING OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS CITY LESS FREQUENTLY than they have at any time in the past 30 years. That, for once, is a cold fact that's cause for celebration. And New York City, by almost any measure, has become a safer place to live. But the numbers don't tell the whole story. Neither do the newspapers or the local news. It's expected that 950 murders will be committed in the city this year, about 18 per week, the vast majority of which never rise to the level of public attention. "Everywhere else you go, every homicide is going to make its way into the papers, even if it's only a few lines in a column of metro briefs," says Jerry Nachman, the recently deposed Channel 2 news head and a former editor of the New York *Post.* "That's just not true in New York. A murder here is not necessarily news. It's routine."

Examining why some get banner headlines in the New York *Post,* while others don't merit so much as a four-line squib, can reveal much about how the media, with the help of the NYPD, shape our perception of the community.

Choosing a random week, *New York* compared the murders that occurred in the city against those that attracted press attention. During the period in question, the last seven days in June, twelve New Yorkers met violent ends at the hands of their fellow civilians (in addition, one man was killed by a hit-and-run driver). That figure made it a well-below-average week for murder in the city. Still, of those twelve killings, only three earned minimal coverage in any of the city's three dailies. The common thread in these stories was that the victims were female; the ten victims ignored were men, either black or Hispanic. "Claus

CHRIS GOODMAN
"He just wanted to come out and go to work," said his mother. "That was his thing."

I DAYS

von Bülow is always going to be a bigger story than the guy in the projects," notes Pete Hamill, the longtime newspaperman who was briefly editor of the New York *Post*.

John Miller, the NYPD's deputy commissioner for public information under Commissioner William Bratton and currently an on-air reporter at NBC, puts it somewhat differently: "In the back rooms of the newspapers and television stations around town, the idea is that the body on the bodega floor is not going to sell. That's the dirty little sociopolitical secret of the news business in this town."

There are sound journalistic reasons, of course, for not trumpeting every killing that takes place. In the seventies and eighties, when the crime rate was higher, the newspapers and the local news accentuated the trend, arguably making the city more fearful than it had to be. Editors nowadays are careful not to make the same mistake. "You don't want to cover every one of those murders," says Mike Oreskes, the metropolitan editor of the New York *Times*, "because you'd be giving an inaccurate portrait of the city. The net impact would be to show the city as a horribly violent place, when in fact it's a less and less violent place."

But in a recent week, for twelve New Yorkers, the city was as violent as a place can be. Below are their stories.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

Harold Singleton The week's first murder went on the books at 3:52 P.M., when police from the 32nd Precinct in Harlem arrived at Harold Singleton's third-floor apartment at 113 West 144th Street in the government-subsidized Frederick E. Samuels housing development. Answering a call from Singleton's common-law wife, cops pronounced the 51-year-old man DOA; he had been stabbed 21 times.

As of last week, police had a suspect in the case, but had not yet made an arrest. Singleton's neighbors, relatives, and friends all believe the killer is someone the dead man knew.

Harold Singleton was something of a fixture at the corner of West 137th Street and Fifth Avenue, where he passed his time talking a bit, drinking a bit, and—until about two years ago—helping a street-corner greengrocer and fishmonger known to his customers simply as Matthew. "He was a good man when he was working for me," Matthew says. "Other than that, he's on his own. He's a man." Singleton had lived on the block, says a brother, until "the welfare got him a better apartment" in the Samuels projects a couple of years ago.

HYSNIJE PERASEVIC
Her husband felt threatened by her success. "He was verbally abusive," her sister says.

"He was a peaceful man, never bothered nobody," says his brother, John Singleton. Like Harold, 57-year-old John was born in Sumter, South Carolina, into a family of ten children and moved to Harlem when he was 18. Harold came soon after.

Known to friends as Boojack, John Singleton saw his brother regularly at the corner that was the younger man's daytime roost. Harold Singleton, says his brother, had not worked a steady job for "fifteen, maybe twenty years," because of problems with his hands that prevented him from closing them into fists. "I don't know what it was, but he couldn't do much," the older brother says, opening his own palms. "He had, like, lumps in the hands."

Bertram Josephs Four hours after police found Singleton's corpse, 31-year-old Bertram Josephs was shot in the stomach on Olinville Avenue in the Williams Bridge section of the Bronx, less than two blocks from the Parkside Houses project where he shared an apartment with his mother and brother. Joseph was taken to Jacobi Hospital, where he was pro-

RDER

nounced DOA at 10:30 P.M. One week later, police arrested a 19-year-old neighborhood guy named Chris Colbert and charged him with Joseph's murder.

Known to his family as Alex and to friends as Doc, Josephs had celebrated his 31st birthday just a week before Colbert allegedly gunned him down. A week before that, he had bailed out of a drug-rehabilitation program after four months, his longest such stint to that point.

"There had been some kind of problem," says Josephs's mother, Carol. "The program had let them go out to the Puerto Rican Day parade, and some of them got back late. Because Alex was older, he was supposed to set an example. So they were going to punish him, make him start all over again." He called me up and said 'Ma, I don't want to crawl again. Come and get me. I'm going to straighten out my life, but I don't want to crawl again.' So, of course, I went and got him."

Carol Josephs, a housing assistant for the city's Housing Authority, says the elder of her two sons had been battling the drug "demons" off and on for the past ten years. "You always pray that one day they will get clean. My boy was no saint, but he was not a bad person."

Josephs dropped out of Evander Childs High School in the eleventh grade, and then he was just "out there," his mother says—in the streets. He worked at odd jobs, as a messenger, in a liquor store. At first, drugs were another job, a way to make the so-called easy money, but soon, Josephs was not only selling crack but using it.

Once, Carol Josephs recalls, her son called her from Washington, D.C. He had been arrested in a crack house there, although he didn't tell her that. She got him the bus fare to come home. A short time later, he was arrested on a possession charge in the Bronx. City police discovered that a Washington judge had issued a warrant for his arrest. Josephs went upstate for a couple of years and then to D.C. to serve more time. Later, he tried to escape the lure of the Bronx streets by moving to North Carolina.

"There wasn't much to do down there, not much work," his mother says. "It was rough. He called me one day and said he wanted to come home. I drove twelve hours to get him. He knew he had the love here."

Carol Josephs had her son cremated. She keeps his remains in a marble canister on an end table in her living room, surrounded by plants and pictures of him. "I didn't want to put him in the ground in New York because I'm going to leave here, God willing," she says, her voice cracking. "I always told Alex, 'I don't want to bury you. I want you to bury me first.' He used to say 'Don't worry, Ma. You're going to live a long time.' If we could put them in a bubble and protect them, we would. But we can't."

NEITHER OF MONDAY'S MURDERS EARNED A single sentence of coverage, and no one—not those who were close to the victims, not the police responsible for probing the circumstances of their deaths, not the journalists who cover such events—was particularly surprised. "Why you want to know about Harold?" asks Harold Singleton's former employer. "It's not like he was Mike Tyson."

Many detectives and journalists say that it was during the seventies, when the murder rate boomed, that the media became inured to inner-city violence. Jerry Nachman recalls working at WCBS radio during those days and operating under a personal motto: "Three must die before I fly."

Back then, says a longtime detective in a northern Manhattan precinct, "It seems like the only thing that got headlines up here was the doubles and triples, the multiple homicides. That's still true now."

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Chris Goodman Tuesday literally started with a bang at the Marcus Garvey Houses on East New York Avenue in Brownsville, Brooklyn. At 9 A.M., Andre Saunders, 27, allegedly shot Chris Goodman, 30, once in the neck. Goodman was taken to Brookdale Hospital, where he was pronounced DOA a short time later. Saunders, who has served state-prison time on drug charges and attempted robbery, was arrested later the same day. "They had a female in common over there," says a detective. The woman, the mother of Saunders's child, had begun seeing Goodman after breaking up with his accused killer.

In the P.S. 184 schoolyard next to the Mother Gaston Boulevard building where the victim lived with his sister, Helena Goodman, and his mother, Frances Drayton, Goodman's friends have left a tribute to the dead man in graffiti on one of the hoop backboards: IN MEMORY OF CHRIS.

BERTRAM JOSEPHS
"You always pray that one day they will get clean," his mother says. "My boy was no saint, but he was not a bad person."

Goodman, who attended parochial elementary school, dropped out of East New York Vocational High School before getting his diploma. "He just wanted to come out and go to work—that was his way," his mother says. For the past eight years, he had held a job as a foot messenger. Much of his take-home pay went in the form of child support to the mother of one of his three children.

Goodman's mother says she tried to warn him that he might be headed for trouble. "I told him he should leave that girl alone," she says. And what are her feelings about her son's alleged killer?

"His mother can hug him, but I can't hug my son."

David Williams The day's other killing occurred in Bedford-Stuyvesant. A 21-year-old man (listed initially in police reports as an "unidentified 18-year-old male") named David Williams was "shot about the body by unknown persons for unknown reasons" at the corner of Franklin Avenue and Carroll Street. "The victim was pronounced DOA at the scene." An autopsy showed Williams's death was caused by "gunshot wounds to the trunk with injuries to the lungs, blood vessels, and liver."

Williams apparently lived around the corner from the crime scene, but his neighbors were reluctant to talk to a reporter, and those that did knew little about him. "He used to hang out with these four other guys," said a young man sitting outside a small grocery store near the murder scene. "But two of them are already dead, one moved away, and I think the other one's in jail somewhere."

As of last week, the case remained unsolved.

THAT THESE KILLINGS DID NOT ATTRACT THE news media came as no shock to one 73rd Precinct detective. "A lot of things happen in Brooklyn that no one ever hears about," he says. And a young black man shot on a street corner in a high-crime neighborhood has almost no chance of making the papers. Cops like this one will tell you that all murders are handled the same, whether or not the media show an interest. "The reporters decide what's news," says the Brooklyn detective. "We just do our job."

To cover a murder, however, a journalist needs some detail, a story. And many journalists and editors say that the Police Department under Mayor Giuliani—who has displayed an obsession with controlling the flow of information from every corner of his administration—has made crime details harder and harder to come by, especially before a suspect has been caught. When Marilyn Mode, the Police Department's deputy commissioner for public information, was first called about this article, she responded angrily. "We're down something like 120 murders this year, and you're doing what?" she said. "I guess I just don't understand why you're doing a rotten story."

"When I was a young police reporter for the *Daily News,*" says the *Times*'s Mike Oreskes, "you could walk into a precinct, walk into a squad room, walk up to a desk sergeant, walk up to a crime scene, and get most of the details about a particular crime. It's much different now. The information is much more tightly held. It was easier for a reporter in the street to find out about crime than it is today. The Police Department is now making it more difficult to get the basic details about crime that used to be routinely available. There is no question that there has been a policy decision to do that, and it's something we strongly object to."

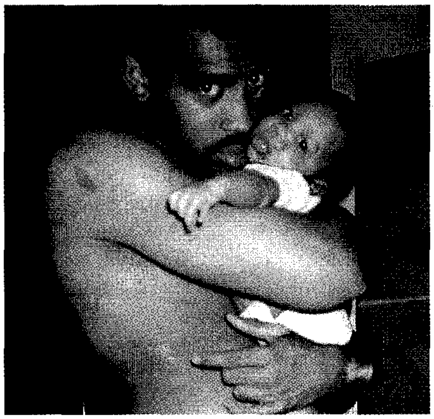
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

Bruce Jefferson Jr. This was nearly that rarest of New York City days—one that passes murder-free. It was just ten minutes before midnight on Merrick Boulevard near its intersection with Springfield Boulevard in the Springfield Gardens section of Queens when 16-year-old Bruce Jefferson Jr. was shot once in the head. The alleged killer, now facing a second-degree-manslaughter charge (and a maximum prison term of between five and fifteen years if convicted), is a stocky 30-year-old man named Oscar Draper. Draper told police he fired the fatal shot in an effort to scare Jefferson and two other youths from outside his father's business, an auto-body shop that had reportedly been broken into recently. "That's what he claims, but I'm not too sure about that," says one 105th Precinct detective.

Jefferson, the youngest—and only boy—of his father's four children, would have been a junior at Brooklyn's Boys & Girls High School this fall. He had moved to Springfield Gardens with his father and his stepmother, Judith Bussey, just two years ago when the family traded a cramped Bed-Stuy apartment for a small house on Nellis Street next door to Bussey's childhood home, where her mother still lives.

Bussey describes the dead teen as "the kind of kid you don't mind your kid hanging around with," as a boy who enjoyed tinkering with bikes, electronics, anything mechanical. "He'd like to tear apart anything if you let him. Then he'd put it right back together." She says "Man" (a nickname coined to distinguish the teen from his father) was "mischievous but fun, lovable. I miss him for his hugs. He was very affectionate.

"I'm surprised he would get shot," she says. "He never did anything. He was just a baby."



ALEXANDRO SMITH
"Anything that would go wrong in here, he would fix it," his mother says. "I really, really miss him."

SOMEWHAT SURPRISINGLY, JEFFERSON'S killing did make news—a small story in the *Daily News*'s Queens edition. Arthur Browne, managing editor of the *Daily News,* says location figures in judgments about news coverage "to an extent." The *News* tries to address the issue by finding space for the so-called routine murder in the pages it remakes for editions that circulate in the outer boroughs. "There are murders that happen that may not be of great citywide interest—one guy who kills another in an argument after a traffic accident in Springfield Gardens, say—but might be of interest to the people who live in that neighborhood," he says.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

Alexandro Smith The day's first killing happened early, at 12:18 A.M., when 19-year-old Alexandro Smith, of the Fordham section of the Bronx, was shot twice in the chest in an apartment building on Edgecombe Avenue in Harlem. A shotgun and shell casings were found at the scene. Police say the weapon belonged to Smith and was not the one that killed him. "This kid was not exactly an innocent victim," says one 32nd Precinct detective, who said the killing was sparked by some kind of "dispute" that did not involve drugs. Police have not yet made an arrest but have identified a suspect.

Smith's mother, Sandra Allen, says she was told an angry dog contributed to her son's death.

"What I heard is that there was a group of people hanging around, and they was trying to throw this dog on him," Allen says. "The dog was supposed to bite him, and instead Alex throws the dog on a girl, and the dog scratched the girl and the boyfriend was very, very angry. He took out his gun and shot Alex."

Smith was born in Costa Rica and moved to New York from Panama with his mother fifteen years ago. He was the oldest of Allen's four children. "I have three left," she says. "I loved him very much." She describes Smith as an average kid. "He had a kind heart, but sometimes he could be a little annoying. If I would tell him to do anything, he would do it." Smith was another one who liked to tinker. "Anything that would go wrong in here, I would go to him and he would fix it. I really, really miss him."

Smith dropped out of Theodore Roosevelt High School, but had recently enrolled at one of Touro College's Manhattan campuses with the idea of earning some college credits while working toward his GED. He had a 1-year-old son whom he named for himself. Allen said the teen broke up with the child's mother, a young woman named Marisol, several months before his death and began seeing a young woman named Sandy.

"She's expecting a baby in December."

"THE RACE FACTOR IS ALWAYS A BIG FACTOR in whether or not these stories get covered," says New York *Times* columnist Bob Herbert. "If it's a person from a poor neighborhood, or if the person is not white, it's considered a cheap homicide. And that's the term they use—cheap homicide."

And Jerry Nachman points to the John Royster case to illustrate how crucial race and class are in determining media interest. While the police provided prompt information about two of his beating victims, in Central Park and on Park Avenue, some reporters felt the department was slow in providing information about a third victim, attacked near the East 60th Street Heliport. "The issue there," says Nachman, "though it was clearly not stated this way, was that a white upper-middle-class professional woman on the East Side of Manhattan between 23rd Street and 86th Street was attacked, and that is news. Period. Ipso facto. Period."

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

Maurice Myers At 3:20 A.M., an unlicensed social club not far from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Cumberland Street was robbed by several men. In the process, they shot to death 27-year-old club patron Maurice Myers. Three men have so far been charged in connection with the crime. Clubs like the one where Myers was murdered are magnets for bandits. "They're not inclined to call the police when a crime is committed," says the prosecutor handling the case.

Turia Crump, 20, shared her apartment in the Walt Whitman Houses projects with Myers for the past two years. He was the father of her daughter, Myeva, who marked her first birthday on October 2. Myers had another daughter, 5-year-old Tavaysia, who lives with her mother elsewhere in the Whitman Houses.

"Mo was the type who was all about his family," Crump says. "Mo always said his kids came first." For work, Crump says Myers did "odd jobs. He didn't have no steady job." On occasion, she says, he would go to construction sites around Brooklyn, picketing and demanding jobs from contractors. "I forget what they called that."

MAURICE MYERS

"Mo was the type who was all about his family," his girlfriend says. "Mo always said his kids came first."

Myers used to stop in at the club where he was killed "once in a while," Crump says. "He wasn't in there all the time." The night he was shot, Crump says, she and Myers were on their way home from visiting her brother. "He was incarcerated, and we were bringing him some clothes and other stuff. Mo dropped me off. Then he said 'I been in all week. I'm going out for a few.' "

The night before, the couple had gone to Coney Island with their daughter and a 15-year-old girl to whom Crump is legal guardian. Myers rode on the Cyclone with the teen. "I took a bunch of pictures, and none of them came out," Crump says. "It made me so upset."

Erik DeRamus Seventeen hours after Myers's death, at 8:25 P.M., police found Erik DeRamus, 27, stabbed to death by an unknown assailant near the intersection of Logan Street and Sutter Avenue in the East New York section of Brooklyn. No arrest has been made. Told that a reporter was trying to learn more about people like DeRamus, whose murders never make the newspapers, one 75th Precinct detective was dismissive: "You could pick better ones than that."

DeRamus was born in Alabama and came to New York as an infant to live with his aunt, Leslie Bates, in Springfield Gardens. "His mother just couldn't take care of him then," says his 26-year-old cousin, Angela Bates. "His father—that was one of those deadbeat-dad type of things." DeRamus spent the rest of his life with Leslie Bates and her daughters. "He was like a son to me," the older woman says. "He had a little temper, nothing to be afraid of—really just letting off steam is all it was. Anyone that knew him knew that."

DeRamus's cousins say he had a learning disability that made school difficult for him from an early age. "He was, like, slow," Angela Bates says. "And he was always getting into fights because the other kids would tease him. He just stopped going." After that, DeRamus did odd jobs around the neighborhood, tending to people's yards and occasionally helping out at a heating-oil company around the corner on Farmer's Boulevard.

Because DeRamus did not have any identification when he was found, it was a week before police notified his relatives of his death. He was eventually identified by a fingerprint. "He was in the system a couple of times," says Tanika Bates, 19, another cousin, "because he was fighting somebody or because of drugs. He was good to us, though. He was like our protector."

Leslie Bates says she can't remember when her nephew began traveling to Brooklyn, and she doesn't know what he did there or who he saw. At one point not long before his death, Bates says, DeRamus disappeared for a week. When he returned, he said he had been with friends in Brooklyn.

"I think some of his friends know something about what happened," she says. "They used to come around here faithfully every Saturday morning, but the day after Erik got stabbed out there in Brooklyn, nobody came by, maybe just one of them. That was a Saturday. We didn't even know what had happened to Erik. All of a sudden, they just stopped coming."

Franklin Rendon An hour and a half after DeRamus's death, at 9:50 P.M., Franklin Rendon, a 24-year-old livery-cab driver, was shot to death near the intersection of 204th Street and Sherman Avenue in Manhattan's Inwood section. Oddly, though Rendon worked at perhaps the city's most dangerous and murder-prone occupations, he was not driving at the time of the shooting. His family isn't sure what he was doing 50 blocks north of his West 156th Street home that night. Police have yet to make an arrest in the case.

That Rendon was not working on the night he was killed was, in itself, unusual. He had been driving for an uptown car service for a year and a half, often working six nights a week, from 6 P.M. until 6 A.M.

"He was a young man like any other young man," says Rendon's teenage stepsister, Joanna, translating the Spanish spoken by the dead man's father. Santos Rendon says his son's goals were simple: "His plan was to help the family and work hard." The father himself has driven a livery cab for the past fifteen years, after a decade spent working in a factory. He says his son wanted to drive for a living since arriving in New York from the Dominican Republic four years ago: "When he came here, he just wanted to get his license."

Though there were things about New York that Rendon liked, his heart remained in the Dominican Republic, his father says. The young man would fly back whenever possible. He had a girlfriend there. In February, she gave birth to his son, a boy named Franklin Jr. Rendon was planning a trip to see the child when he was murdered, his stepsister says. "He wanted to go see his son in July, but, like . . ." The girl's voice trailed off.

Melonie Williams Friday's final killing occurred a little less than an hour after someone murdered Rendon, and it quickly attracted the attention of both of the tabloids. At 10:44 P.M., the *Daily News* reported, in the Tremont section of the Bronx, a man identified by police as Lyndon Pompey stabbed to death his 20-year-old ex-girlfriend, Melonie Williams, in her sister's Belmont Avenue apartment. Williams, with her infant daughter and son, had moved in with the sister, Marsha Pinnock, about three months before, after the slain woman decided to split up with Pompey, the children's father. "She told

ERIK DERAMUS

"He was in the system a couple of times because of fighting or drugs," his cousin says. "He was good to us, though."

their lives," Pinnock told the *Post.*

Williams had managed to keep her whereabouts a secret from Pompey until that afternoon, when he showed up on her new doorstep for the first time. He persuaded her to let him into the apartment, and the couple talked for several hours. Pinnock, who remained in another room with the children, told the *Post* that Pompey's violence exploded out of nowhere. "Everything was fine—no fighting, no quarreling. I didn't hear any screaming. Then all of a sudden, I felt something hit me in the head, and I felt the blood." Police say that during his rampage, Pompey also attacked Pinnock, hitting her in the head with a hammer. He fled the apartment through a back window and scrambled down the fire escape.

As of last week, Pompey remained at large.

ONE LESSON TO BE TAKEN FROM THE WEEK'S murder coverage: The killing of women, especially by their spouses, is still news. "There are two sets of issues" in covering a crime, says NBC's John Miller. "One of them has to do with a lot of secret code words and the journalistic politics of murder. When I was at the Department and there was a homicide in a borderline precinct, the reporters would call, and the first question would be: 'Black or white?' And if the answer was 'black,' then the interest level went way down. And if you said it was the black mother of three who was being stalked by her ex-boyfriend who she had three orders of protection against, the interest went back up."

"In recent times, there's been a lot of attention paid to crimes of domestic violence," says the *Times*'s Mike Oreskes. "If we've increased our coverage in that area, it's because there's a broad societal interest there."

Child victims are also still likely to make the papers. "I'd hate to get to the point in this city where if a kid is killed, we just don't write about it," Oreskes says.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

Hysnije Perasevic Shortly before 8 P.M., 31-year-old Muslija Ljubanovic drove up to a tidy brick house on Liberty Avenue in the Dongan Hills section of Staten Island. He was stalking his ex-wife, 20-year-old Hysnije Perasevic, who had just arrived home with her father. Moments after the two of them got out of their car, Ljubanovic came at them, shouting and waving a gun. Perasevic's father tried unsuccessfully to shield his daughter. Ljubanovic ran around the older man and opened fire, hitting his ex-wife three times in the neck and arm. He then ran the short distance to his sister's home on Garretson Avenue, where he killed himself with one shot to the head. Perasevic was taken to Staten Island University Hospital, where she was pronounced DOA. The story was picked up by both city tabloids as well as *Newsday.*

FRANKLIN RENDON
"He was a young man like any other young man," says his father. "His plan was to help the family and work hard."

Perasevic's death has been especially difficult for her sister, Zejreme, who turned 19 in October. Born just fourteen months apart, the two women were inseparable. "My parents are very old-fashioned," Zejreme says. "We didn't generally go out, but when we did, it was always together."

The elder Perasevics came to New York from Montenegro in the former Yugoslavia 24 years ago. The girls' father works as supervisor for a Manhattan construction company. Hysnije Perasevic was to be a senior at St. John's University this fall, where she was majoring in finance and earning a 3.8 grade-point average. True to form, Zejreme followed her sister to St. John's.

"We were best friends," Zejreme says. "We did everything together. When we were little, my mother used to dress us exactly the same. She was too lazy to buy different clothes. People thought we were twins."

Although Hysnije and her ex-husband were engaged for four years before getting married, the union was troubled almost from the start, her sister says: "He was verbally abusive." Zejreme believes Ljubanovic, a deliveryman, felt threatened by her sister's success. He also derided Perasevic's devotion to Islam. "When she would fast for Ramadan," Zejreme says, "he would ridicule her. He would ridicule her for everything."

Fifteen months after the couple wed, Perasevic moved back into her family's Liberty Avenue home. In April, their divorce became final.

Zejreme plans to take a job at the bank where her sister works. "It just makes me feel closer to her," she says.

Of course, for many reasons, the city's newspapers may not be the best gauge of what makes an event like a murder important. There are too many factors that impinge on a newspaper's ability to cover everything that happens.

First comes the availability of information. In many cases, at least initially, New York's homicide victims are unidentified. "If you don't have some sense of who the victim is—never mind the perpetrator—it's not too much of a story," says the *News*'s Browne.

The flow of news on a given day is another factor in how heavily a particular homicide may be covered. Friday murders, for instance, go begging for space because Saturday's papers are the thinnest of the week.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

Nelli Zelinskaya The week's final murder came sometime before 4:36, when a young girl found the lifeless body of 48-year-old Nelli Zelinskaya lying on the floor of the Smiling Pets shop on Brighton 11th Street in the Brighton Beach section of Brooklyn. Zelinskaya had been stabbed repeatedly in the neck, resulting in injuries to the spinal cord and blood vessels, according to the autopsy.

Zelinskaya, who lived with her husband and two children in a Starrett City apartment, emigrated to Brooklyn from the Ukraine six years ago and opened the pet shop two years ago. Neighbors described her in news accounts as a trusting and popular woman who often took in stray cats.

Although robbery was one possible motive for the murder, no money was taken from the shop. Zelinskaya was, however, relieved of a pair of gold and cubic-zirconium earrings she had been given as a gift for her birthday two weeks before the murder.

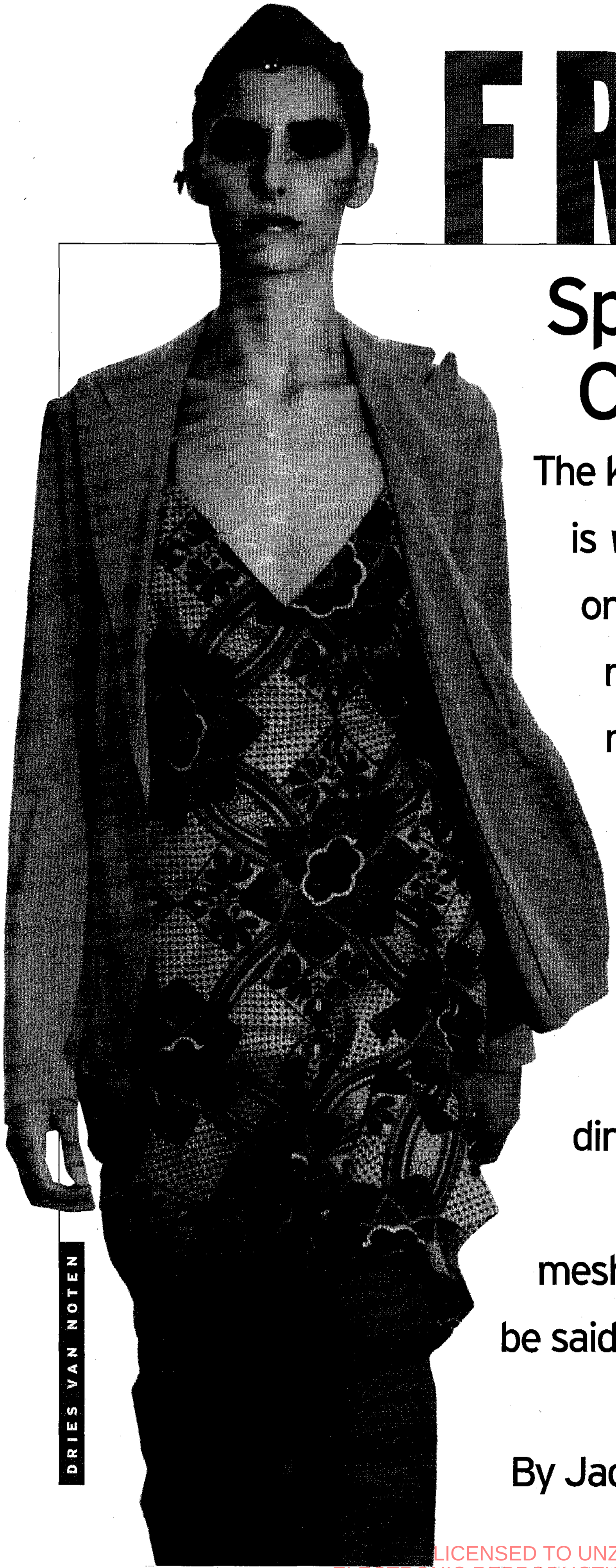
A homeless woman, Alla Korsunsky, has been arrested for the murder.

NACHMAN, FOR ONE, IS UNSURE JUST WHAT happened, and when, to make murder such a routine story for the New York media. "Did we stop covering each of these murders because there were so many of them, or because the readers or the viewers were saying, 'I'm sick of this already'? I think it's a chicken-and-egg kind of question. I could argue it either way."

And does Nachman see a time when murder becomes such an infrequent event that the previous question becomes irrelevant and each homicide again becomes newsworthy? A short pause on the other end of the line is followed by an answer cloaked in newsroom sarcasm.

"That would be great." ■

FREEDO

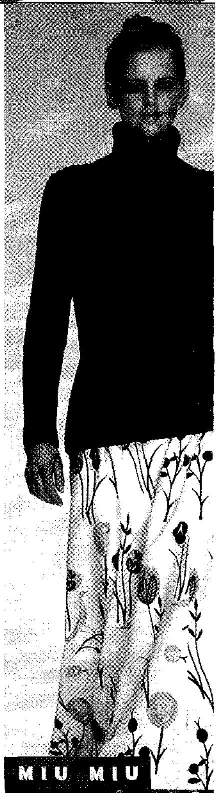


DRIES VAN NOTEN

Spring 1997 Collections

The key word for spring is *variety.* There is no one item we must all run out and buy, no new silhouette that makes the rest look passé. In fact, designers are going in so many different directions—in fabrics from khaki to gold mesh—that it can truly be said there's something for everyone.

By Jade Hobson Charnin



MIU MIU

YOHJI YAMAMOTO

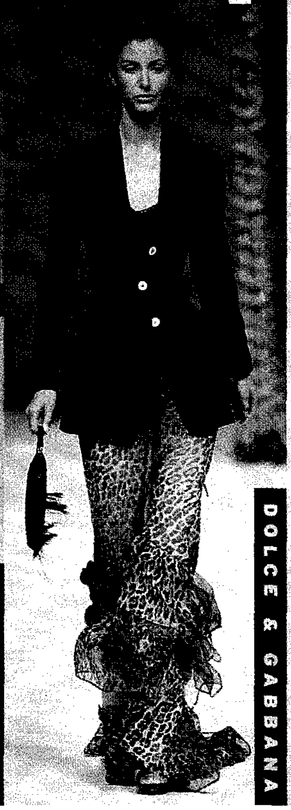
OF CHOICE

PRADA

MARTINE SITBON

VALENTINO

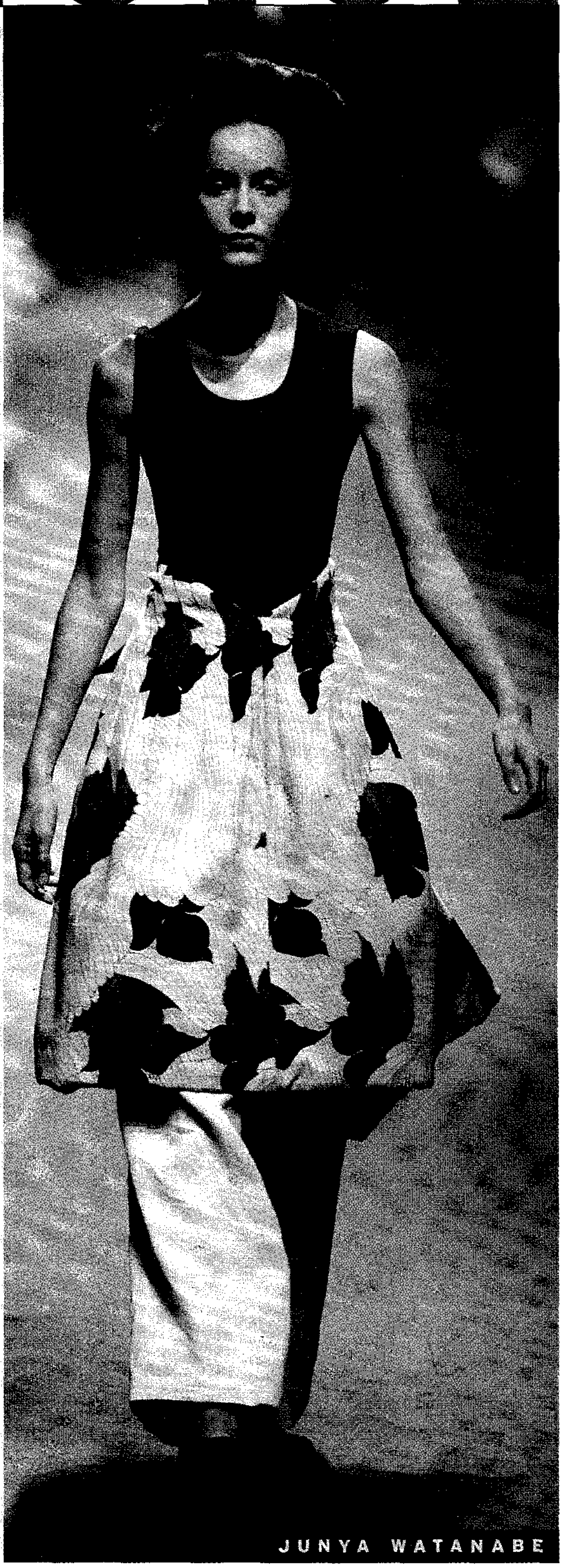
MARC JACOBS


DOLCE & GABBANA

Sportswear Redux

Sportswear dressing—which emphasizes separates as opposed to a head-to-toe outfit—is a distinctly American invention, but this time around, Europeans led the way to a new aesthetic: a more feminine, eveningwear-inspired feel. The look was best personified by Belgian designer Dries Van Noten. His show embodied a very sophisticated mix: ethnic patterns, paisleys, and florals teamed up in unexpected ways. Dresses were worn with pants; men's-wear fabrics were teamed with chiffon.

Junya Watanabe, who honed his skills at Comme des Garçons, presented a collection that was wild with color and sculptural without being impossible to wear. Prada mixed utilitarian khakis with soft, Chinese-tailored jackets. Miu Miu abandoned the uniform-inspired look they popularized last year (though scores of lower-priced designers copied it) and showed big, collegiate ribbed sweaters with floor-length skirts. Dolce & Gabbana sent a model down the runway in a lean, tailored pinstriped jacket and leopard-patterned chiffon skirt with ruffles and a train. Marc Jacobs, as usual, took his cues from the street.


JUNYA WATANABE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN & CORINA LECCA
FOR *NEW YORK*

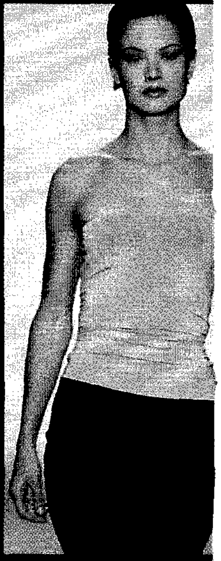
HELMUT LANG

THE EVOLUTION OF A LOOK: Helmut Lang in, from left, 1990, 1994,

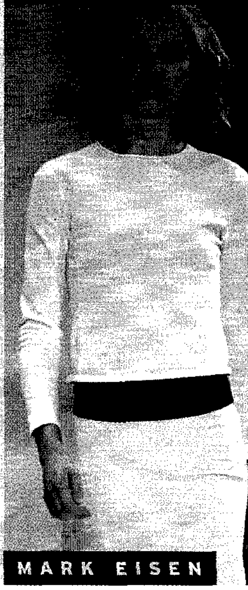
Lean and Layered

Austrian designer Helmut Lang has been a favorite of fashion insiders for the better part of this decade. He always maintains the same lean, layered, and asymmetrical silhouette, but each collection brings a new twist. In the past, for example, he has shown sweaters with slits at the elbows or pants with eight-inch cuffs. This time around, there were also streaks of color—a flash of yellow showing through a sheer skirt, say. Lang's well on his way to becoming a global industry force: His perfume was recently launched in Europe and is expected here soon. And this season, many New York designers interpreted the edgy Lang look—sheer layering of stocking-thin fabrics, pulled and sliced asymmetrically—for the American market.

CALVIN KLEIN



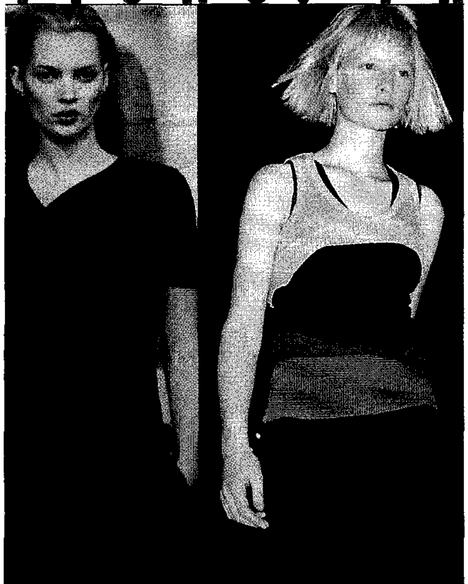
CALVIN KLEI



MARK EISEN

DONNA KARA

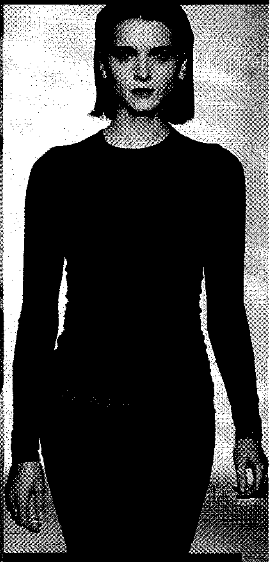
TIONS: FREEDOM OF CHOICE



96 again; Comme des Garçons in 1990.

Photograph courtesy of Comme des Garçons.

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD

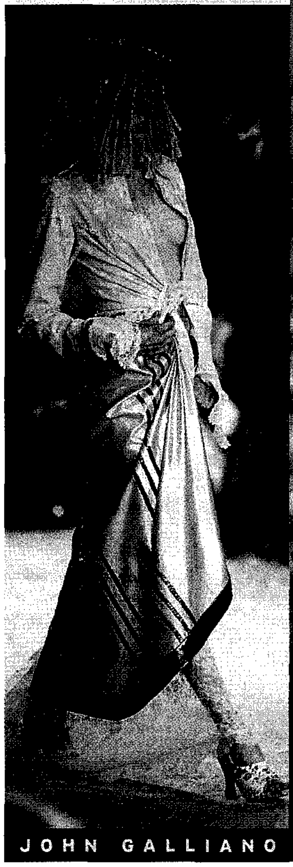


CALVIN KLEIN

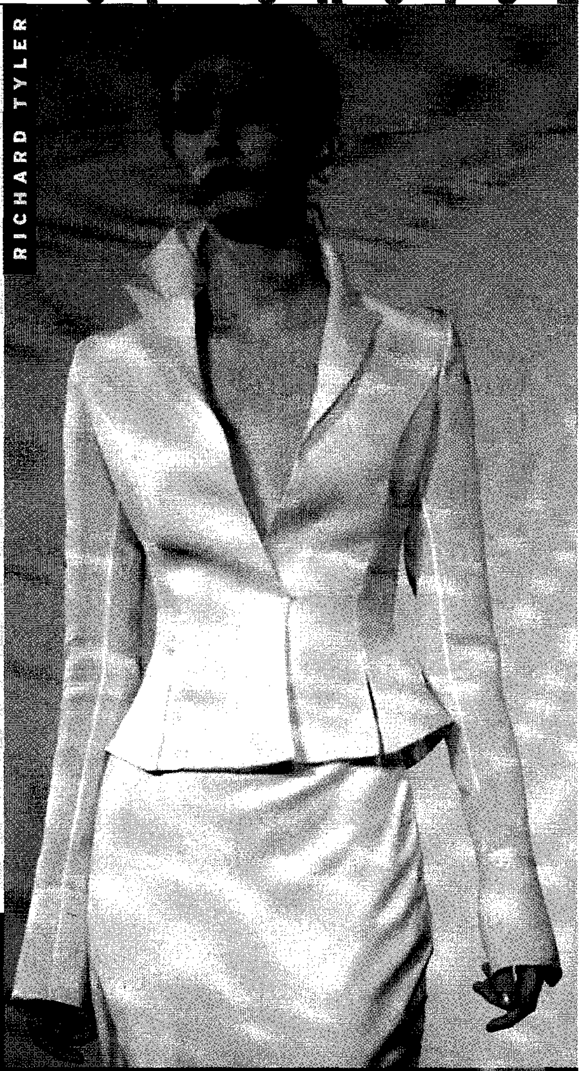
D BY DKNY

In the Cut

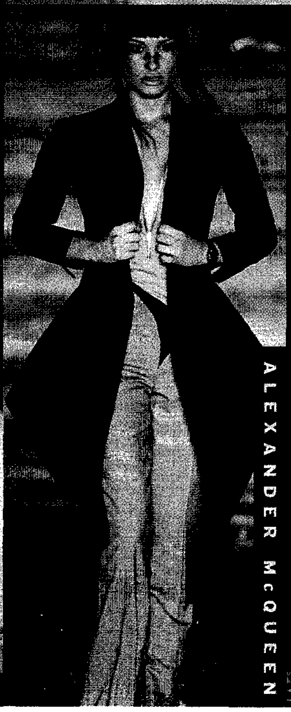
Certain designers are geniuses of cut, masters of drape. This Richard Tyler jacket is a couturelike construction, cut on the bias. Geoffrey Beene's clothes have long been noted for their seeming simplicity, but there's a reason nobody tries to copy him. The perfection is all in the details: A length of pink horsehair at the bottom of this dress gives the hemline a defined shape. John Galliano designs with daring (and seemingly effortless) theatricality, and it's no wonder Alexander McQueen has been chosen to succeed him at Givenchy while Galliano moves to Dior: McQueen is the most artful risk-taker of them all.



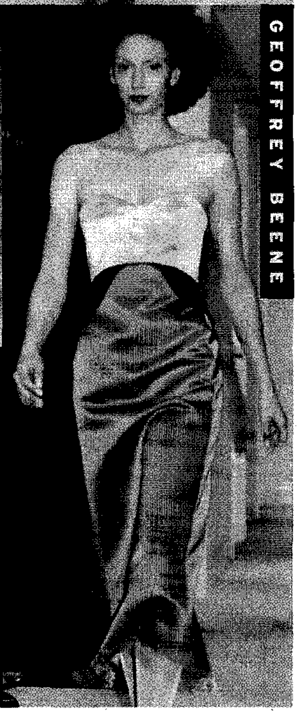
JOHN GALLIANO



RICHARD TYLER

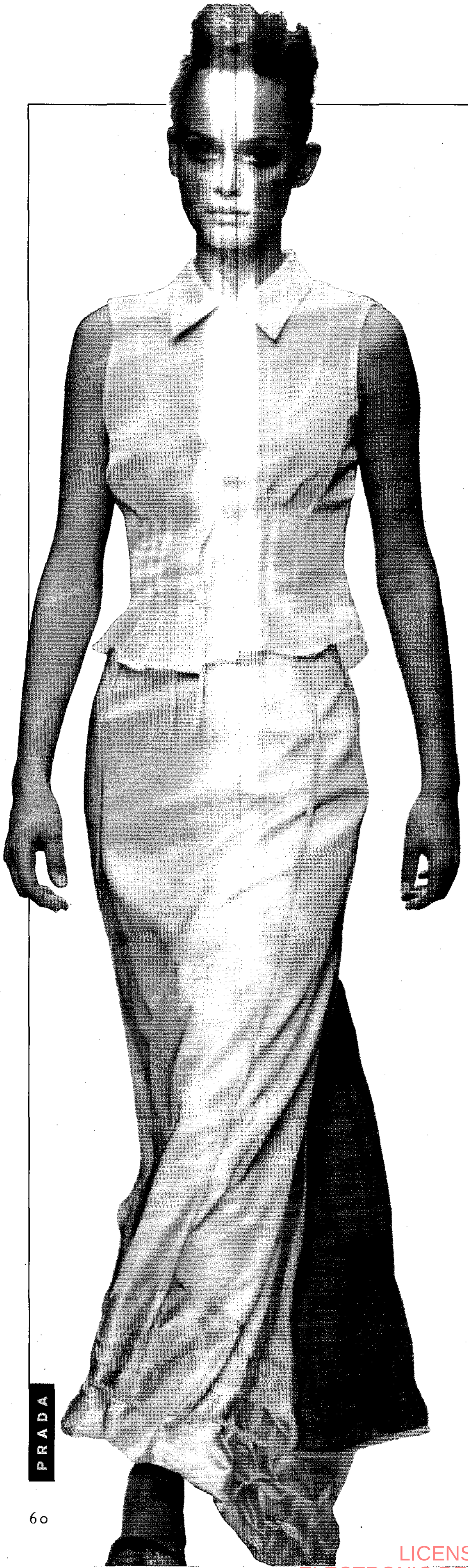


ALEXANDER McQUEEN



GEOFFREY BEENE

SPRING '97 COL

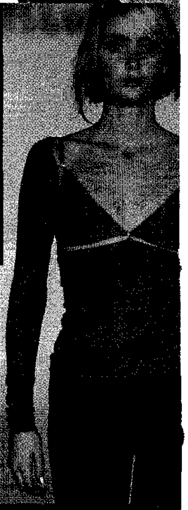


PRADA

GIANNI VERSACE

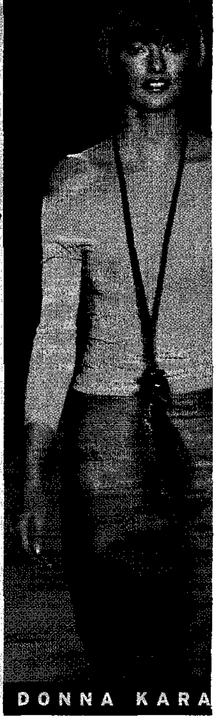
CALVIN KLEIN

GIORGIO AR



ISAAC MIZRAHI

RALPH LAUREN



DONNA KARA

Night Watch

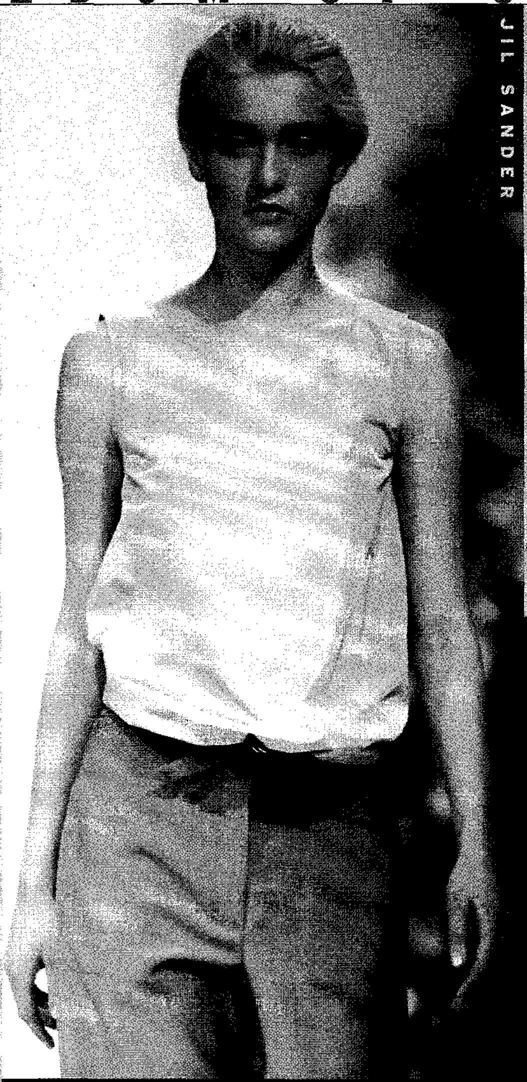
In the same way that pants dominated the fall 1996 collections, eveningwear ruled for spring 1997. The options are wonderfully varied, and there is no excuse to play it safe with the proverbial little black dress. Isaac Mizrahi showed a sexier, smaller silhouette than he has in the past, to great effect: His bra-cutout dresses and tops were a revelation. Ralph Lauren took his inspiration from Africa and delivered inventive, colorful knits. Giorgio Armani showed sheer, delicate layers. There were nudes by Chanel and fishtail hems from Calvin Klein.

CHANEL

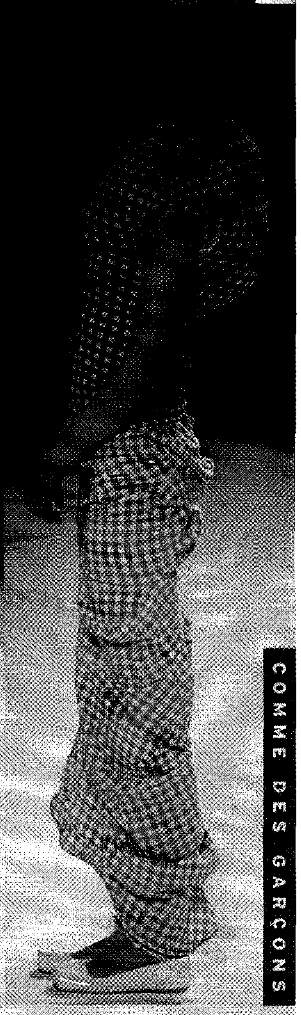
YOHJI YAMAMOTO

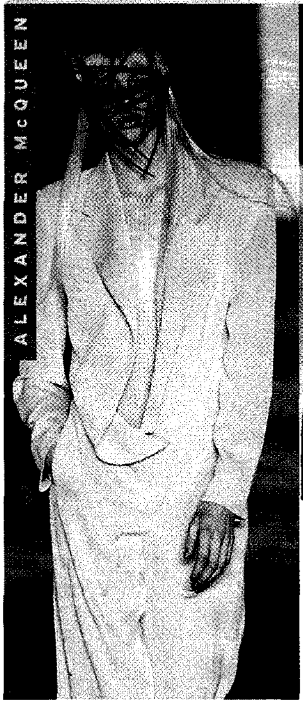
Brave New Shapes

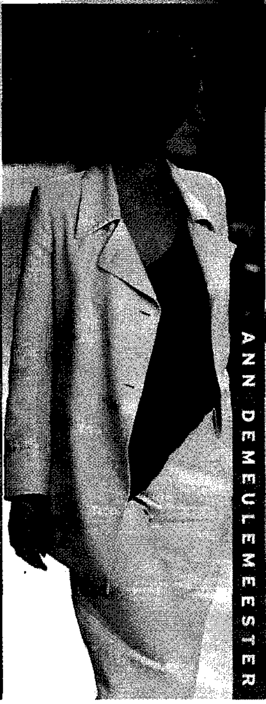
It's probably too soon to call this a full-blown trend, but there were *inklings of a new proportion* on the runways, and some influential designers were giving it a whirl. The look is roomier on top, almost blouson. Anne Demeulemeester showed a soft-tailored suit, larger in scale than we've been seeing, worn over an asymmetrical top. Jil Sander achieved a fresh look by freeing the waist but keeping the overall look tailored and close to the body. Alexander McQueen got just the right amount of drape by lengthening one lapel of a jumpsuit. And Rei Kawakubo for Comme des Garçons showed the most unlikely new proportion—dresses with sewn-in (removable) down pillows.


JIL SANDER

MICHAEL KORS


COMME DES GARÇONS


ALEXANDER McQUEEN


ANN DEMEULEMEESTER

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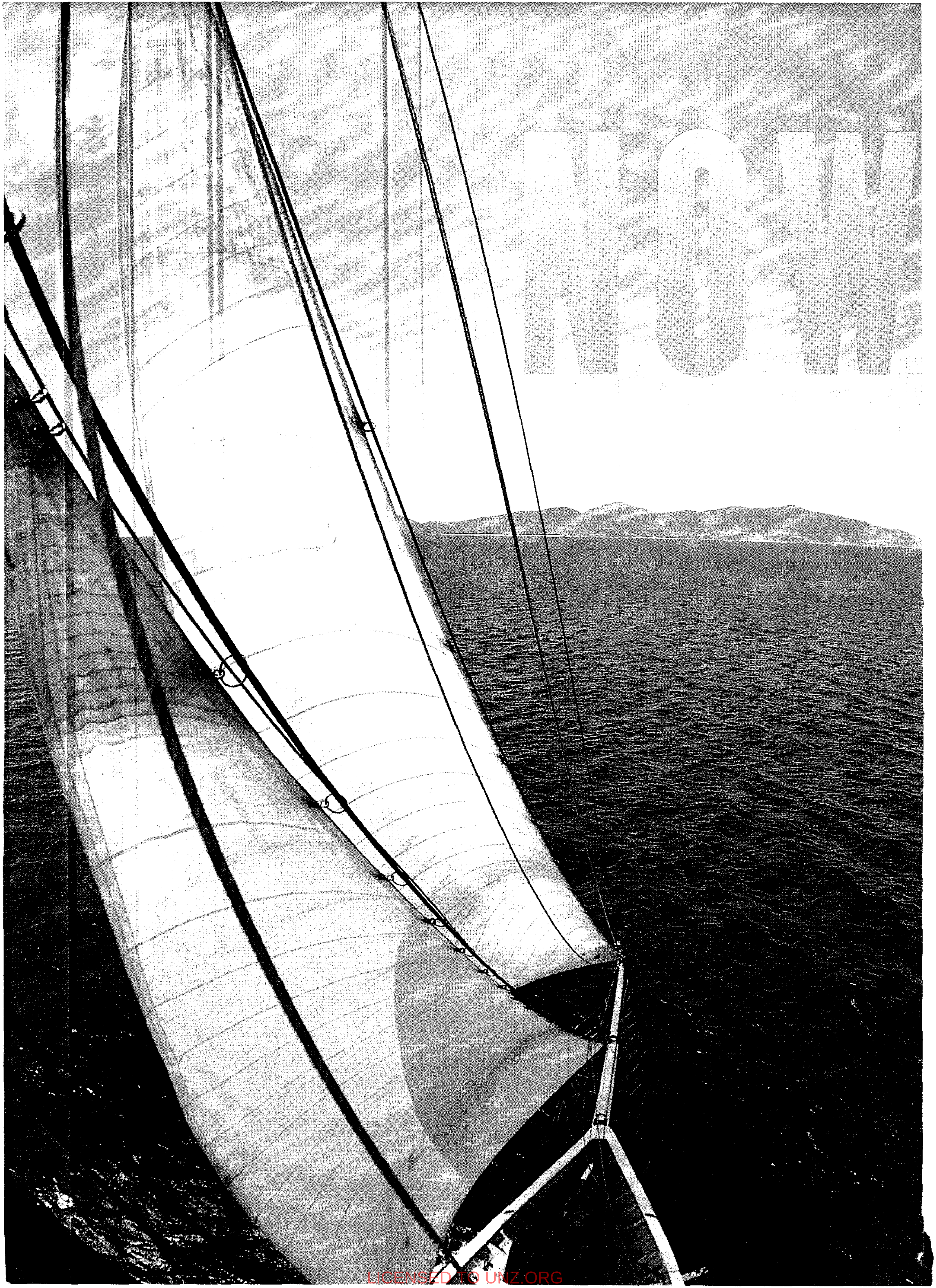
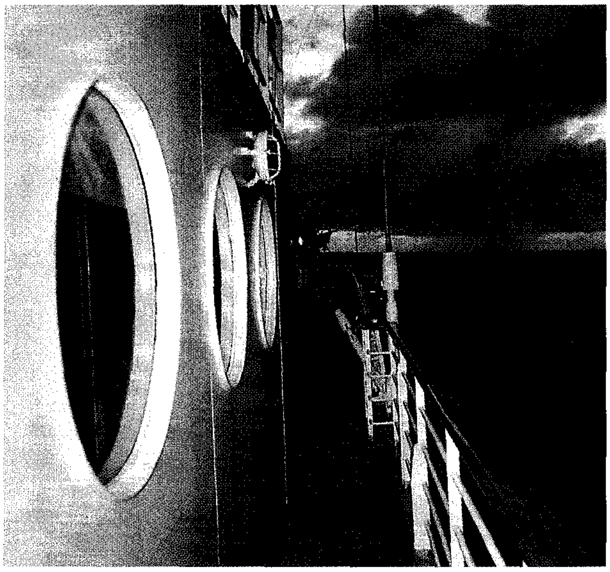

NOW

VOYAGER

A novelist books passage on three cruises in the Caribbean, hoping that water, water everywhere will keep him focused on his book. Instead, he is pleasantly distracted by parrot fish, powerful rum concoctions, grilled ahi, lush rain forests, a Lucite piano, and his own Scottish butler. Just don't call him Ishmael.

By Douglas Cooper



Opposite: Jost Van Dyke, looming on the horizon, was named for a pirate. This page: The *Wind Spirit*.

A PRODIGIOUS WHITE MOTH IDLES ON THE luggage carousel at St. Thomas, preparing for takeoff: the mother of all moths, the stealth bomber of the species. I am here to board the *Quiverfull,* the first of three boats I'll be sailing through the Caribbean. As always, I am searching the airport for some clue to the soul of the strange country in which I've landed. This, I've decided, should prove a region of impressive wingspan. I am not disappointed. Lazy frigate birds circle the *Quiverfull,* soaring on monstrous, unmoving pterodactyl wings eight feet across. Huge pelicans plummet to the water like kamikaze pilots right beside our hull.

I will spend a month in total on these waters, viewing them from floating vantage points so radically unalike in scale and sensibility that I will feel as if I have had three separate vacations. I choose ships of ascending size: the *Quiverfull,* a 55-foot centerboard sloop; the *Wind Spirit,* almost ten times that length, with computerized sails; and, last (and far from least), the *Crystal Harmony,* a giant floating city, one of those unspeakably large whited temples to leisure.

I travel light. I have brought only what is strictly necessary: a bathing suit, a laptop, and a dominatrix. This last is my friend and sometime editor Arianna Pavia Rosati, whom I have invited to whip me into completing my novel.

I don't really believe in relaxation, you see. I welcome silence and time off as the opportunity to get work done. I am precisely the wrong guy to send on a cruise.

THE *QUIVERFULL,* A CUSTOM WORK BY THE famous boat designer Bruce King, rivals most hotels for comfort. The design is familiar: A sloop has a single mast, rigged with a mainsail and a jib. I am determined not to enjoy this boat—I am here to work—but I do not succeed.

For a time, she was the *Curragh II,* Ted Kennedy's family yacht. Bob and Denise Carson inherited the name *Quiverfull* from previous owners. In the Bible, if your quiver was full, you had a lot of children and were therefore economically blessed. Bob and Denise don't have many children, but they do own one of the nicest private yachts in the Caribbean. And they are economically blessed because, like many others who live on boats in these waters—the "yachties," in local parlance—they are subject to very little in the way of tax.

The *Quiverfull,* along with hundreds of other boats of varying size and type, is represented by Regency Yacht Vacations in St. Thomas (call 809-776-5950 to book). The boats themselves are generally owned privately, often by the crew itself, and depending upon the size of your group and your specific needs, Regency will set you up with the ideal manned yacht for your vacation.

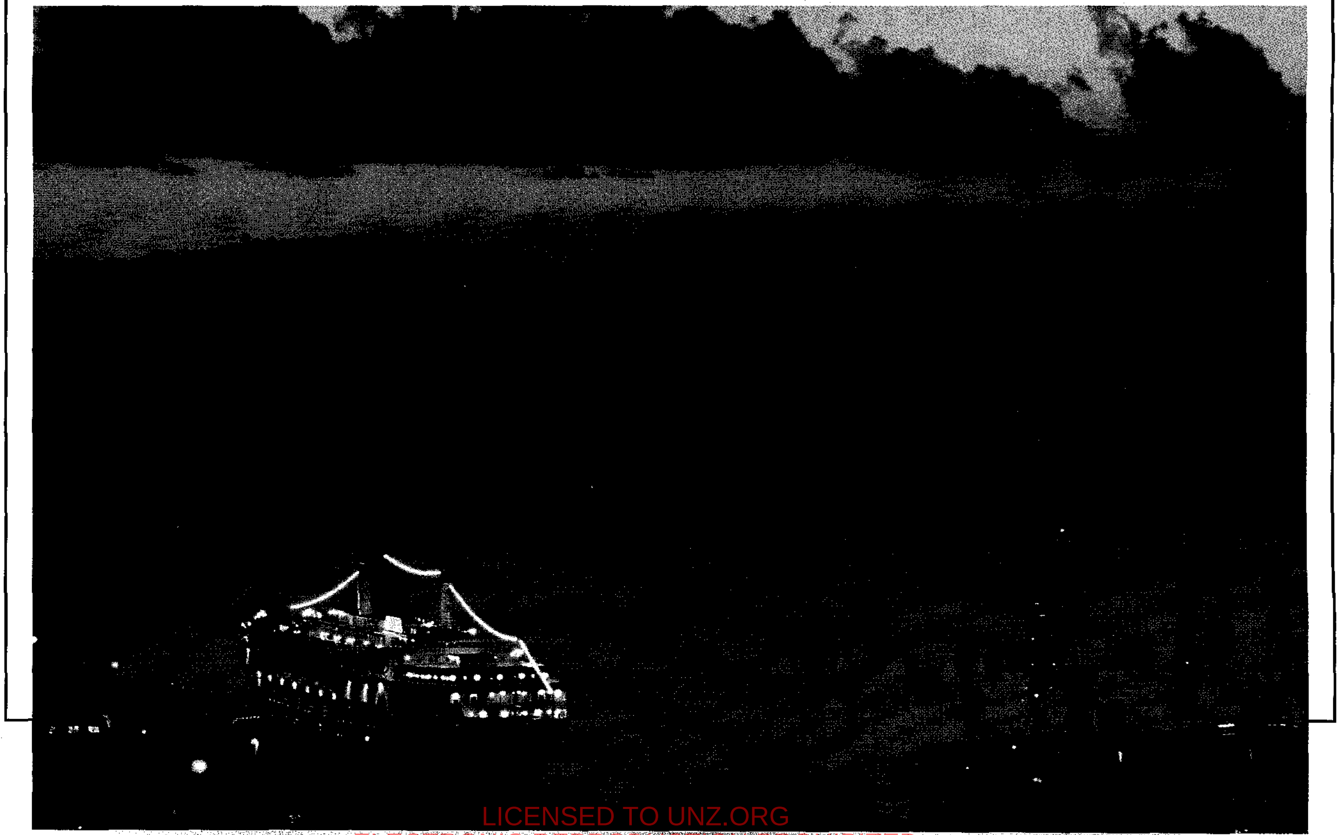
The prices start at $1,200 per person for a weeklong vacation and climb from there into the stratosphere, depending upon the size of the boat and the degree of luxury. Relative to the price of a cruise, however, a crewed charter tends to be competitive, and sometimes a bargain. It's important to take into account that everything from meals to water sports is included in the price, whereas most cruise ships charge steeply for extras.

The week before we embark, Denise phones us in New York to find out what sort of food we like. Pavia's status as a nominal vegetarian makes Denise a bit nervous, but she rises to the occasion; it doesn't hurt that Pavia classes seafood as a vegetable. You probably won't lose weight on the *Quiverfull.* Denise seems to subscribe to my grandmother's dictum: If you're young, you're too thin. Eggs for breakfast, huge sandwiches for lunch, a barbecue for dinner. She sometimes cooks local fare as well, an odd but happy mix of Indian, Jamaican, and Mexican influences: One afternoon, we have burritos with chutney. Bob and Denise have a laid-back ex-hippie manner that conceals the fact—for those like myself who are made nervous by the political implications—that they are waiting on you slavishly.

The passenger calls every shot. If you want to design the itinerary, fine. We decide to abdicate, leaving all decisions to the crew. Bob is an expert sailor as well as a world-class surfer and surfboard builder. He comes from a family pretty much legendary in the domain of youthful pursuits: His brother is David Carson, the designer of *Raygun* and *Beach Culture* magazines.

The *Quiverfull* divides internally in two. After dinner, Bob and Denise evaporate, receding tactfully into the bow so that passengers have the run of the boat. Now is the opportunity to stargaze, have an orgy, or (in my case) contemplate semicolons. The rear half of the boat is equipped with a large double bed—Bob and Denise are uneasy when it becomes clear that Pavia

Dock holiday: St. Thomas, the port of embarkation for many a cruise ship and chartered boat in the Caribbean.



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isn't actually my girlfriend—but the cockpit can easily sleep two beneath the stars. Space never seems to be a problem. If Denise wants to emerge from her quarters at night to, say, lie in the hammock stretched from the rigging at the bow, she does so from a hatch at the front of the boat; you never see the crew after nightfall. In the morning, you signal your rising by putting on Jimi Hendrix at full volume, and breakfast is ready almost immediately.

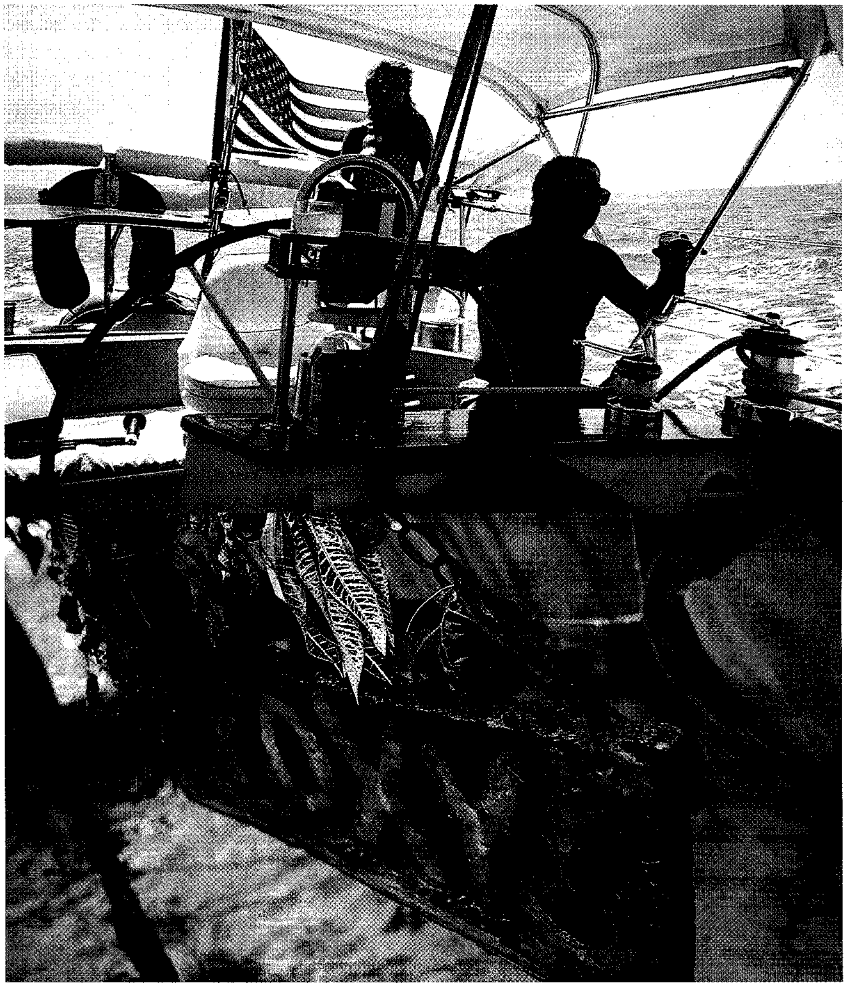
When I board the *Quiverfull,* I weigh 190 pounds, and I have completed 107 pages of my novel. Thanks to Bob and Denise and Pavia, and the helpful dining staff on the ships to come, these statistics will change.

St. Thomas, our port of embarkation, is precisely the place to leave: The island has been aggressively overdeveloped, and the locals have acquired an understandable aversion to tourists. St. Thomas was devastated by Hurricane Marilyn in 1995 and was brutalized again this year. In case you care about such things, there are a lot of famous people on St. Thomas. Famous people tend to choose the most appalling places to set down roots (witness Los Angeles). Letterman is here. We sail past the *Charlie's Angels* House—just down from Barbra Streisand's place—where the seminal opening credits for the series were shot. It was damaged pretty severely by Hurricane Marilyn.

The *Quiverfull* is going to spirit us away to St. John, another U.S. possession, but not much like St. Thomas: Compare Eden with Gomorrah. (The Manichaean battle between good and evil seems to lodge in your psyche here, where every second bit of land is named after a pirate or a saint.) We will moor in coves too small for the great cruise ships, where we can snorkel alone with weird birds and nude bathers.

Laurence Rockefeller bought up a huge chunk of St. John in the fifties, then established a national park. Two thirds of the land is protected, and the water lies, so clear as to be barely present, over some of the finest snorkel ground in the Greater Antilles. Pavia and I go snorkeling just off the nudist beach in Caneel Bay, where all sorts of Freudian fauna bloom: sea cucumbers and needle-shaped trumpet fish, black sea urchins peeking from the crotchlike places between the rocks. More than 50 species of coral contribute to the reef formations, most of them named for their evocative shapes: stagshorn, elkhorn, pillar and barrel, brain and fan.

I am not, let me stress, very New Age in my leanings—and Pavia, like Penn & Teller, rhymes *New Age* with *sewage*—but in the snorkel, I believe I have found the secret to harmonious communion with nature. I live my daily life just this side of a seizure. Yet stick a plastic tube in my mouth and float me over some parrot fish, and I sink into this monastic calm, with a wide-eyed appreciation of waving sea vegetables and sucking polyps: *Look at the little fishies!* Amazing.



Top: Denise and Bob Carson put out to sea on the *Quiverfull,* formerly known as Ted Kennedy's family yacht. Bottom: The lush life at Foxy's on Jost Van Dyke.

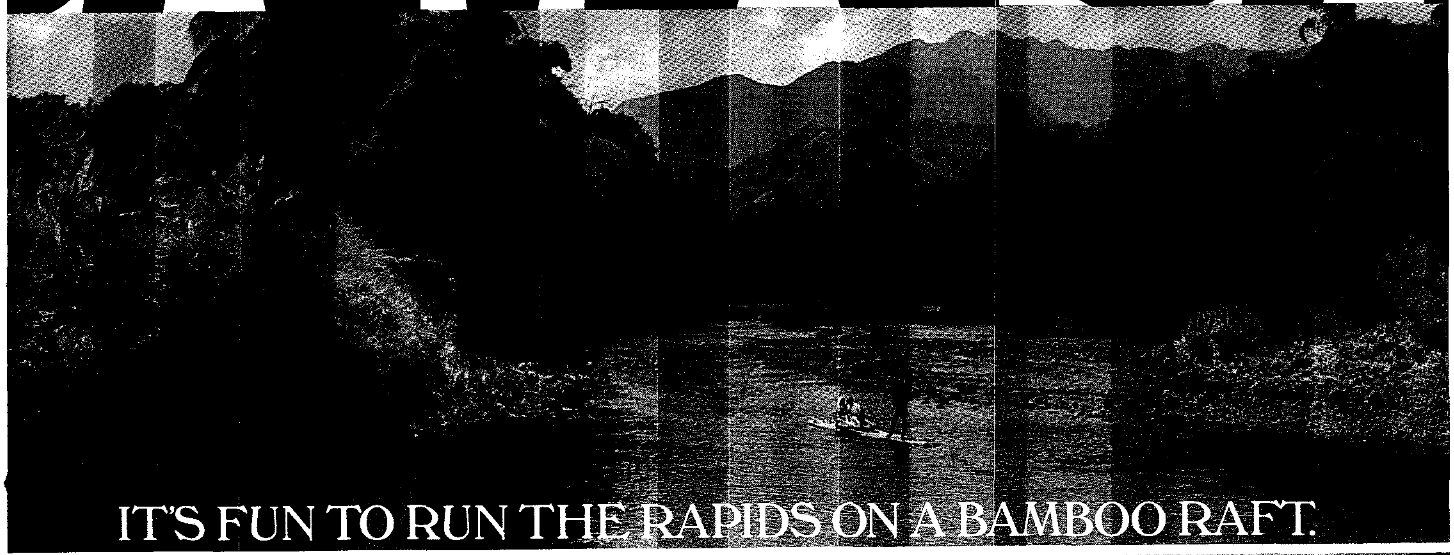
We decide to leave the snorkeling locations up to Bob, and he takes us next to Green Cay, a desert island just off Little Jost Van Dyke in the British Virgins. Desert islands *do* exist, and they look just like something out of a cartoon strip: white beaches, scrub, a few palms. We find tiny hermit crabs, the ubiquitous parrot fish—odd that the most beautiful creature in the ocean is also one of the most common—and even a miniature shark, which nobody can identify. The birds overhead, with clownish white masks, are called boobies.

This is a fine place to meditate on the iconic significance of the desert island. Just the other side of Tortola is Dead Chest Island, where Blackbeard marooned fifteen mutinous men with a saber and a bottle of rum. Hence "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum." Looking at Green Cay, it's hard to see why it would be such a gruesome fate. But when you remember that recreational swimming wasn't very common until the late nineteenth century, and that Blackbeard was busy terrorizing the islands in the early 1700s, it becomes clear: None of these guys could swim. We may think of a desert island as somewhere we'd retire with our ten favorite CDs; back then, it was where you'd get consumed by your drunken, mutinous buddies.

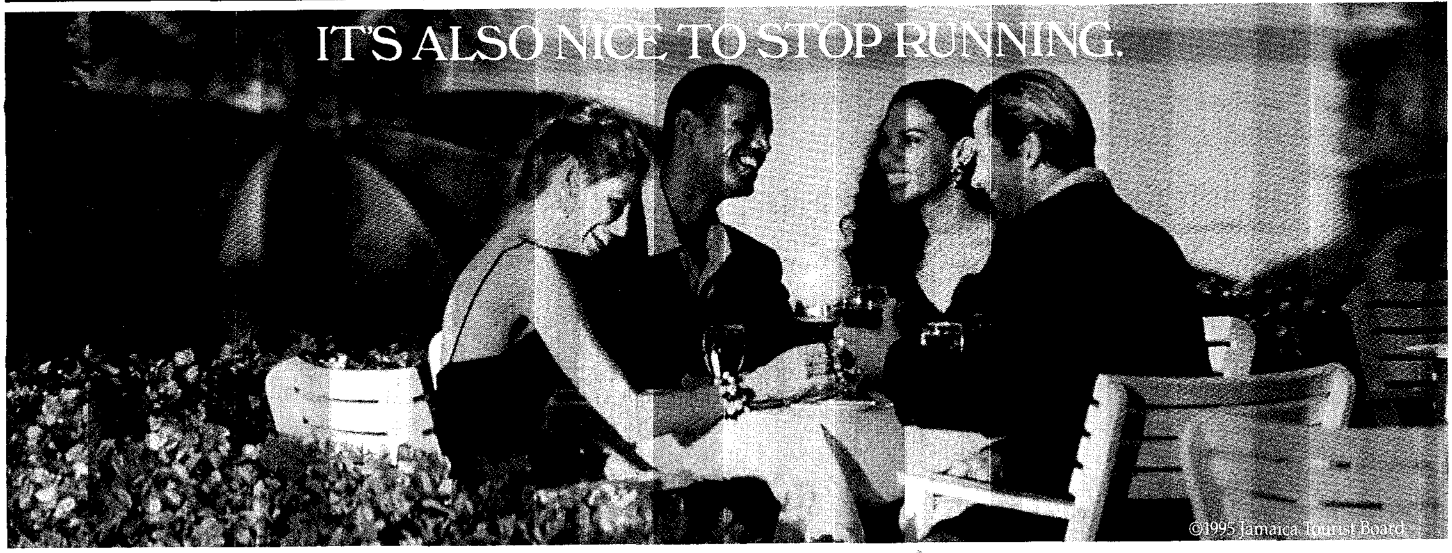
In the evening, we moor for the night just off Foxy's Bar on Jost Van Dyke (an island named after, yes, a Dutch pirate). Legendary for its New Year's Eve celebration, Foxy's is a tiny beach establishment decorated with yacht pennants and business cards and brassieres from all over the world. During the day, drunken white folk gather around Foxy himself, a black islander with a guitar who plays the naïf while gently taking

Photographs by Douglas Cooper.

JAMAICA



IT'S FUN TO RUN THE RAPIDS ON A BAMBOO RAFT.



IT'S ALSO NICE TO STOP RUNNING.

©1995 Jamaica Tourist Board

"Can we make it through those rapids?" cried Karen.

"Yah, mon," grinned our raftsman, Stuart. "No problem."

So now we'd done the rafting. And the Blue Mountains. "Say Stuart," I called, "if we hurry, can we see Dunn's River Falls?"

"Yah, mon," he replied, "but why hurry? This is Jamaica!"

That night as Karen and I listened to the waves washing the shore, I began to get in sync with their long, slow rhythm.

"Tomorrow, let's just work on our tans," I suggested.

"Yah, mon," smiled Karen. "No problem."

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the piss out of all the happy idiots listening. Foxy sings and tells mildly racist jokes. Afterward, he takes a turn on the dance floor with an anatomically correct inflatable doll.

IT IS TIME TO RETURN TO ST. THOMAS. WE must leave Bob and Denise to board a sailing ship that makes the *Quiverfull* look like a dinghy.

As we stand in line at American Customs, I note that there are no fewer than three cautionary posters aimed not at travelers but at the Customs officers themselves. The word *integrity* features prominently in each of them, if not all that coherently: "There is no glamor in the slammer. Nobody's integrity is above the law." The message is clear, however: Nice people don't accept money from drug smugglers, even if those smugglers pay considerably better wages than the American government. Paradise—no surprise—is a slightly snake-ridden concept.

QUIVERFULL

You never see the crew after nightfall. In the morning, you put on Jimi Hendrix at full volume, and breakfast is ready almost immediately.

Pavia and I are spending a week on the *Wind Spirit,* one of a fleet of luxury ships operated by Windstar with computerized sails that rise and fall robotically at the push of a button. I am looking forward to this vessel; Windstar has recently been listed as one of the three finest cruise lines in the world.

The *Wind Spirit* is 440 feet long, with four masts and six triangular sails; at 5,350 tons, it is much smaller than most cruise ships. All of the cabins except one (the Owner's Suite) are precisely similar in size and rate. The luxury is human, rather than spatial: 148 passengers are served by 88 officers and crew.

We file onto the *Wind Spirit* and are greeted with powerful rum concoctions in the lounge. Rum is so cheap in the Caribbean that local bars generally charge you only for the mixer. Nice people in pressed white uniforms take our credit cards. They take our passports. They send us to our gorgeous cabin, only to force us out ten minutes later with seven short blasts of the emergency alarm. This, we know, is the signal to don sensible shoes, retrieve our life jackets from the stained-wood cabinet, and make our way, lemming-like, to the muster stations, where our *Ober*-purser-entertainment engineer informs us what we are to do in the event of a gaping hole in the ship's hull.

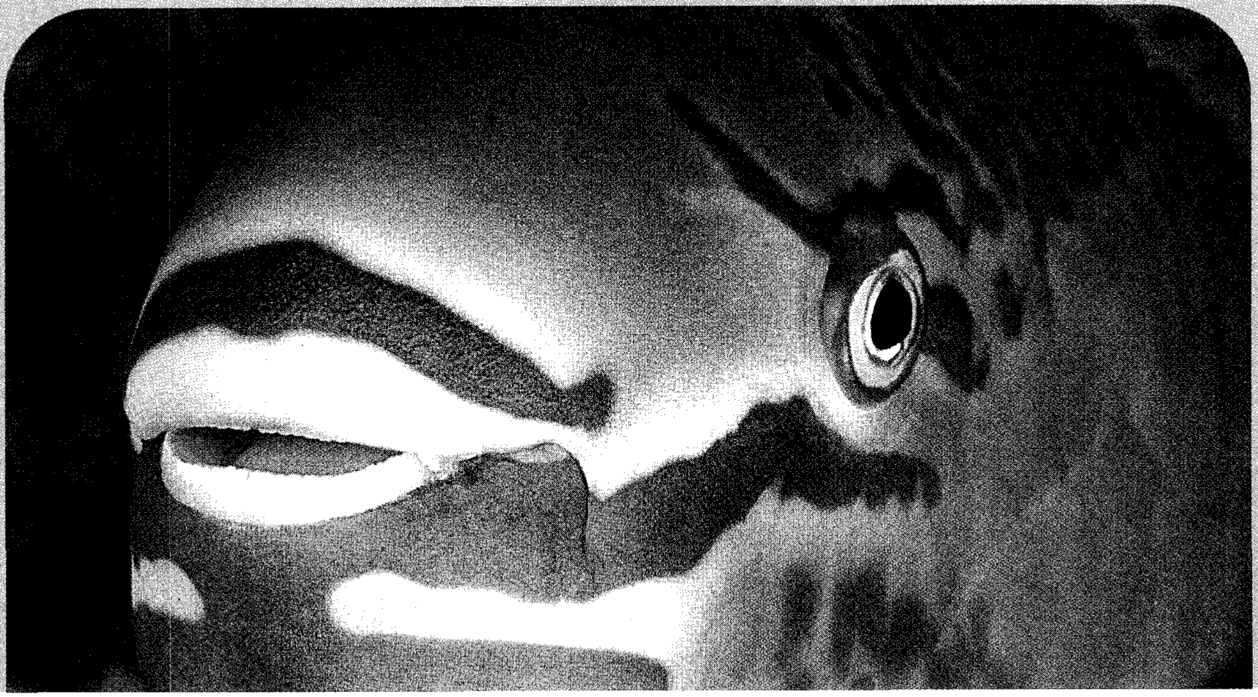
My favorite bit is the sequence of actions you take when jumping from your posh vessel. First you look down, to where you are about to jump. (No, don't look back, where the recognition of how thoroughly ruined your expensive holiday is—reinforced by the listing vessel behind you—will turn you instantly to a pillar of salt.) Then cross your hands over your neck in an attitude of strangulation, look forward, take a nice goose step, and kiss your vacation good-bye.

I should point out that the nervous passengers festooned in bright-orange life jackets are not experiencing this with the usual ennui attending, for instance, the safety video at the beginning of a flight. They look scared.

Luckily, it soon becomes clear that this initial rigorous procedure is simply an exercise in contrast. Truth is, the *Wind Spirit* is one of the least regimented cruise ships afloat. You wander into dinner at any hour between 7:30 and 9 P.M., without a reservation and certainly without a tuxedo. The staff is polite but informal, and genuinely nice. Believe me: I spent some five years in the travel biz—I used to lead photo safaris in Kenya and cruises down the Danube River—and I can spot a forced smile at ten paces. The *Wind Spirit* really does have an astonishingly pleasant crew, including cabin stewards from the Philippines who have your name and room number memorized the second time they meet you.

This is not a cruise for the conspicuous consumer. You'll encounter tepid lounge acts and the requisite casino, but you'd be more likely to choose the *Wind Spirit* for its thorough scuba-diving program. The pool, which the crew affectionately refer to as their "Olympic-sized facility," is perhaps the smallest swimming pool I have ever seen, but it is sufficient to train beginning divers. Passengers don't pay extra for waterskiing or rides on the slightly ridiculous banana boat, both of which are offered daily from the sports deck on the rear of the ship. A banana boat, in case you've never had the pleasure, is a huge

Photograph by Don Hebert/FPG.



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Left: Eden, ahoy? The beaches *are* beautiful on St. Barts. But the rest of the landscape is strictly Provence Lite. Right: The *Wind Spirit*, with 88 officers and crew serving just 148 passengers, is actually much smaller than most cruise ships.

WIND SPIRIT

Our cabin is equipped with CNN, a VCR, and a washroom that would not disgrace a quality hotel—I happen to have a fetish for European faucets.

inflated tube that you straddle with a group of giddy friends; it is hitched to a motorboat that drags you at moderate speeds through the water until you decide to turn, at which point you generally flip over and get soaked.

Not surprisingly, Windstar caters to a slightly younger crowd than some of the more formal cruise ships; the average passenger is 48. Passengers younger than that would adore the *Wind Spirit* but might not be able to afford it: The cost, including meals, is close to $4,000 a week.

The word *posh,* by the way, is inextricably bound up with luxury cruising. *Posh* is an acronym for "Port out, starboard home." If you were English, en route to India through the Suez Canal, this was the desirable placement of your cabin, as it insured shade and constant breezes: "Traveling posh, old chap? Windstar, you say? Good show!"

Our first stop on the *Wind Spirit* is St. Croix, once a Danish possession, now one of the U.S. Virgin Islands. We are to moor at Frederiksted. Every day before we retire, our steward helpfully leaves a pamphlet in our cabin describing the next day's itinerary, with a little island history and notes about what we'll encounter when we dock. For Frederiksted, the brochure is not promising: a sleepy little town that comes alive when tour boats land. In other words, we're gonna be the most interesting thing here. And boy, is it true. Frederiksted—how to put this delicately?—has subtle charms. The locals and the tourists vie with each other to see who can more gracefully perform the dance of mutual exploitation. We set foot on land, and within seconds, a helpful young Australian offers to rent us the bicycle from beneath him.

We have a brief conversation with a transplanted New Yorker who acknowledges that "you have to make your own life" in Frederiksted. As we prepare to leave, however, he brightens with an idea. He's thought of something fun we can do! "I know it sounds completely provincial and ridiculous," he says, "but you go to the Domino Club, and there's this pig that drinks beer. You don't even have to open it; you just give it a can, and it opens it and drinks it. They just held a memorial there for the original pig . . ."

We return to the ship. And it's upon our return that we truly appreciate the convenience of a sophisticated cruise ship: You can withdraw completely from your environment should it prove less than satisfactory. The ship allows you to pull into a cocoon of perfect service, generic Caribbean blue horizons, and sumptuous if ethnically unidentifiable cuisine. Travel is an escape, but the cruise ship can be a meta-escape from actual travel destinations.

Our cabin comes equipped with CNN and a VCR, a washroom that would not disgrace a quality hotel—I happen to have a fetish for European faucets—and a stereo with surprisingly good sound. We check out Stan Getz and João Gilberto from the CD library on the main deck; Pavia does wild Latin dances on the bed until the couple next door politely request that we turn it down. The video library is extensive. We watch *Unforgiven.* We ponder the existential

Photographs: left, William Abranowicz; right, Douglas Cooper.

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Sherry-Lehmann

"One of the finest wine shops in the world" – Zagat Survey

"One of the finest wine shops in the world,' and top-rated for quality in NYC, this 'classy' establishment has been run by the Aaron family since shortly after Prohibition, providing 'exquisite old-world service' to a clientele who claim, 'if you know more than they do, you own a vineyard in France'; known for 'extraordinary variety,' only a portion of its vast inventory is on display, so seekers page through the big book on the counter or use its lavish seasonal catalogs."

– Zagat Marketplace Survey

Perrier-Jouet Brut

=On Sale=

Perrier-Jouet Brut demonstrates that non-vintage Champagne can often be better than vintage Champagne. Perrier-Jouet Brut is rich and well-balanced, flavorsome and bone dry, revealing in full measure the elements that constitute a great Champagne. Perrier-Jouet Brut normally fetches over $28 the bottle in most wine shops in Paris.

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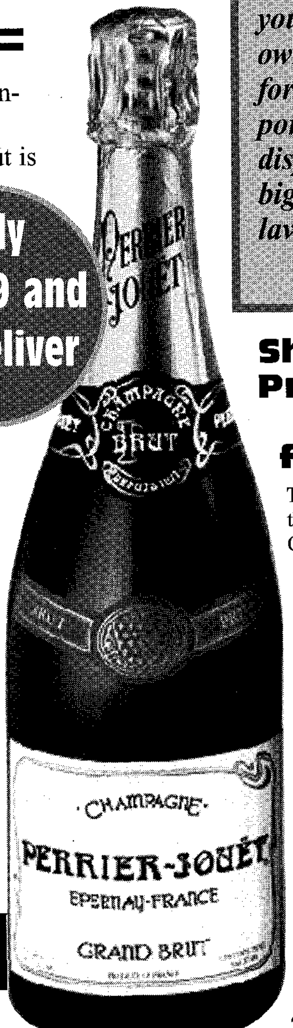
Perrier-Jouet, a relatively small Champagne firm, produces most of its excellent Champagne from their own 250 acre vineyards located in the heart of the Champagne district. This means that every stage of winemaking is controlled by Perrier-Jouet. The result is a fine Champagne which **Robert Parker** refers to as: "**delightfuly fresh, creamy, fruity and frothy**." (*94*)

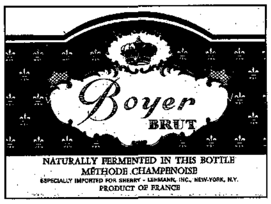
$20.49 Bottle On Sale $245.88 Case



BOYER BRUT Blanc de Blancs

In a Letter to the Editor of **The Sunday Magazine of The New York Times, Craig Claiborne** wrote: "When I serve large groups, I do not serve Dom Perignon Champagne, for which I have the greatest admiration! I serve a 'lowly' (but to my mind **excellent**) Boyer Brut sparkling wine that is a Champagne-type produced outside the Champagne region of France."*(81)*

$9.49 Bottle On Sale $113.88 Case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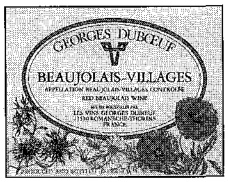

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4506	REGNIE 1995	7.99	95.88
4505	CHENAS 1995	8.29	99.48
4508	CHIROUBLES 1995	8.79	105.48
4515	COTE DE BROUILLY 1995	8.99	107.88
4411	JULIENAS 1995	8.99	107.88
4410	MORGON 1995	8.99	107.88
4531	FLEURIE 1995	10.49	125.88
4413	ST.-AMOUR 1995	10.49	125.88

BIN #	1995 FIRST PRIZE LABELCHARDONNAY	Bottle	Case
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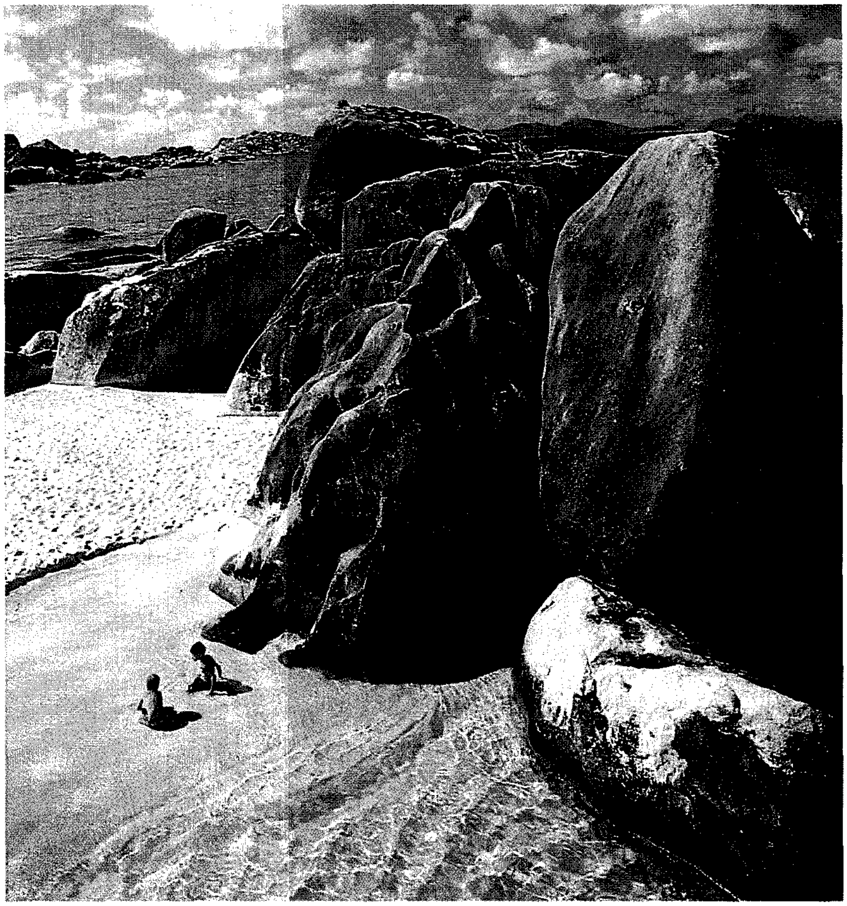


A slow day at the Baths: A constellation of giant leaning rocks frame blue-green pools on Virgin Gorda. It's not generally this quiet, except on postcards.

CRYSTAL HARMONY

Tasteful luxury gives way to comic excess: My penthouse suite is just slightly larger than my apartment in Manhattan. Yes, I measured.

hell that is the violent Western viewed on a small screen in paradise.

The main dining room is reserved for dinner and the occasional breakfast when weather keeps you from the upper deck. Although the dress is casual, the food and service approximates what you'd find at an expensive restaurant.

It is hard to identify precisely what culture the food derives from: It may well be that the travel industry has bred its own strand of international cuisine. Suffice it to say that the dishes would work in a steakhouse in Penang, or a French bistro in Venezuela. The chef who planned the menu is from—where else?—California. A typical evening offers four courses and dessert. The appetizers hail from Louisiana, California, and Tuscany; the soup is French or Romanian; the salad is Greek. For the entrée, the choices are equally diverse. Grilled ahi with "Asian vegetables" and a ginger-and-pink-peppercorn sauce. The turkey (American) paillard (French) comes with shiitake mushrooms (Japanese) and asparagus ravioli (Italy via the Bay area?). There is also a risotto and a choice of two lobster dishes; the lobster tends to be Caribbean, which has no claws and is frankly less wonderful than its Atlantic counterpart. But the service and presentation are impeccable, and dining on the *Wind Spirit* proves a pleasant ritual.

The only sign of a class system on this ship is the Captain's Table, to which you get invited if you are royalty, a multiple-cruise survivor, or a journalist who has to be massaged. I, of course, fall into the third category. The woman beside me has been on fifteen Windstar cruises; the guy across the table is a billionaire who occasionally charters the whole ship for private jaunts. We have a lot in common. The other customers, little sensing the pained efforts at conversation, stare at us enviously.

IT SEEMS OBVIOUS, BUT WHAT FIRST IMpresses me about the islands—which I haven't visited in about twenty years—is just how distinct each of them looks. I suppose this is what happens when you know a location mostly from magazine photos in doctors' offices. It's as if the travel industry had decided precisely what constitutes Eden and had sent out travel photographers to get shots that most closely approximate this ideal. In truth, the terrain varies dramatically from island to island, from low dry scrub to mountainous rain forest: Some of the islands lift gracefully out of the sea like whales; others have precipitous green cliffs that jut almost vertically from the surf.

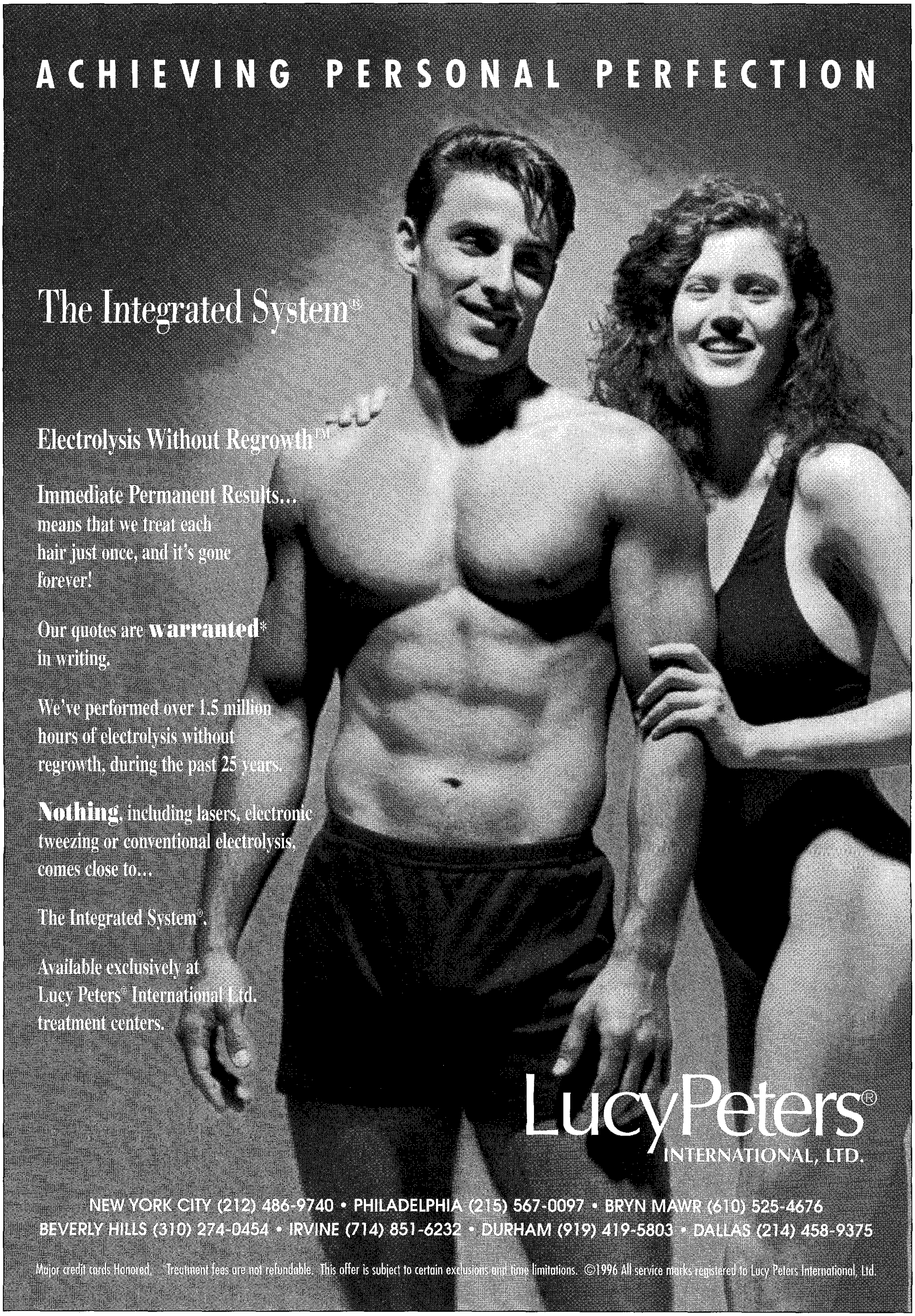
The island I'm most looking forward to, perhaps because the literature suggests that it approaches the perfection of those generic photos, is Saint-Barthélemy. Looking back, I can't quite figure it out.

What is it about St. Barts? Why do snobs blatantly prefer the one Caribbean island with no significant black population? St. Barts offers Parisian attitude without an ounce of Parisian sophistication. We ask for directions at a shop, and the proprietor stares at us with unconcealed contempt: Only a moron does not know the location of the post office on St. Barts. The landscape? Strictly Provence Lite. Okay, so the beaches are beautiful—the water *is* that nice designer blue, and the bleached rocks look as if they were placed there by Calvin—but try to find an ugly beach in the Caribbean.

My sense is that St. Barts appeals to Americans who don't really want a Caribbean vacation—who want to sunbathe in Cap d'Antibes and trip over a poodle in Nice without ever crossing the Atlantic. Fine. Let them have their island.

If you're French, now, that's a different matter. Pavia asked around—her accent is immaculate—and discovered

Photograph by Bob Krist.



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The Grand Dining Room on the ***Radisson Diamond*** is perhaps the most romantic room afloat, and the one least likely to deposit a tureen of lobster broth on your Versace silk: The Diamond has twin hulls and is remarkably stable. For the most cuisine-intensive vacation on the Caribbean, however, choose the ***Cunard Sea Goddess.*** Famous chefs cook surprise meals, renowned vintners run wine tastings, and the *Sea Goddess* goes through a vat of beluga every cruise.

DINING WITH THE STARS IN YOUR EYES AND THE EARTH BENEATH YOUR FEET

The island of **Anguilla** increasingly draws celebrities and gourmets. Two restaurants in particular have the jet set nattering: **Malliouhana** and **Blanchard's.** The chef at Malliouhana is Michel Rostang, whose father Jo used to head up one of the great kitchens in the south of France. Michel has done the family proud with conch soup perfumed with fennel, and roast duck garnished with pineapple, kiwi, and grapes. The restaurant is built on a rocky landscaped bluff. (Reservations: 809-497-6111.)

Blanchard's is less expensive, but no less glammy. Bob and Melinda Blanchard had a restaurant in Aspen, and Hollywoodites have followed them here. The garden restaurant with tall, blue shutters that open to the sea is casual and the menu adventurous, with dishes enhanced by Cajun spices and Jamaican sauces heavy on molasses and rum. (Reservations: 809-497-6100.)

BEST FLOATING SPA

The ***Celebrity Century*** offers an AquaSpa program with features you'd be hard-pressed to find on dry land. They'll immerse you in just about everything but concrete: wet earth, a hydropool with air beds that negate gravity, standing jet pools that massage the entire body. Try "Rasul," an intricate therapy involving steam, herbs, and mud.

CRUISING FOR CHEAP

Yes, it can be done. You won't find vats of beluga, but the **Windjammer** line runs ultra-cheap Barefoot Cruises on restored tall sailing ships. For about $150 a day, you can dance on a teak deck to Barry White with pony-tailed academics. Windjammer cruises avoid traveled ports; if you want to get away from everything—including luxury—you may love one of these trips.

Trafalgar Falls in the canyons of Dominica is a verdant haven for hikers.

If you're willing to pay $250 a day, you can experience the scale and vulgarity of Vegas aboard a **Carnival** ship. One passenger quoted in a guide book called his Carnival experience "a nightmare of undisciplined young people!" I can think of no higher praise.

BEST CRUISE FOR ROMANCE

The ***Seabourn Spirit.*** Remember that God has never been thought to lie in hideous bloated excess. Immaculate details, that's the trick: expansive private rooms, beautifully appointed, with self-cleaning picture windows; the most formal dining room afloat. The Seabourn line inspires fierce loyalty among those put off by the mega-ships. Many rooms on **Silversea Cruises** (less formal than Seabourn but giving it a run for its money) have adjoining balconies.

BEST CRUISE FOR BOOZE

If you're a drinker, you'll appreciate **Windjammer**'s floating-frat-house ethos. Passengers pay with "Drinker's Doubloons" (circular pieces of gold paper purchased from the bar), can wake at 6:30 A.M. to Bloody Marys (healthful habit, that), and the free rum swizzles before dinner are spiked proportionately to the gusto with which everybody yells, "Good morning, Captain, sir!" after breakfast. The average age of the passengers is less frat boy than seasoned alcoholic. If you happen to *be* a frat boy, you might prefer **Carnival Cruises,** where the clientele is younger and more likely to be conversant in the delicate customs associated with spring break.

BEST FISHING OUT OF PORT

Off **St. Thomas,** the water is thick with blue marlin. If you have a full day to fish, talk to Captain Al Petrosky at **Fish Hawk Marina Lagoon** in the East End; he'll take you out on his 48-foot power boat (809-775-9058). The marlin population is at a ten-year peak at the North Drop, and delirious fishermen are breaking world records. **Grand Cayman** is also internationally renowned for deep-sea fishing. Pull together eight people and charter a boat for half a day from **Red Sail Sports** in the Hyatt Regency (809-949-8745). See if you can land something huge: tuna or wahoo. Don't feel like wrestling with Leviathan? **Little Cayman** is the world's leading destination for bonefishing, and you can catch tarpon in an inland pool.

BEST SCUBA IN PORT

If the ship spends the day in **Grand Cayman,** you should have no trouble arranging a spectacular dive: There are 34 dive operations on the main island alone. You won't require a boat; the island is ringed with coral formations. Once again, Red Sail Sports will set you up.

Bloody Bay Wall, descending off the north shore of **Little Cayman,** is a legendary dive site. The wall goes down vertically for a mile, but the drop-off point is relatively shallow—between fifteen and twenty feet—which means that even snorkelers can rub wet suits with famed marine biologists.

BEST SNORKELING IN AND OUT OF PORT

According to *Scuba Diving* magazine, the Virgin Islands offer the finest snor-

Photograph by Joan Iaconetti.

keling in the Caribbean. Two miles north of **St. Croix** is **Buck Island Reef National Monument,** a protected underwater system with superb coral formations. It's a bit of a distance, however. If your ship is in St. Croix for only a couple of hours, make your way to **Cane Bay** on the north shore. **St. John** has a number of fine sites; try **Leinster Bay** or **Haulover Bay** for a leisurely snorkel away from the flippered hordes.

Magens Bay in **St. Thomas** has gorgeous underwater scenery and is easily accessible if you're on the island for a few hours.

WHERE TO PART WITH YOUR HARD-EARNED MONEY

If you haven't bankrupted yourself aboard ship, you can do it in a couple of glorious minutes in **St. Barts. Plein Sud** in St. Jean will happily take your firstborn child in exchange for a perfect evening garment. Champagne and perfume are cheaper here than in France. Real bargains are to be had in **Curaçao,** which has been a shopping destination for about 300 years. Stores open specially for a few hours on Sundays and holidays when cruise ships are in port. Porcelain and crystal are much cheaper here than in the U.S.; Italian silks are a good buy; a nice wheel of Gouda can be had for ten bucks. Be sure to pick up a bottle of the local liqueur.

Freeport in the **Bahamas** is—not surprisingly—a duty-free port; Swiss watches can be less expensive here than in Switzerland. If your ship pulls into **Nassau,** the shopping is only a few steps from the dock: Buy handwoven linens from Ireland, emeralds from Columbia, leather goods from Gucci.

ISOLATED PORTS OF CALL

The best way to avoid crowded beaches is to go to an island that doesn't have any. **Saba,** an extinct volcano, barely has a shoreline: It's more like a green wall. Early settlers used to drop boulders on unwelcome visitors. Current settlers are much friendlier, but Saba remains a topographical deterrent to the larger cruise ships: It's almost impossible to moor there. Saba remains peaceful, relatively inexpensive, and stunning. **Dominica** in the British Windwards has beaches, but they're not wonderful. The island more than compensates, however, with canyons, waterfalls, tropical rain forests, and a boiling lake. This is the Caribbean wild at its most authentic, an island for hikers and eco-tourists.

why it is that St. Barts is so dear to the French: It's where wealthy French businessmen install their mistresses.

Pavia, once again my dominatrix, is punishing me for my opinion of this island. She thinks me "sophomoric." For a time, she had relaxed her vise-like grip on my behavior—I really haven't written much of my novel—but now I must suffer. We rent a Renault Twingo in Gustavia. Pavia drives with Latinate abandon; she yells at slow drivers, laughs gleefully, leaves my stomach behind on scenic curves. Pavia Rosati wants to see everything. She thinks the beach is not simply beautiful but exceptionally beautiful. She is prepared to move here. I am bored? Pavia couldn't care less.

St. Barts is where I discover that I prefer fish to human beings. I take a shallow scuba dive off the *Wind Spirit* in the harbor and have a surprisingly good time. The scuba staff on this boat is a delight, a far cry from the Dickensian witch who taught me the sport in the Bahamas. Scuba diving is all about chilling out, and my teacher specialized in phobia. I may never be a relaxed diver—my traumatic education has left me psychologically scarred, so that I consume a tank of air in about half the time it's supposed to take—but if anyone is going to make you enjoy scuba diving, it's the staff of the *Wind Spirit.* I love these guys. Breezy, friendly jocks with perfect physiques who somehow manage to sound congenial when they suggest you "hawk a loogie" into your mask.

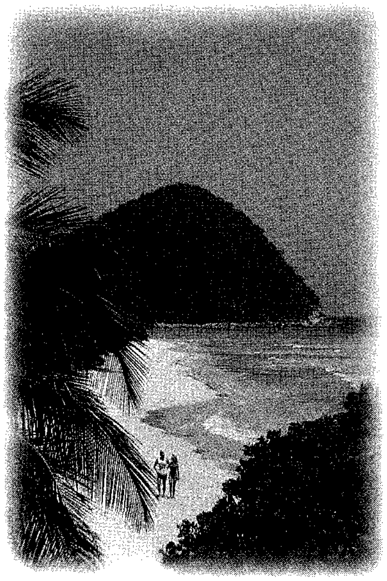
I have a relatively calm and uneventful dive, quickly swallow a tank of air, and emerge unscathed.

Our next island, Montserrat, is much less of a scene. In fact, what little development there was up and left after the last threat of volcanic eruption. They recently had to evacuate the capital when a volcano buried the place in ash. But this, to my mind, is a blessing. I'll take gray carcinogenic particles over tourists any day. And Montserrat has an almost unsettling natural beauty: The island is green, lush, and brooding, a tropical rain forest whose fiery mountain manufactures its own cloud. The beaches are black volcanic sand.

We sign up for one of the excursions arranged by the *Wind Spirit.* Most of the day trips are about $50. A local tour operator drives us up a mountain to an old rum distillery and outfits us with helmets and mountain bikes. We spend the afternoon riding downhill, on- and off-road, until we get back to the dark beach. The landscape is unremittingly spectacular; the locals are kind, and a brief sun shower washes away all desire to return to New York.

Montserrat used to be quite the location. George Martin had a famous rock studio

Tortola, British Virgin Islands



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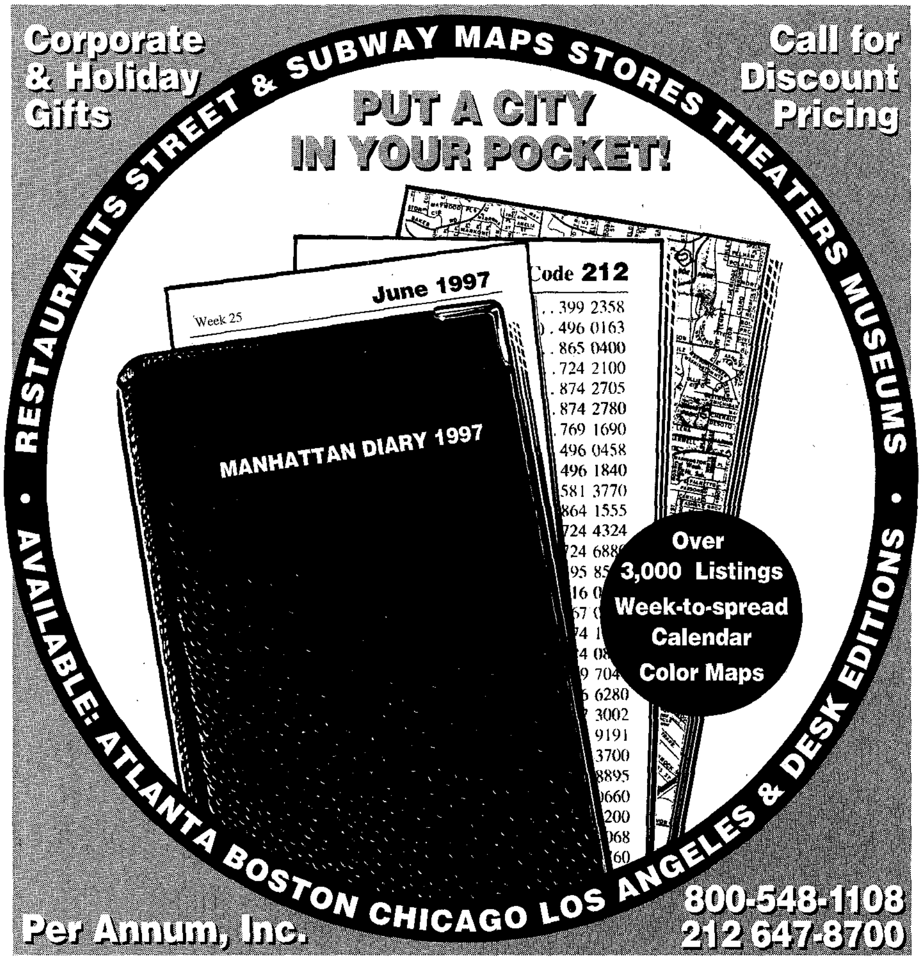

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here, in the hills, and rock stars would drift through and hang out: Elton John, the Rolling Stones, the occasional Beatle. Hurricane Hugo put an end to the studio, and in general, Montserrat has become quieter in the wake of various natural disasters. Still, it remains one of the most intriguing spots in the Caribbean, and not simply for its melancholy landscape: Where else could you find transplanted African culture heavily inflected with Irish attributes? While officially a British dependent territory, the island has a long Irish history because so many Irish Catholics emigrated there from nearby St. Kitts. The local folk dance, the Bamchicklay, looks suspiciously like an Irish step dance, and musicians can be found playing the fife and a drum that looks more like a bodhran than like anything found in Africa.

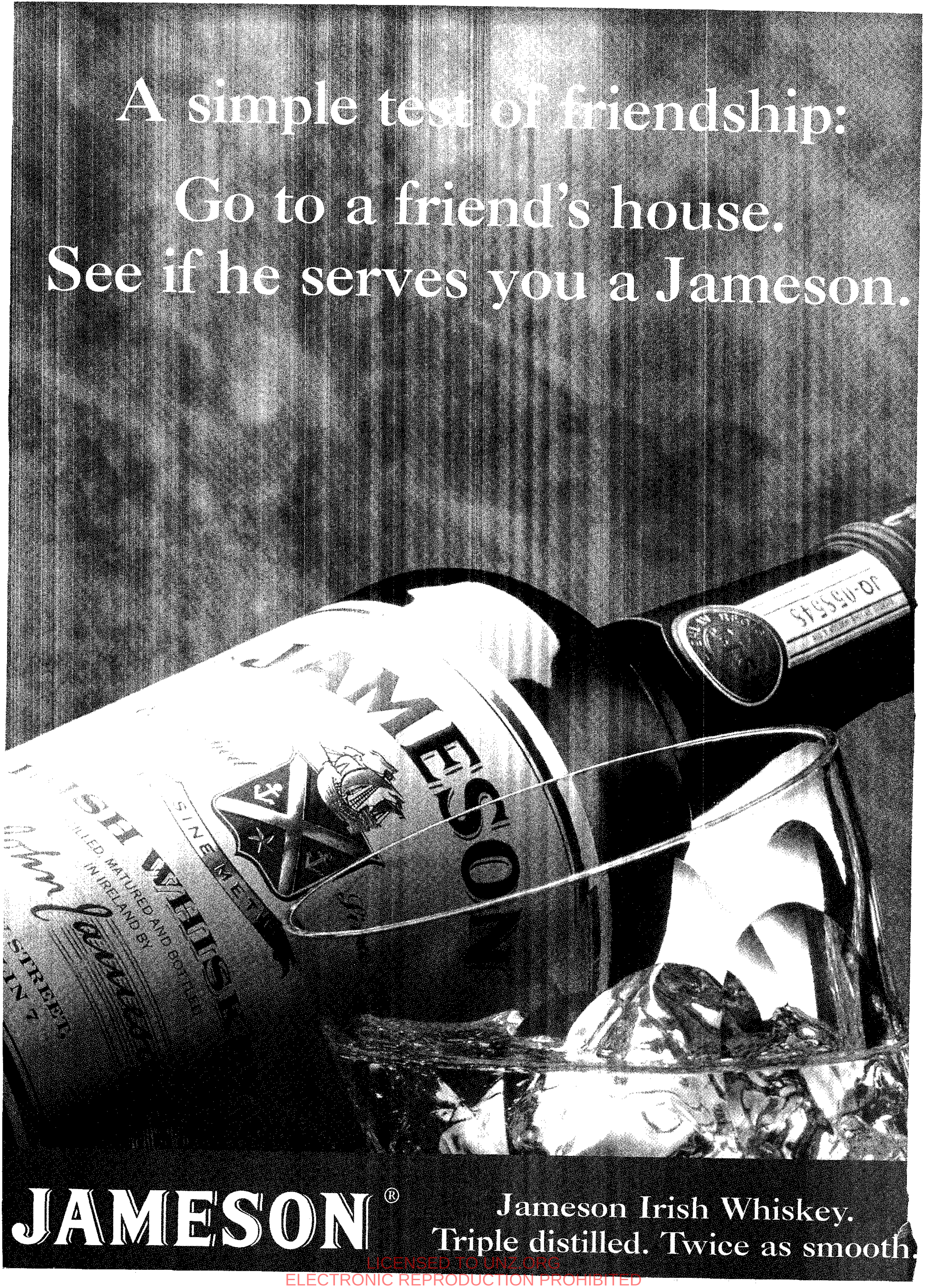
This quiet, gorgeous island provides a sobering contrast with our last stop on the *Wind Spirit*, Virgin Gorda, where we take in the most-hyped sight in the Caribbean. Virgin Gorda is unusual for its boulder formations, and in particular for a natural constellation of giant leaning rocks known as the Baths. A postcard of Paris has a decent chance of framing the Eiffel Tower, and to properly rise to cliché status, a postcard from the Caribbean should feature a photo of the Baths. This site receives its name from the blue-green pools framed by the boulders; you can in fact swim or wade through these pools, some of which disappear into mysterious caves made from giant slabs of stone.

We descend upon the Baths with the forces necessary to occupy a small country. We slog through the caves in lines more appropriate to Communist grocery stores. The metaphor of the bath gets a little less savory when we begin to understand that we'll be sharing our luxurious tub with a polyglot horde of sunburned fat people wielding Nikons. My advice? Visit the Baths at some weird hour, when nobody else would think to go. Say, in the middle of a hurricane. Or better yet, buy the postcard.

IT IS TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE *WIND Spirit* and to Pavia, who must leave to take a new job in Washington. Pavia decides, capriciously, to take with her the minor gods who preside over the well-tempered vacation. I board the *Crystal Harmony*, and tasteful luxury gives way to comical excess.

They don't just give you a maid on the *Crystal Harmony*. They give you a butler. Comes with the penthouse suite, it seems. I've never had a butler before. I'll probably never have a butler again. *(continued on page 97)*

The Luxe Life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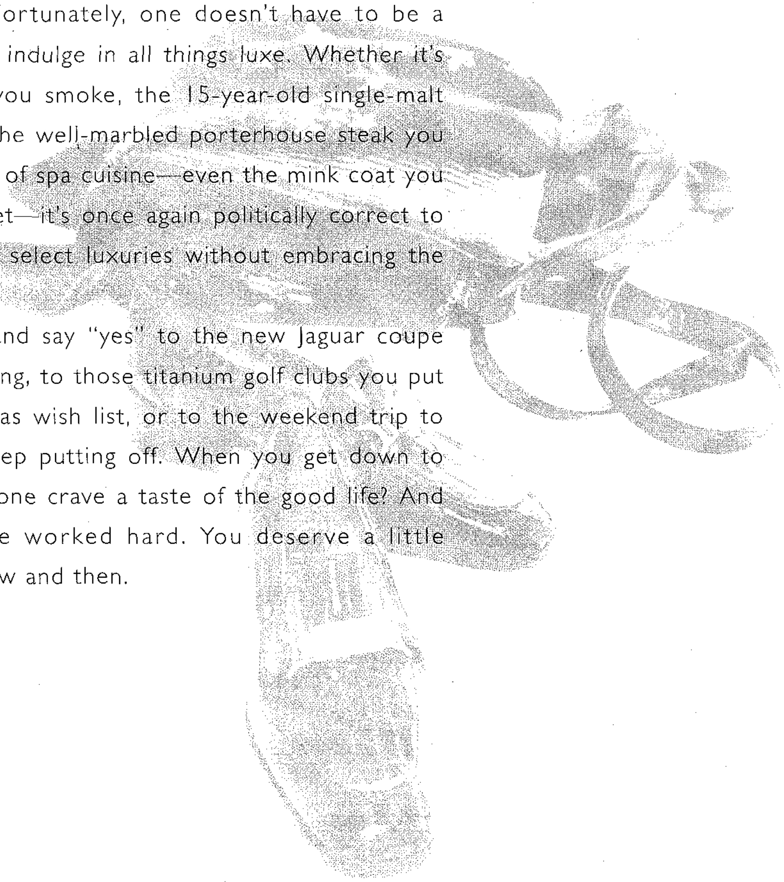
New York's Finest

By David Butwin

The Luxe Life. The Romans made no apologies for it and neither did the Romanoffs, so why should you? Not for years, it seems, have so many good things been available with so little guilt. Strolling up Fifth Avenue, you'd think the Gilded Age had returned—dinner at Lespinasse, cigar salons, oversized cocktail rings, swank martini lounges, hansom carriages. The more things change . . .

■ Then, as now, people want quality—and damn the consequences. Fortunately, one doesn't have to be a robber baron to indulge in all things luxe. Whether it's the $12 stogie you smoke, the 15-year-old single-malt scotch you sip, the well-marbled porterhouse steak you savor after years of spa cuisine—even the mink coat you now openly covet—it's once again politically correct to indulge in a few select luxuries without embracing the ethos of excess.

■ So go ahead and say "yes" to the new Jaguar coupe you've been eyeing, to those titanium golf clubs you put on your Christmas wish list, or to the weekend trip to St. Bart's you keep putting off. When you get down to it, doesn't everyone crave a taste of the good life? And why not? You've worked hard. You deserve a little splurge every now and then.



Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director
Christy Casamassima Editor
Richard Mantel Design Director
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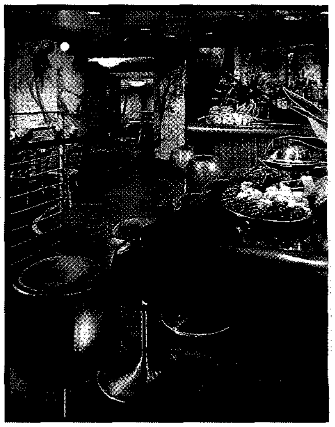
Cover: Gerard's Bar in the Stanhope

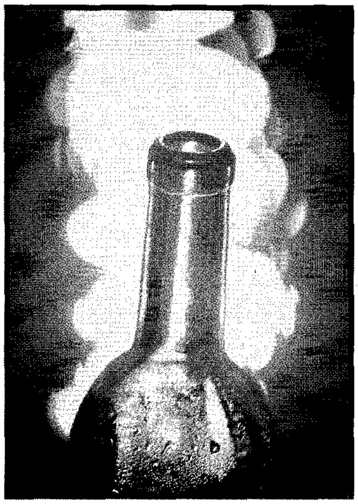
the Cocktail Connection



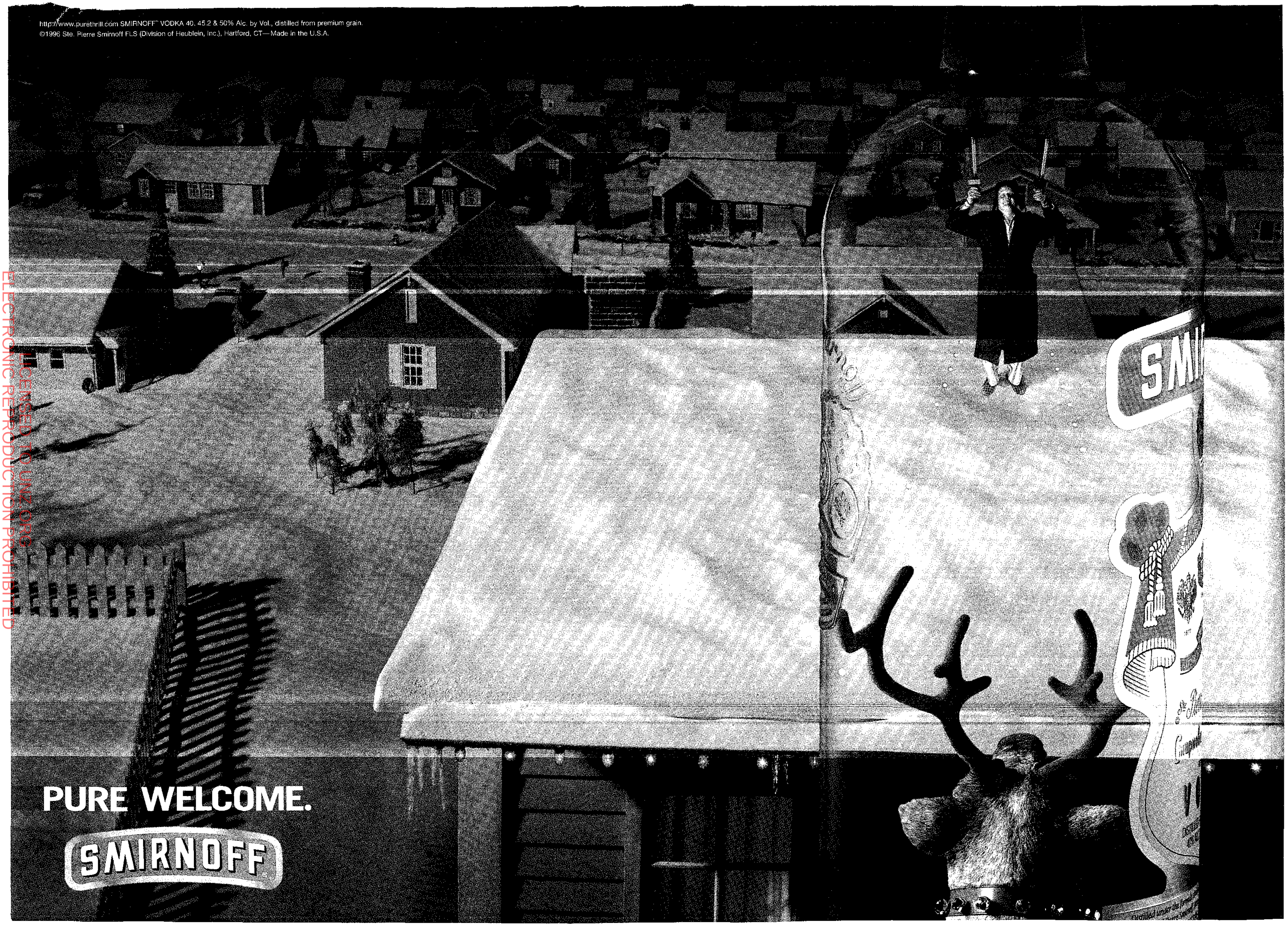
The Monkey Bar

Remember when a cocktail was a blind quaff en route to a business deal or a theater date, when the martini was the swill of the lunching adman? These days, patrons study arm-long martini menus like lists of vintage Bordeaux. If your tastes are classic '40s, you want nothing more than a vodka martini, shaken and chilled, with a hint of vermouth and a spear of olives. For a smooth, crisp taste, pour Smirnoff Black, historically the vodka of the czars, a handmade premier vodka produced in the traditional Russian style. Lace the vodka with cranberry juice and Cointreau, and call it a Cosmopolitan. Add a splash of berry-flavored Chambord and you have a Black Martini, or skip past dinner and dessert and order a chocolate martini with crème de cacao in a chocolate-rimmed glass.

■ As cigars ignite all over town, the after-dinner drink has emerged as a high rite. Enter the single-malt scotch, to many the premier cru of spirits. Just as chateau-bottled wines from the same family of grapes can vary with sun and soil, premium single malts may carry hints of heather, honey, salt, or many other flavors of their origin. Perhaps the best of the single malts come from Speyside on the edge of the Scottish Highlands. It's here that the Aberlour Distillery creates a trophy-winning single malt. You'll know it by the label with the bare-limbed tree and "aged 10 years" legend.



■ Fine Irish whiskey will put the cap on a good meal with the sweet assurance of a champagne cognac. Fans of Jameson 1780 12-year-old whiskey drink it as a digestif—no water, no soda, no ice—at room temperature in a rocks glass that permits a long sniff of the rising aroma. There is beauty, too, in a dram of Jameson, aged six years in oak casks that once held Spanish oloroso sherry (and tastes of it). Drink it neat or with a touch of plain water or ice: savor the delicate, sweet, woody flavor—no heavy, peaty, or malty notes.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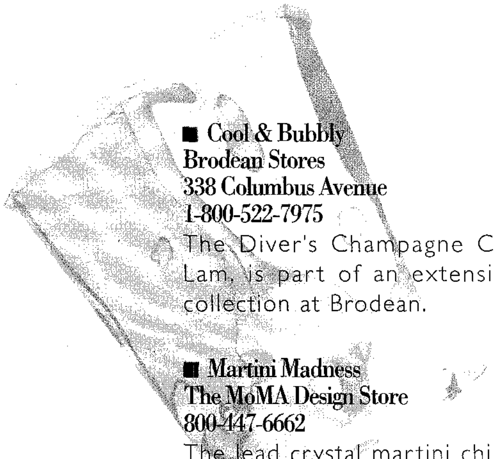
■ Those who know their port—the elegant fortified wine of northern Portugal—wouldn't cap an evening any other way. The only question that begs asking, once you've settled on a W. & J. Graham's port, is what to have with it: cheese course, dessert, cigar—or all three. If you're up to the blue-veined cheeses like Stilton or Gorgonzola, you'll want a rich port like Graham's Six Grapes or perhaps a vintage port or late bottled vintage. Any of these go swimmingly with dense chocolate desserts, or with creamy cheeses such as Brie or Camembert. To accompany desserts and pastries, Graham's 10- or 20-year tawnies make a good match.

Stingray

■ From cocktail sherry to a dinner Rioja to a brandy nightcap, savvy drinkers share a fondness for the Spanish grape. Sherry is nothing if not Spanish—indeed the word is an English corruption of Jerez, the capital of the sherry-producing region that sweeps across magical Andalusia from coastal Cadiz, past Jerez to Seville. In a sip, you can conjure this magical corner—the Moorish castles, the bull rings, the guitars, and flamenco. Finos are the finest of sherries, but some prefer the sting of the darker, older amontillados, or mature olorosos—port-like, silky, but not oversweet.

The Grotto

■ With dinner, red wine drinkers find it hard to beat the quality and price of the gran reservas from Rioja, the sunny highland district of northern Spain. These stylish and sensitive wines compare favorably with the best Bordeaux across the border in France, and thanks to a favorable exchange rate with the peseta, Rioja vintages all the way back to the early '70s can be found for less than $30. After dinner, a Spanish brandy seems the poetic choice, produced in the Jerez region by the same houses that make the top sherries. Pick one of the gran reservas of Brandy de Jerez. Surely the most distinctive is Conde de Osborne, not just for its tawny-amber color or hint of peaches, nuts, and butterscotch, but for its Salvador Dali–designed bottle—a milk-white decanter emblazoned with a dark tear-streaked grape and the late artist's signature.



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The Diver's Champagne Cooler, by artist Isabel Lam, is part of an extensive modern silverplate collection at Brodean.

■ Martini Madness
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The lead crystal martini chiller (at right), designed by Dan Chelsea, ensures that your cocktail stays icy cold down to the last drop. Between sips, rest the cone-shaped glass in its ice-filled base.

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Kjell Engman's witty wine decanter (on page 4A) for Kosta Boda, affectionately dubbed "Fenix." Eric Richards photo.

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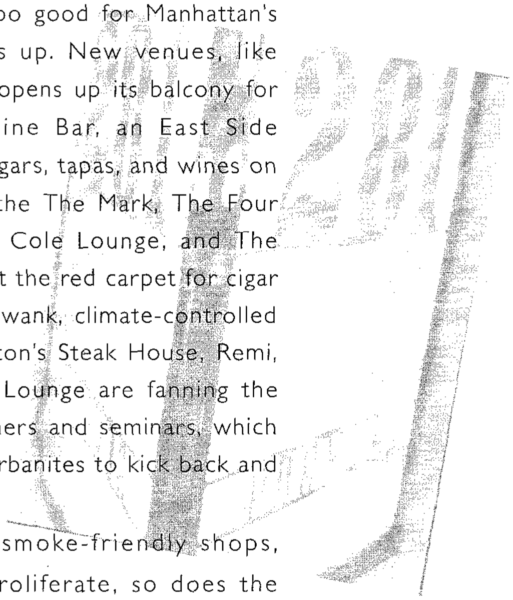
the Cigar Comeback

By Christy Casamassima

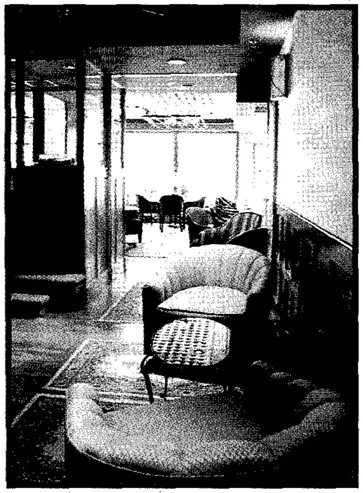
A few years back, in reaction to stress, downsizing, and pressure to be politically correct, a small but powerful segment of the New York populace ignited a rebellion of sorts, defiantly ordering rare steak, sipping single-malt scotches, and firing up pricey cigars.

■ Since the early '90s backlash against repression, cigars continue lighting up the cityscape—from the banquettes at midtown's Club Macanudo, Le Cigar, and The Cigar Bar, to the smoky, luxe cocktail lounges at downtown's of-the-moment hotspots, including Alva, Pravda, Granville, and Onieal's Grand Street Lounge.



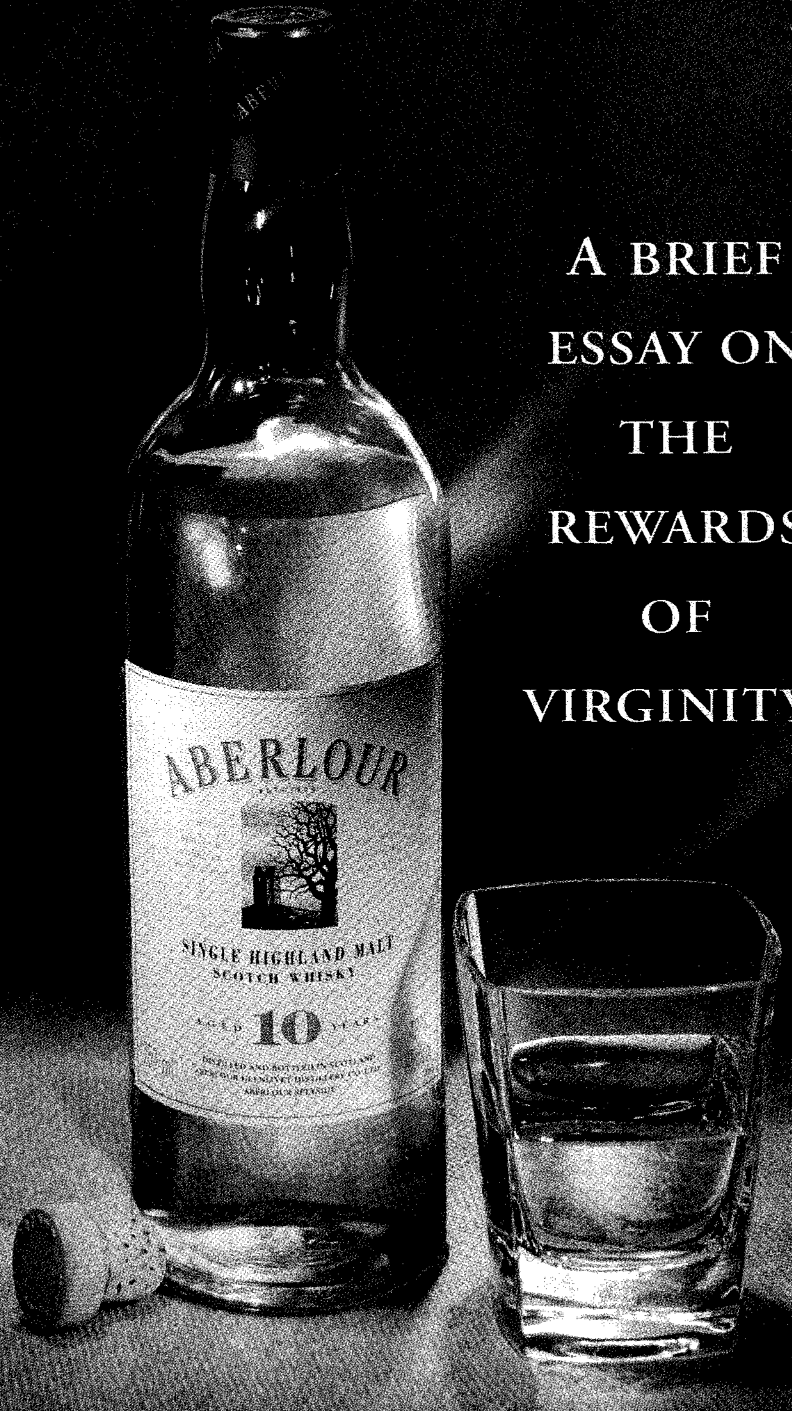
■ This retro-chic pastime is simply too good for Manhattan's hoteliers and restaurateurs to pass up. New venues, like Ansonia, a trendy West Side eatery, opens up its balcony for cigar smokers after 11 p.m.; Divine Bar, an East Side newcomer, offers an eclectic mix of cigars, tapas, and wines on tap; while lavish favorites, including the The Mark, The Four Seasons, The St. Regis Hotel's King Cole Lounge, and The Plaza's Oak Room, continue to roll out the red carpet for cigar aficionados to enjoy their stogies in swank, climate-controlled environs. Many others, including Morton's Steak House, Remi, Charlton's, and Sullivan's Broadcast Lounge are fanning the fires with intensely popular cigar dinners and seminars, which provide venues for successful young urbanites to kick back and savor a taste of the good life.

■ While plush cigar lounges and smoke-friendly shops, microbreweries, and restaurants proliferate, so does the number of women who are showing an interest in this one-time male-only power pursuit. "We have witnessed a steady rise in female cigar smoking," reports Mark Grossich, co-owner of Bar and Books, a group of upscale cocktail lounges. Since Bar and Books hosted Manhattan's first women's smoker in the early '90s, women have grown increasingly comfortable in the clubhouse atmosphere of dark wood paneling, leather sofas, and humidors. In fact, Morton's of Chicago's steakhouses have



Granville

Continued on page 11A



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■ **E&O**
The Susie Wong Room
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■ **The Four Seasons**
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■ **The Ginger Man**
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■ **Granville**
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■ **Martini's**
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■ **The Mark**
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■ **Match**
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Uptown
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■ **The Monkey Bar**
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■ **The Plaza Hotel**
The Oak Room
768 Fifth Avenue
546-5330

■ **Onieal's Grand Street**
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■ **Pravda**
281 Lafayette Street
226-4944

■ **Skybox at Windows on the World**
1 World Trade Center
(between Liberty &
Vesey streets)
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■ **Remi**
145 West 53rd Street
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■ **Ruth Chris Steak House**
145 West 51st Street
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■ **Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge**
1697 Broadway
541-1697

■ **Tatou**
Le Cigar
151 East 50th Street
753-1144

■ **The St. Regis Hotel**
King Cole Bar and Lounge
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753-4500

■ **Torre di Pisa**
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■ **Trumpets Grand Hyatt**
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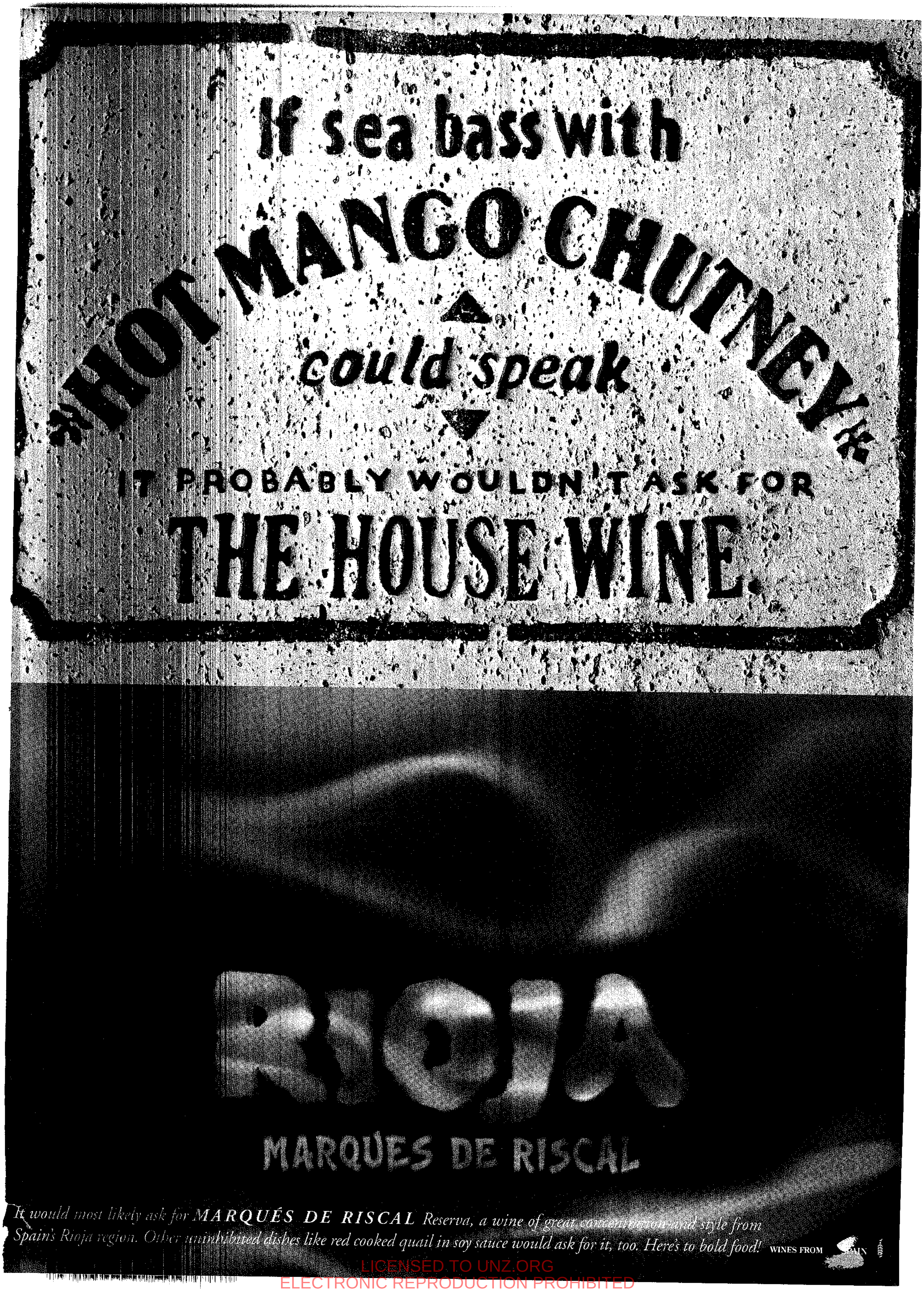
Pravda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■ Stepping out is a big part of the luxe life. At the stylish Tatou (151 East 50th Street, 753-1144), the beat starts at midday and doesn't let up. A harpist plays through lunch, a happy hour is popular with local publishing and investment types, a jazz combo makes for a mellow dinner hour and, later, when the stars come out, Tatou turns into a supper club. Chef Michel Bordeaux does French food with American zest.

Tatou

■ Artepasta proves you don't have to tip head waiters or run up three-figure bills for a memorable evening. The downtown site (81 Greenwich Avenue, 229-0234) was already drawing a crowd for its artistic pastas, and then it opened Lips, with a drag-queen theme, and suddenly the corner of Greenwich and Bank was boa heaven. Uptown, Artepasta occupies a brownstone (106 West 73rd Street, 501-7014) with a roaring fireplace.

■ At the SoHo bistro called Felix (340 West Broadway, 431-0021), you feel like you're slumming on the Left Bank. There's the tin ceiling, the antique Foosball game, the Eurocool crowd, and the fresh and reasonable bistro food. Alas, there's no French hauteur.

■ Charlton's (922 Third Avenue, 688-4646) brings back a bygone era when steaks were steaks and a diner could make himself heard above the din. The restaurant is mellow, sophisticated, but not stuffy. Dark wood paneling and marine prints complete the picture. Besides the prime beef, which has been dry aged, the menu includes contemporary American seafood and chicken dishes.

artepasta

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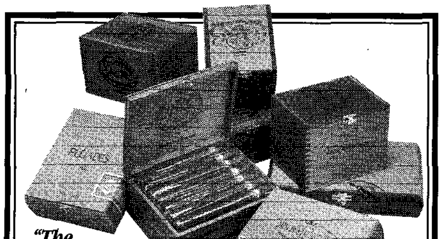

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■ That old Bleecker jazz joint, the Village Gate, has been resurrected as LIFE (158 Bleecker Street, 686-2400), a nightclub as sleek and modern as its predecessor was funky and low-rent. There is live music, a DJ, a cushy dance floor, humidors, and fine wines.

■ When you've finished up at the Pierpont Morgan Library, unburden yourself at the new Piccolino (8 East 36th Street, 683-6444), which specializes in pastas and thin-crust pizzas. There are warm peach stucco walls, original wood-beamed ceilings, crisp bread, and flavored olive oils.

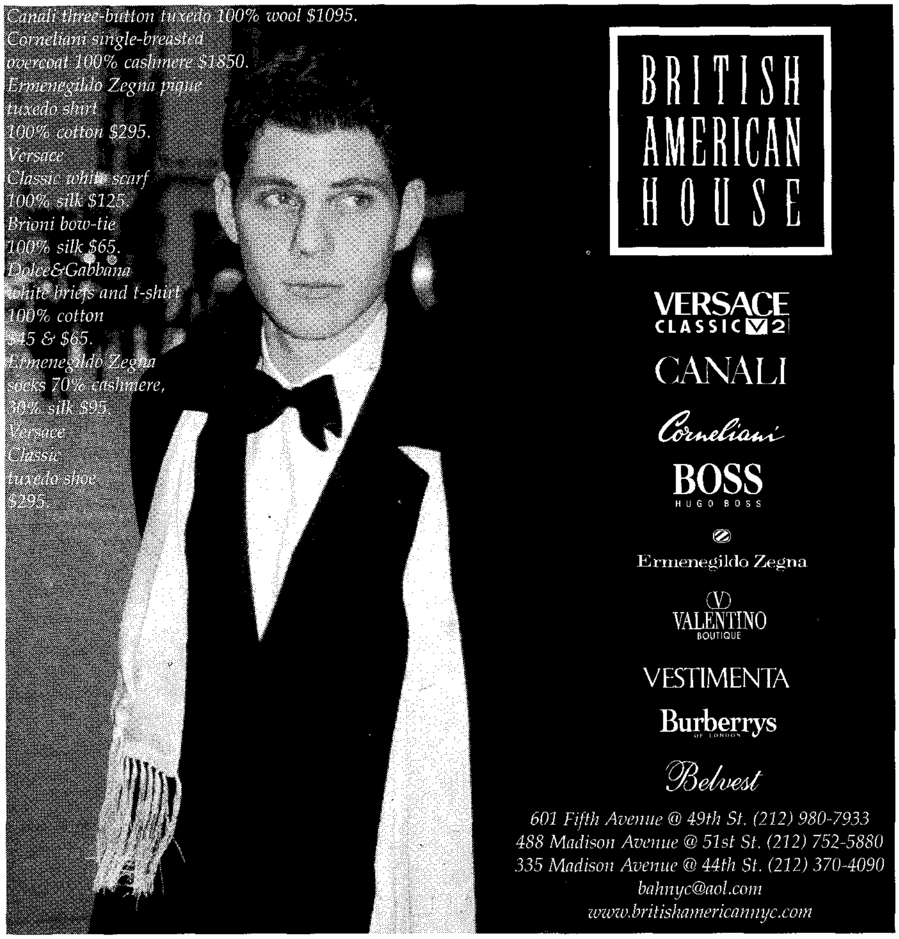
■ As you're dipping the roti cani in a curried chicken sauce, you begin to understand why Penang (109 Spring Street, 274-8883) has been named SoHo's top ethnic restaurant and why Malaysian food is to die for. It combines the best of Chinese, Indian, and Thai.

■ Martini's Restaurant (810 Seventh Avenue, 767-1717) delivers a double whammy of exotic martinis with hand-stuffed olives and novel Italian food. One of the best has vodka, lemon rind, and a rosemary sprig-stuffed olive. Chef Richard Krause does fab fish and pizza dumpling appetizers in the wood-burning oven.

■ Eight years in SoHo, Eleanor Shek has developed a sure winner with her French-Vietnamese Can (482 Broadway, 533-6333). At once relaxed and romantic, Can serves up French flair and Vietnamese tang—lemongrass, coconut, and curry.

■ City Hallers and Wall Streeters love to eat at Ecco (124 Chambers Street, 227-7074), and so do Uma Thurman and the John Kennedys.

■ Campagnola (1382 First Avenue, 861-1102) is a country Italian restaurant with a loyal clientele that includes police brass, Fergie, Brooke and Andre, and a Yankee or two.



Canali three-button tuxedo 100% wool $1095.
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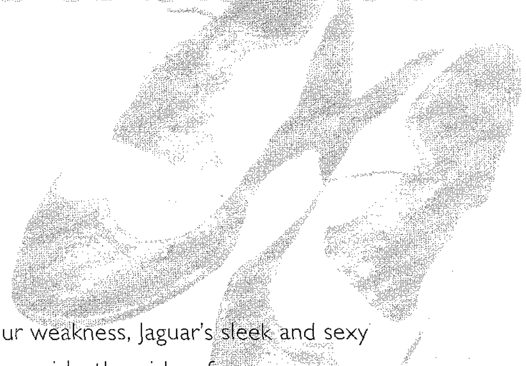
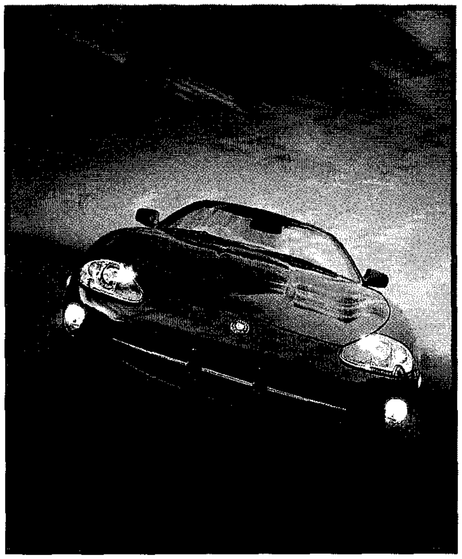
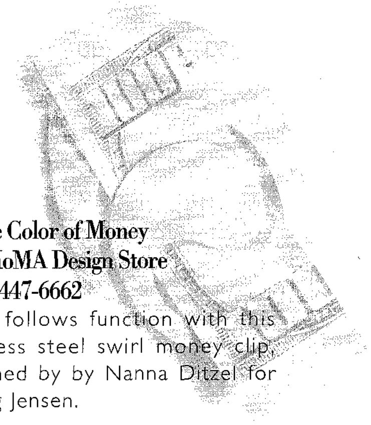


If wheels are your weakness, Jaguar's sleek and sexy new XK8 will provide the ride of your life. With raw V-8 power and sensual styling, the XK8 is turning heads and bringing back fond memories of Jag's XK-E, which rolled out of Coventry and into the imagination 35 years ago. The dashboard—made in the best British tradition from one large burled walnut plank—will steal your heart. Ford, in its purchase of Jaguar, has clearly outdone itself with the XK8, which belongs in the pantheon of great touring cars with the Bugatti Type 57 and the Talbot 150S. The handling is so smooth, the engine so quiet (for a stallion bursting with 290 hp), you'll think the West Side Highway is the Berkshire hills. The base price of the coupe, $64,900; the convertible, $69,900.



Jaguar XK8



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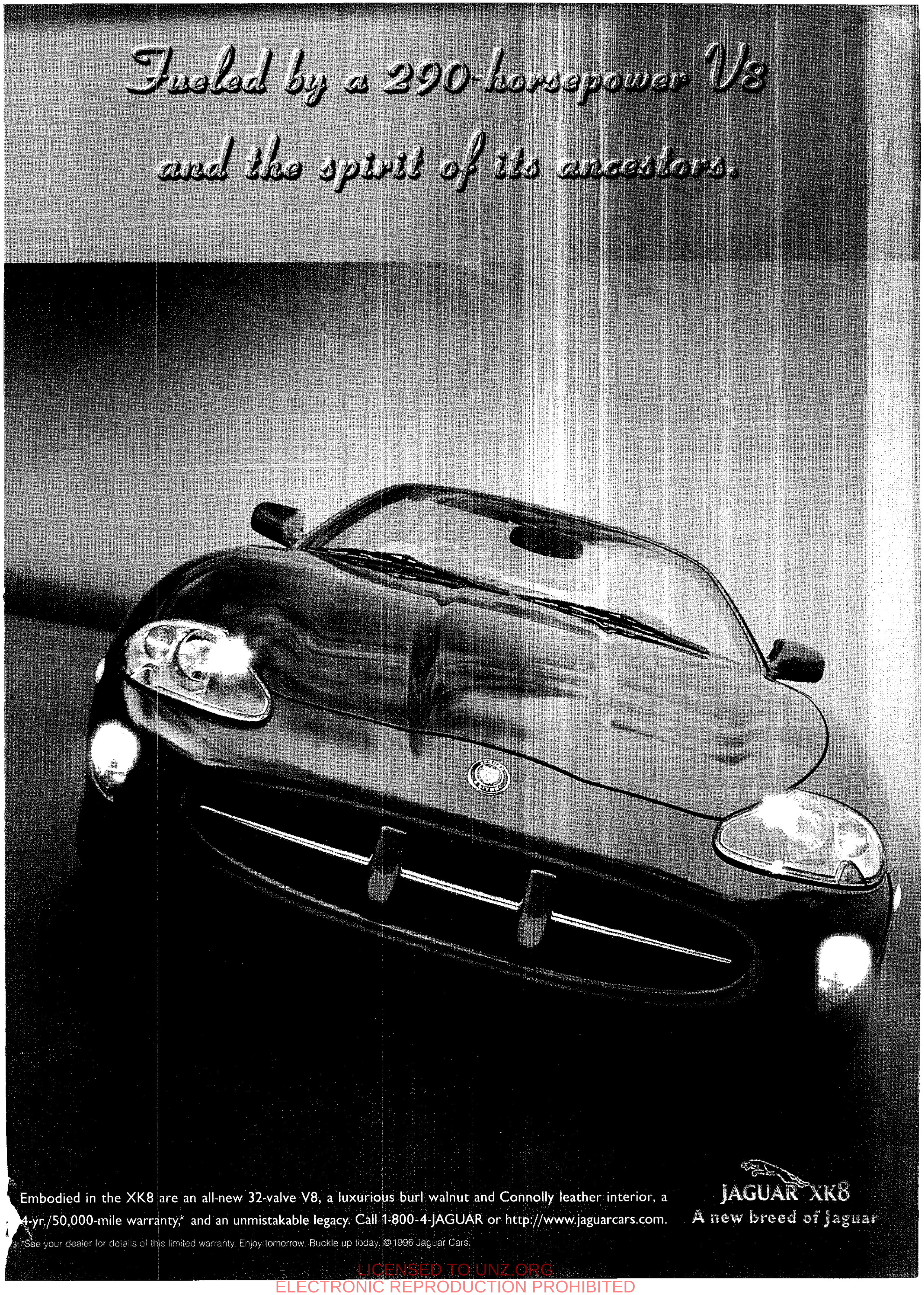
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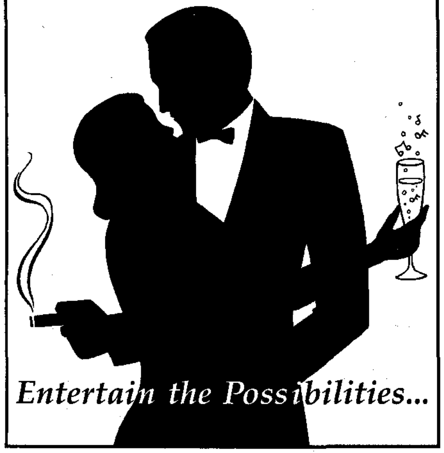

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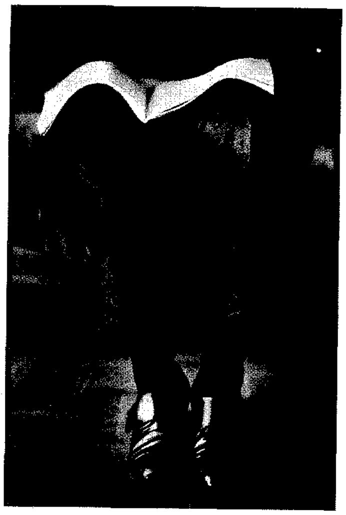

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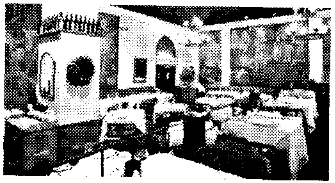

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■ Speaking of fur, Gilles Mendel, who attracted a loyal following as Elizabeth Arden's furrier for 14 years, recently opened his own boutique, J. Mendel, on Madison Avenue. In collaboration with Alfredo Cabrera, an award-winning designer for Geoffrey Beene, Mendel has designed a hip, youthful ready-to-wear collection that showcases magnificent cashmere and fur coats. But the best-kept secret at J. Mendel is his fur workshop, a studio at which he will restyle and update a fur to give it new life.

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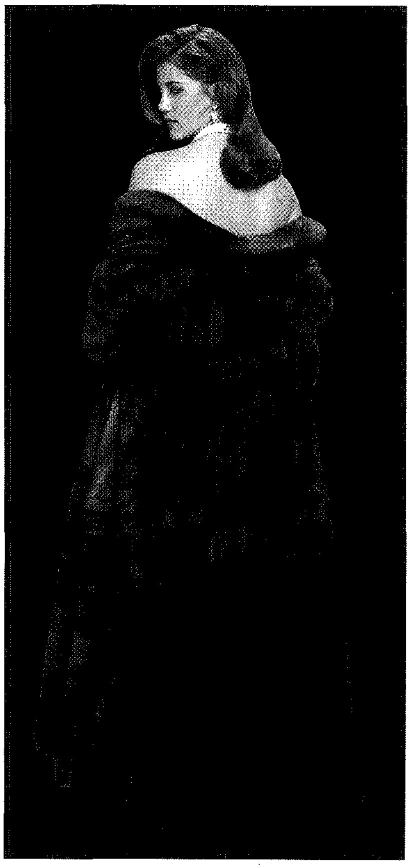

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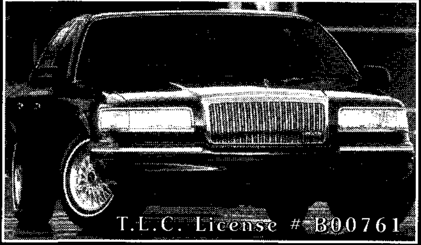

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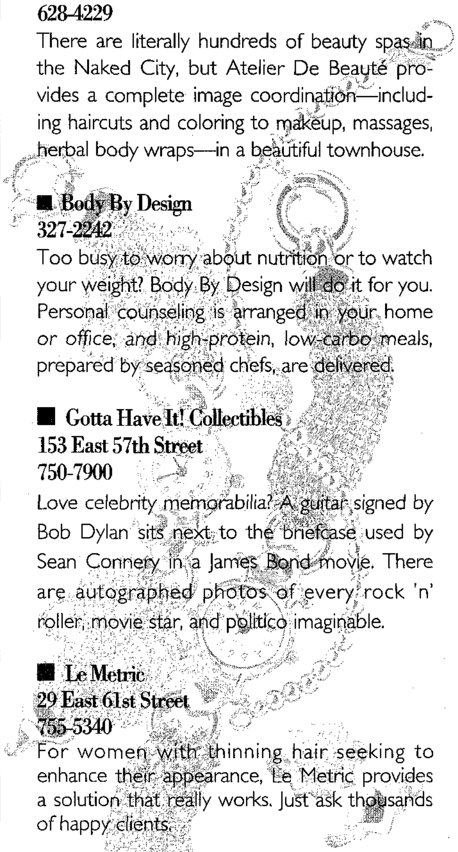


Jewelry by Foli Follie

(continued from page 76) Scott, my butler, is an incredibly nice guy, about seven feet tall, from Scotland.

My penthouse suite on the *Harmony* is just slightly larger than my apartment in Manhattan. Yes, I measured. The *Crystal Harmony* evinces a certain breed of grandeur, not so much Brooke Astor as Donald Trump or Leona Helmsley: overstated elegance, with a touch of high-eighties postmodernism and a dollop of Liberace.

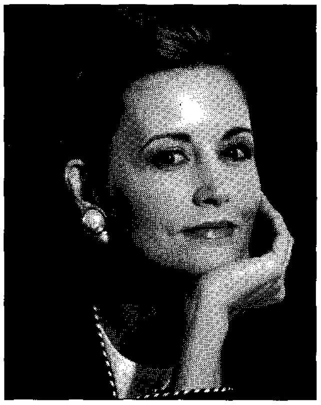
The piano in the lobby is transparent. I am wondering precisely what possessed these guys to purchase a Lucite piano, and then I remember: *Crystal.* Oh, dear.

The Greek details might be a nod toward Greek supremacy in all things nautical (although this is a Japanese ship, registered in the Bahamas). They might be a remnant from the last days of neoclassical excess (the *Harmony* was launched in 1990). Or they may just be an unhappy confluence of the two. The boat was dedicated, champagne against the bow, by Mary Tyler Moore.

I should point out that I use the word *boat* loosely. In fact, incorrectly. A boat goes on a ship. The things that will ferry me to safety should Poseidon choose to honor us with an Adventure are "boats." When I call the *Crystal Harmony* a "boat," it is with the same indifference to scale with which I call New York a "town." The *Crystal Harmony* is a BFS, a Big Festive Ship, 49,400 registered gross tons of floating pleasure, 791 feet long (a blue whale, for the sake of comparison, maxes out at 102), 97 feet wide, and twelve stories tall. You wouldn't want to row the *Crystal Harmony.*

Speaking of *The Poseidon Adventure,* I am amazed to discover that a video of that very film is available in the ship's library for private delectation in my cabin. What kind of lunatic would check out *The Poseidon Adventure* while at sea on a luxury cruise ship? Me, that's who. I treat myself to an afternoon revisiting the original and best disaster film, the one that launched a whole genre, and shiver at the thought that this mall-size beast, too, could flip over in a tidal wave, requiring us to find our way through the hull toward salvation.

In a fit of puritanical self-consciousness, I decide to work against the decadence of the ship. I am going to write my novel (now 127 miserable pages in length). I will raise myself every morning and lift weights until I ache (hoping to do something about the ten pounds I seem to have gained in the past two weeks). I will avoid the main dining



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room and eat only Japanese food at night in the Kyoto Restaurant.

My rigorous efforts almost succeed. I manage to grow quite accustomed to life on the *Crystal Harmony.* The Kyoto, unfortunately, proves a bit disappointing, which does unfortunate things to my determination to stay lean and mean. I end up patronizing the other alternative dining room, the Prego, which serves just about the best food I've experienced afloat but specializes in rich Italian cuisine.

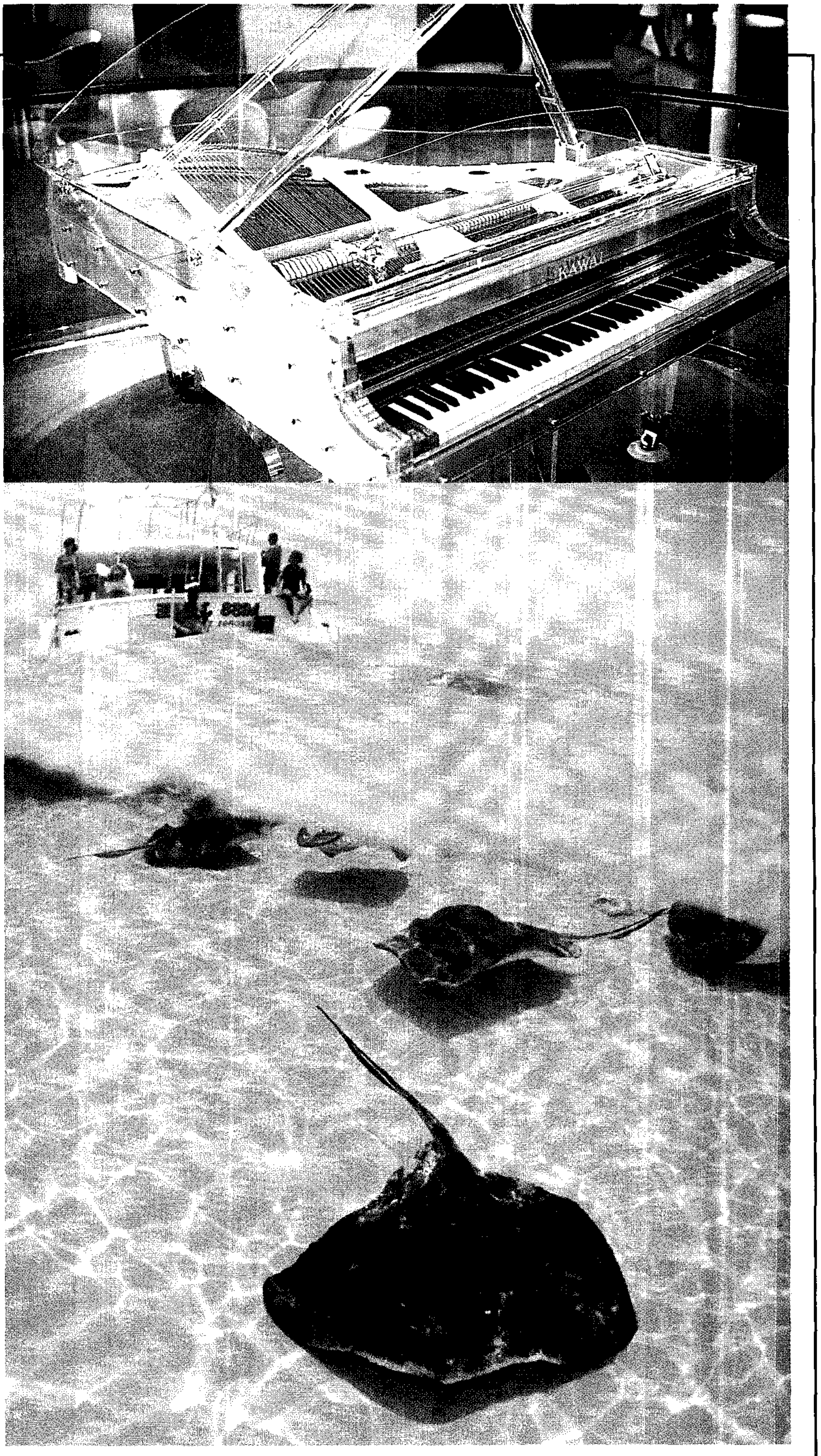
I do have the occasional lunch and dinner in the main dining room, for the sake of comparison. The formal dinners every few nights are pretty swank; a good percentage of the guests turn up in actual black tie (unlike some ships, where a T-shirt with a tux printed on it is appropriate). The dining staff lines up to greet you—an odd custom that makes every dinner feel a bit like a wedding. Dishes prepared tableside provide a nice show: Caesar salads, chateaubriand, crêpes Suzette. The lobster on the *Harmony* is from Maine, not the Caribbean. In general, the cuisine tends toward the Germanic—the predominant nationality in the kitchen—but there is a nod to the multiculturalism endemic to the industry.

The tables in the main dining room are set with crystal from Riedel, china from Villeroy & Boch, Frette linens, and Elkington silver. I resist the temptation to steal spoons. The décor, however, is a problem. The ceiling in this room is mirrored, which means that you can see the waves rolling by when you look up. An interesting effect, I suppose, but I associate mirrored ceilings with discos and bordellos.

Furthermore, the decorator has chosen to imply that this ship is built of weighty, eternal elements: chunky metal and cut stone. It's not, of course; it's mostly *faux.* This is a consequence of international shipbuilding regulations, which require many synthetic materials; the *Harmony* is probably made of the safest stuff you can find. But the transparent falseness of the Vitruvian virtues the ship is supposed to embody—solidity, permanence, heaviness—inevitably leads me back to my initial conviction: I'm living in a shopping mall. In fact, the *Harmony* prides itself on its floor of luxury shops, the "Avenue of Stars" shopping promenade. You could purchase an entire designer wardrobe, with jewelry, and never set foot ashore. Fendi handbags are represented here, as are collectibles from Baccarat and Limoges, fashions from Kenar and Nicole Miller, and every imaginable variant on the theme of sportswear.

I am also living in a floating simulacrum of the new Times Square. The movie theater shows daily features and seats more people than many New York cineplexes. The Galaxy Lounge has productions that wouldn't feel skimpy on Broadway. Club 2100 features dancing and cabaret acts. It takes me a full week before I even know where everything is on the *Crystal Harmony.*

When Scott, my butler (God, that sounds great), arrives with my afternoon snack—caviar—we get to talking about the butler's life. Turns out the butler's life is a lot more exciting than



Top: The piano in the *Crystal Harmony's* lobby. Fred and Ginger could have shot a film here without redecorating. Bottom: At Stingray City off Grand Cayman, you can swim with the famously dangerous fish, who get fed a lot by the tour guides.

Photographs: top, Douglas Cooper; bottom, Bob Krist.

the writer's. Scott has just been offered a job by another *Harmony* passenger: This man and his wife want Scott to manage their 100-foot yacht. They're sending him to navigational school, and he will live on the boat, which they sail only six months out of the year. Oh, and they've bought him a "wee present" for joining their employ. A Jeep.

"Americans are always impressed when we tell them we've worked for the Royal Family," he says. (*We* is *I* in Scottish.) Scott worked for the British Royal Family? "Absolutely." He was page to the Queen Mum, for years. Loves Princess Margaret. Charles is a fine man; Scott used to load his guns for him on the hunt. And Di? "A cow."

Yes, I could live like this. French service, three swimming pools to choose from, a full-body massage when I'm feeling a bit tense, and afternoons spent reminiscing about the Royal Family with my personal butler.

Never mind that among the 1,000 or so passengers on this ship, I'm one of a handful this side of 60. I can live with that. I am writing with fanatical zeal, in an effort to ward off mortality.

By the time my sojourn on the *Crystal Harmony* comes to an end, I will have completed just over 50 single-spaced pages of my novel. I will weigh in at 199 pounds, despite daily visits to the gym on the top deck. To verify my condition, I treat myself to a computerized fat test—25 bucks in the gym—and lo and behold: I'm kind of fat. Not actually fat, but a few ounces away from the clinical definition of unhealthy for a six-foot male. Still, the novel's almost finished. This seems to me a decent trade-off; I will die young, but perhaps less obscure.

There is an entire industry, by the way, devoted to the rating of cruise ships. It's something of a science. If you read the texts, you will discover, for instance, that the *Crystal Harmony* has an admirable tonnage-to-passenger ratio: Its 49,400 gross tons are shared among 960 passengers, which means you get lots of empty space. *Berlitz* gives the *Harmony* Five-Stars-Plus, and *Stern's Guide to Cruising* gives it Five Black Ribbons: These are both the highest possible designations. In fact, all the books seem to agree that the *Crystal Harmony* is one of the two or three most luxurious ships afloat. What these books will not tell you is how a cruise ship deals with the body when somebody dies at sea (if the ship has refrigeration, the crew cannot dump you into the ocean); and, crucially, how to

(continued on page 138)

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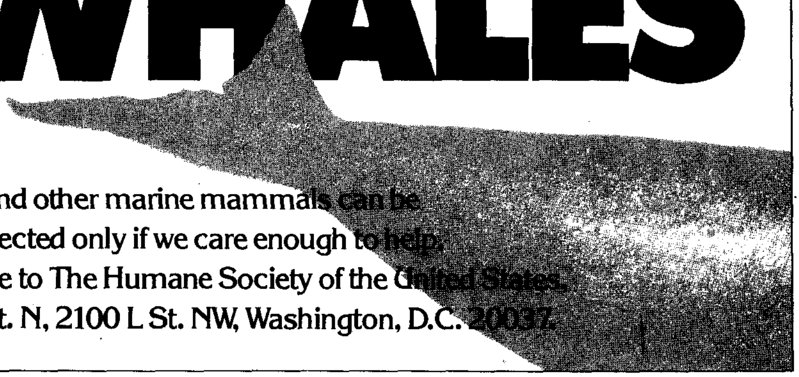

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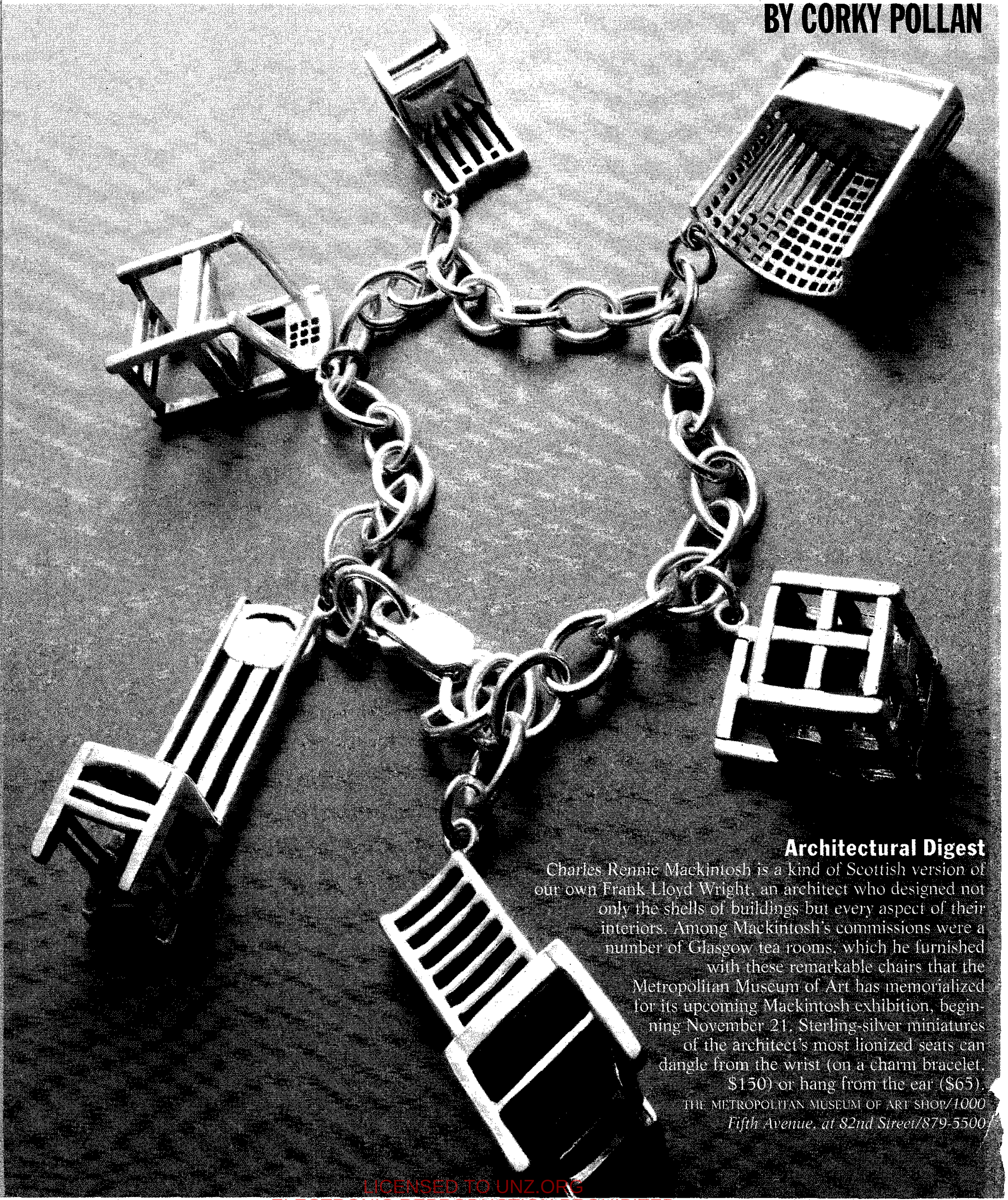

Architectural Digest

Charles Rennie Mackintosh is a kind of Scottish version of our own Frank Lloyd Wright, an architect who designed not only the shells of buildings but every aspect of their interiors. Among Mackintosh's commissions were a number of Glasgow tea rooms, which he furnished with these remarkable chairs that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has memorialized for its upcoming Mackintosh exhibition, beginning November 21. Sterling-silver miniatures of the architect's most lionized seats can dangle from the wrist (on a charm bracelet, $150) or hang from the ear ($65).

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART SHOP/*1000 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street/879-5500*

See Food

Jenaer Glas, a German company, has managed to one-up Tupperware. Its covered glass baking dishes can go from the freezer to the oven (or microwave), then right to the table. And unlike those plastic icons of fifties suburbia that were hidden away in cupboards, Jenaer bowls are rimmed with frosted glass and stylish enough for formal dinner parties ($22, $27, and $35; two-and-a-half- to five-cup bowls).

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM SHOP

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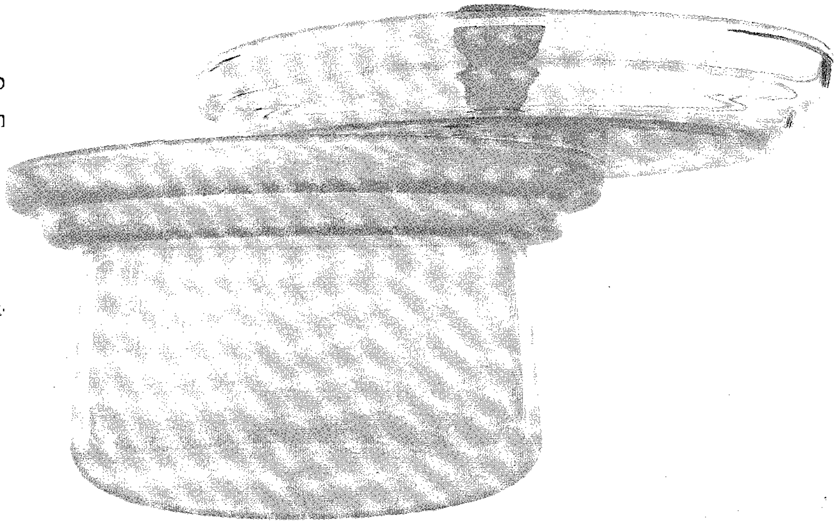
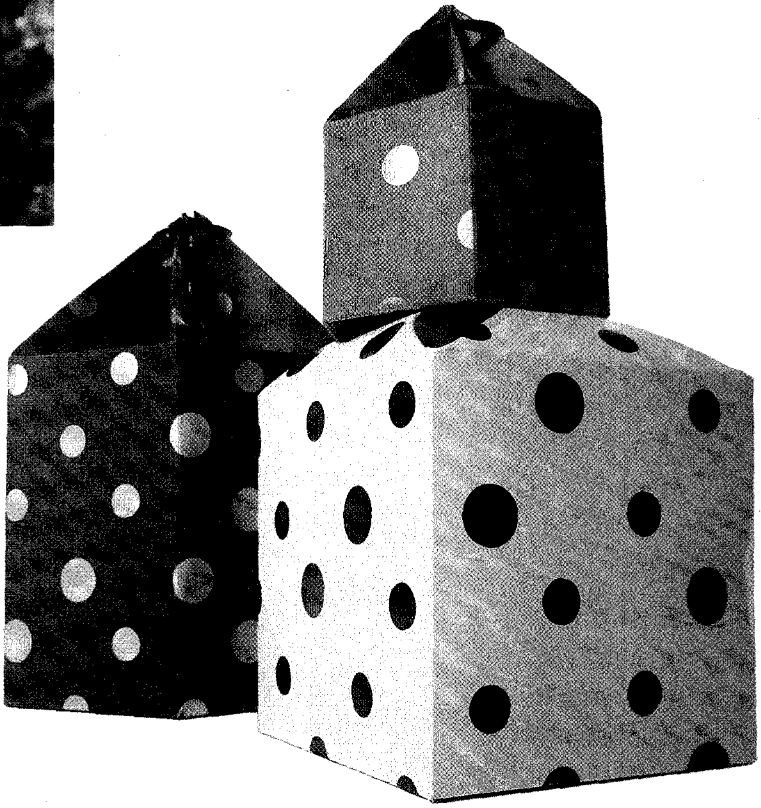


Paleo-Disney

Think of Wynken, Blynken & Nod's as a Disney Store from another era. Lawyer turned entrepreneur Deborah Kleman named her shop after Eugene Field's nineteenth-century children's book and has peopled it with vintage carousel horses, a four-foot stork covered in crushed ostrich eggshells, a life-size Pinocchio, tumbling acrobats made of papier-mâché, and a humongous stuffed grandmother mouse (all for sale). But look past this visual wonderland and you'll find down-to-earth things, too, like receiving blankets and all the other infant essentials (including hand-painted dressers) and, for older kids (up to 6), wool pants, cotton shirts, jackets, and Italian party dresses. (From $5 for a pair of embroidered socks to $36 for a hand-knit sweater to $140 for a velvet dress to $800 for a vintage doll to $3,800 for a carousel horse.)

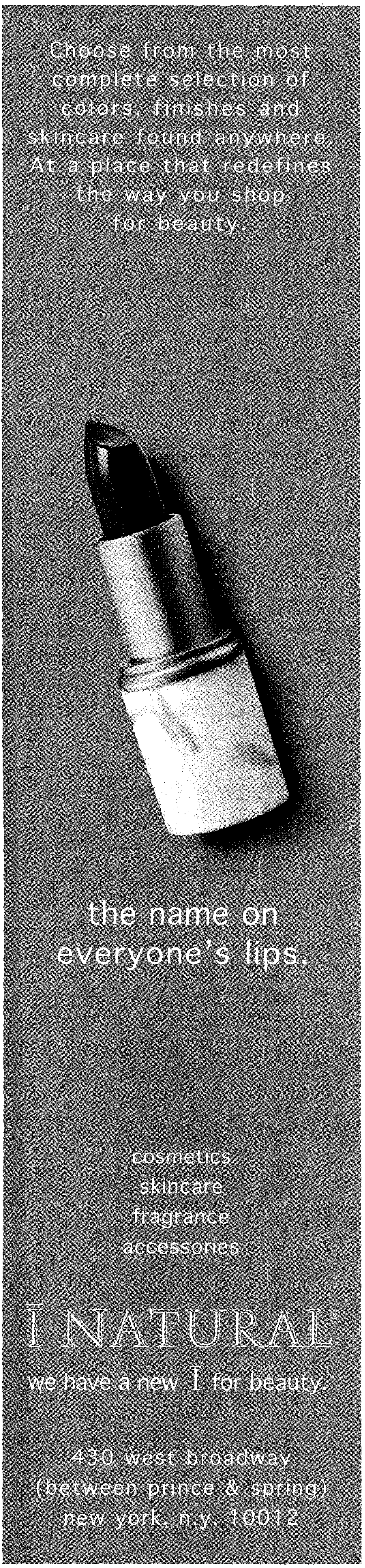
WYNKEN, BLYNKEN & NOD'S/*306 East 55th Street/308-9299*



Boxing Match

Everyone knows that the packaging of cosmetics is every bit as important as the rouges and powders inside, but it took the designers of BOX-O-RAMA, who beg anonymity, fifteen years of creating packaging for a cosmetics company before they realized that people wanted their clever wrappers *more* than what was inside. And so they dreamed up this line of paper gift boxes. They're structurally intricate yet easy to assemble, even for the manually inept (from $3 to $8 each).

BOX-O-RAMA/*Kate's Paperie(561 Broadway, near Prince Street, 941-9816); Sam Flax (12 West 20th Street, 620-3000); and Store Next Door (943 Madison Avenue, near 75th Street, 606-0200)*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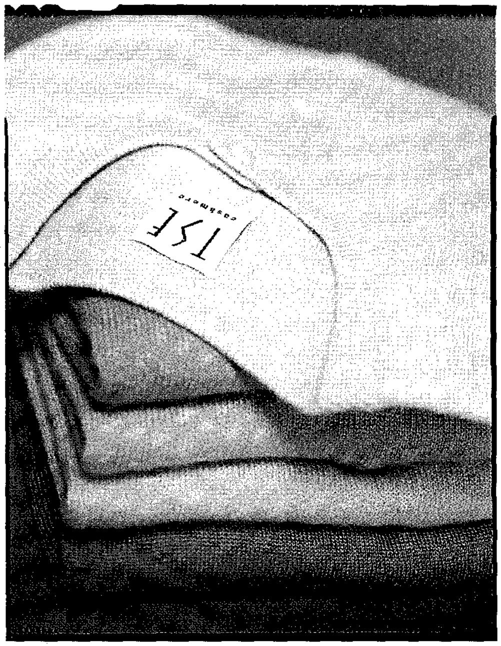
SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY

Tse-Tse Flies

Watch the **little cashmere** *numbers fly off the shelves when TSE's Madison Avenue* **prices go wholesale.**



TSE takes the frump out of cashmere with modish styles and colors. The sample sale has sweaters priced wholesale and below. *TSE Cashmere, 480 Broome St., between Wooster and Greene; major credit cards; Thurs.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 11–3; 11/14–11/17.*

GAZELLE, LAUNCHED AT THE Galleries Lafayette in Paris, is the only day spa in New York City to specialize in hair and skin care for people of color. Touches like Frette bathrobes and a menu of more than 50 treatments are certain to make the salon a hit among all spa fanatics. Through November, Gazelle is offering 20 percent off gift certificates of $50 and over. *Gazelle, 509 Madison Ave. (751-5144); all major credit cards and checks; Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. 8:30–6:30, Wed. and Thurs. till 7:30; through 11/30.*

A Real Basket Case

TO ADD A BIT OF RURAL CHARM TO the ho-hum of holiday fruit baskets, My Brother's Farm has called on a bunch of exurban foodies and chefs to put together a basket of organic fare. In among a bed of juniper branches and pine cones they pile homespun products such as plum chutney, pretzels, dried flowers, candles, and Vermont maple syrup. Through the holidays, the half-bushel basket is $54, including shipping in Manhattan. *My Brother's Farm, 615-6733.*

Movers and Shakers

THE WELL-EDITED SELECTION OF ANTIQUE and vintage furniture at SoHo's Hope & Wilder gets you thinking about moving—just to have an excuse to furnish another place. Well, that's exactly what the owners are doing, and to facilitate the relocation, the store is offering 50 percent off everything. For example, a wrought-iron antique bed was $975, now $485; American-made Empire dresser was $1,600, now $800. *Hope & Wilder, 454 Broome St. (966-9010); all major credit cards; Tues.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–7; through Thanksgiving.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Dove Tale

SIGN OF THE DOVE—A PERENNIAL FAvorite among the smitten—now offers two pretheater menus: three courses (appetizer, entrée, and dessert), $39; two courses (your choice of which two), $34. Each comes with a glass of champagne or wine. *Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., near 65th St. (861-8080); all major credit cards; seatings at 5:30 and 6 p.m. Mon.–Fri.*

Jersey Girl

ISABEL TOLEDO'S FINELY WROUGHT CLOTHing has been aptly described as liquid architecture—and purchasing it at a store like Barneys requires considerable liquid assets. This week, though, you can go straight to the source and get it wholesale and below. For example, a wool suit that retails for $950, here $350; jersey dress, retail $850, here $150. *Isabel*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Toledo, 1181 Broadway, eleventh floor (685-0948); cash only; Mon.–Wed. 10–6; 11/11–11/13.

Lazy Boys

"SOMETIMES I'M IN AND OUT OF THERE IN fifteen minutes, and the guy never gets off the phone," says custom tailor Julie Manis, describing the M.O. of the clients she visits in their offices, "and sometimes it's like a therapy session, and I'm there an hour." Her mission—to make executive life just that much easier—is accomplished as follows: She takes your measurements for shirts that range in price from $85 to $390 while you chose from more than 500 fabric swatches (if you're on the phone, just point). She also has ties for $40–$118. Through December 15, order six or more shirts and get a free tie. *STATS, by appointment (262-5844); allow 3–4 weeks; minimum order, four shirts.*

Store and Restore

PHOOF, A FURNITURE-RESTORATION SHOP IN the meatpacking district, has both restored and original *meubles* from the forties and fifties—with loads of Heywood-Wakefield furniture. For the next two weeks, the shop is offering 15 percent off repair, refinishing, and upholstery jobs as well as items for sale. For example, Heywood-Wakefield sofa was $3,250, now $2,750. *Phoof, 71 Gansevoort St. (807-1332); all major credit cards and checks; Tues.–Sat. 12–6, Sun. 12–5; through 11/23.*

The Latest Development

EVERY YEAR, FRIENDS OF THE CHILD DEVELopment Center corral big-name designers to donate clothes and accessories to their one day fashion-designer sale. This year, Adrienne Vittadini and Mary McFadden have obliged with women's wear, Donna Karan has pitched in men's accessories, Eric Javits has thrown in his hats ($20–$60), and several French designers have donated children's clothing. Gently used merchandise (from the unknown masses) like Chanel accessories is also included in the sale. *Jewish Guild for the Blind, 15 W. 65th St. (for information, call 632-4738); checks (with I.D.) accepted; $5 admission; Sun. 11–4; 11/17.*

Kilim Time

SARAJO, A SOHO GALLERY WITH FAR EASTern antiques and decorative arts, is discounting all rugs and kilims by 30 to 50 percent. For example, nineteenth-century Sumak, 8½ by 12½ feet, was $12,000, now $8,000; contemporary rugs with

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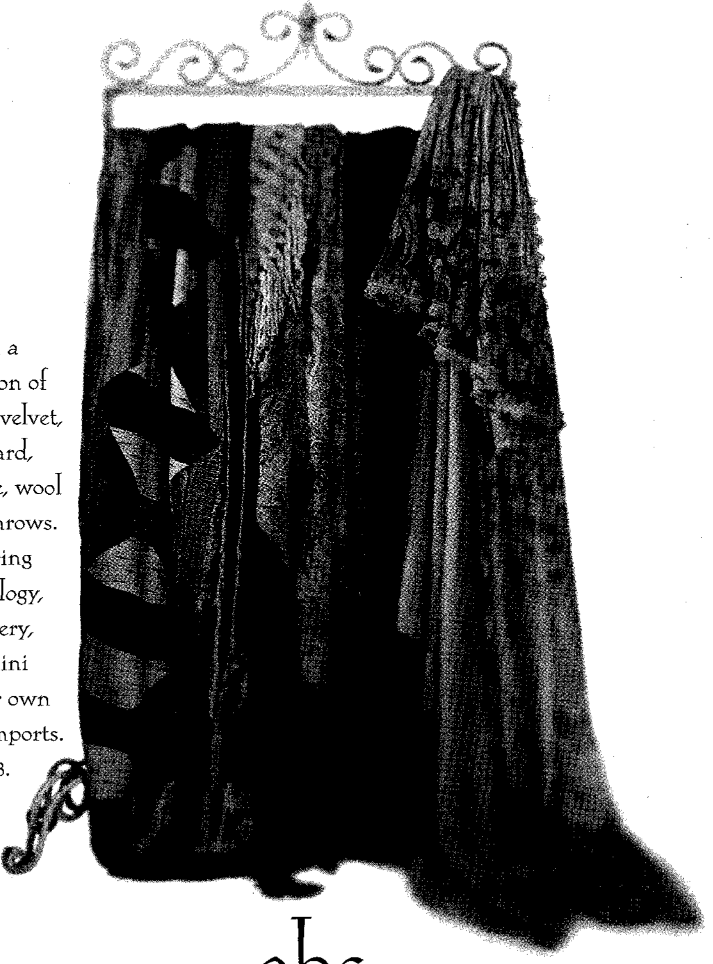

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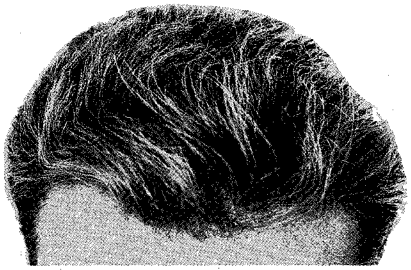

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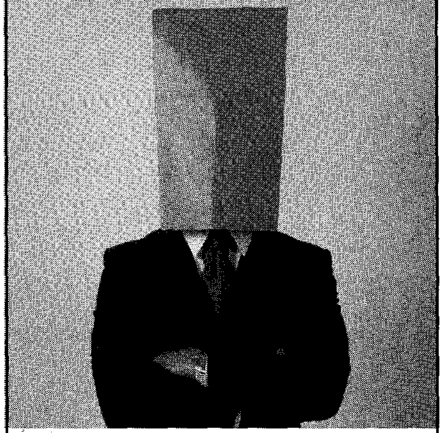

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military motifs from Afghanistan, 6½ feet by 2½ feet, were $600, now $300. *Sarajo, 98 Prince St. (966-6156); all major credit cards and checks (merchandise held till check clears); Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun 12–7; through 11/20.*

Hopi Holidays

IF SOUTHWESTERN BAUBLES ARE YOUR GIG, David Saity now has more than 10,000 Native American jewelry pieces and accessories on sale. For example, Hopi sterling-silver necklace was $745, now $447; matching ring was $145, now $96. *David Saity, 450 Park Ave. and Trump Tower (725 Fifth Ave.), fifth floor (223-8125); M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; through 11/18.*

The State of Arizona

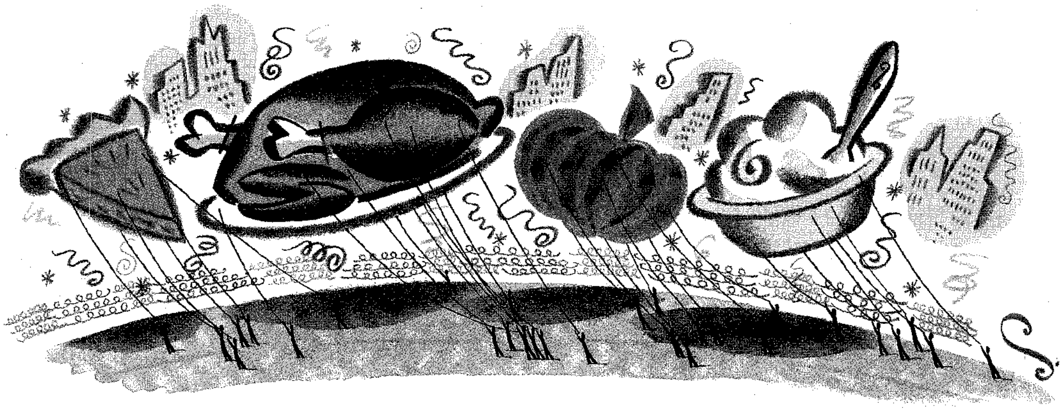
SARAH ARIZONA'S CLOTHING—A COLLECTION of comfy cropped sweaters and flowery skirts—retails at small boutiques all over the city, from University Place to the Upper West Side. Her warehouse sale has sweaters, skirts, dresses, and leggings at 50 to 75 percent off retail. Sweaters—chenille, bouclé, cotton—that were $50–$144 are now $25–$55. *Sarah Arizona, 39 W. 28th St., eleventh floor (213-3775); cash only; Tues.–Fri. 10–6; 11/19–11/22.*

Calling It Quips

THOSE WHO WERE DISMAYED WHEN Pamela Duval—maker of those needlepoint pillows with quips like YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY FRIENDS YOU HAVE TILL YOU HAVE A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY and BORN TO SHOP—closed her shop on Lexington can now buy her cushions, on sale, at AccScentiques. For example, 12-by-12-in. was $175, now $125; petite hanging pillows were $60, now $45. Other sale items include designer pillows at wholesale prices; custom-order pillows and table covers are 30 percent off. *AccScentiques, 1418 Second Ave., at 74th St. (988-3247); all major credit cards; Tues.–Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–6; 11/12–11/28.*

Faux Fir

HOW MUCH IS THAT CHRISTMAS TREE IN the window? Trimco, manufacturer of store displays for places like Foot Locker and Frederick's of Hollywood, charges the stores $320, but at its closeout sale, that 6-foot-tall decorated *faux* fir is $40. Also on sale are wreaths, garlands, ribbons, light sets, and props. *Trimco, 882 Third Ave., at 33rd St., Brooklyn (718-369-2222); all major credit cards; Mon.–Fri. 10–2; through 11/30.* ■



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Celebrate Thanksgiving with Bondi's unique interpretation of a traditional dinner. Our four-course dinner includes: assorted appetizers, chestnut soup, turkey breast involtini in a cranberry-pinenut sauce and sumptuous desserts prepared by Bruno Bakery, $45 per person. Children under 12, $20. Seating 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m., and 6:00 p.m.

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358 West 23rd Street
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Critically acclaimed Chelsea Bistro sets a bountiful table with its "lavish, Old-World, Thanksgiving three-course dinner—by the glow of the fireplace." Sumptuous appetizers, exquisite traditional and innovative entrees, elaborate accompaniments, luscious desserts. Elegant decor. Fireplace Room and Glass-Enclosed Terrace. Incredibly priced $39.50.
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CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

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Enjoy views of Gotham's East Side as you relish Crystal Fountain's bountiful Thanksgiving Day feast featuring traditional favorites, lavish trimmings, and luscious desserts. Adults, $37.50. Children ages 6-12, $18.75. All major credit cards accepted.

LANGAN'S BAR & RESTAURANT

150 West 47th Street
(between 6th and 7th avenues)
212-869-5482

Celebrate Thanksgiving with a special, traditional three-course prix-fixe dinner, $22.95. Considered one of the top ten restaurants in the Theater District for value by the *Daily News* in 1993, Langan's offers delightful American cuisine in a quaint and club-like setting. Serving from noon to midnight. Reservations suggested.

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New York's Premier Seafood House Invites you to Celebrate Thanksgiving, Lundy's Style. Fresh Giant Lobster, Clam Bisque, Buttermilk Bisquits & Apple Pie. Plus, all your Traditional Holiday Favorites. Four-Course Meal prix-fixe. Adults $28.95
Children under 12 $14.95.

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58 West 65th Street
(across from Lincoln Center)
212-873-3700

Enjoy a wonderful Thanksgiving feast with warm hospitality. Our special four-course prix-fixe menu features appetizers of Lobster and Shrimp Ravioli and Potato Gnocchi with Butternut Squash, entrees of Herb Roasted Turkey with Corn Bread Stuffing and Potato Crusted Chilean Sea Bass, and a wonderful array of holiday desserts.
Four courses, $32.95; children under 12 complimentary.
Reservations begin at noon.

SEL ET POIVRE

853 Lexington Avenue
(between 64th and 65th streets)
212-517-5780

Enjoy a French country Thanksgiving at this cozy, quaint bistro–prix-fixe $19.95. Featuring butternut-squash soup, roast turkey, chestnut stuffing, brussel sprouts, sweet potatoes, and, of course, pumpkin pie. Reservations begin at noon. Also a wonderful Christmas Day dinner with famous Buche de Noel.

Illustration by Steven Salerno

Good-bye to All That

'The Garden of the Finzi-Continis' is as impressive as ever—De Sica's Italian-Jewish aristocrats seem hardly less exotic than the film's power to move.

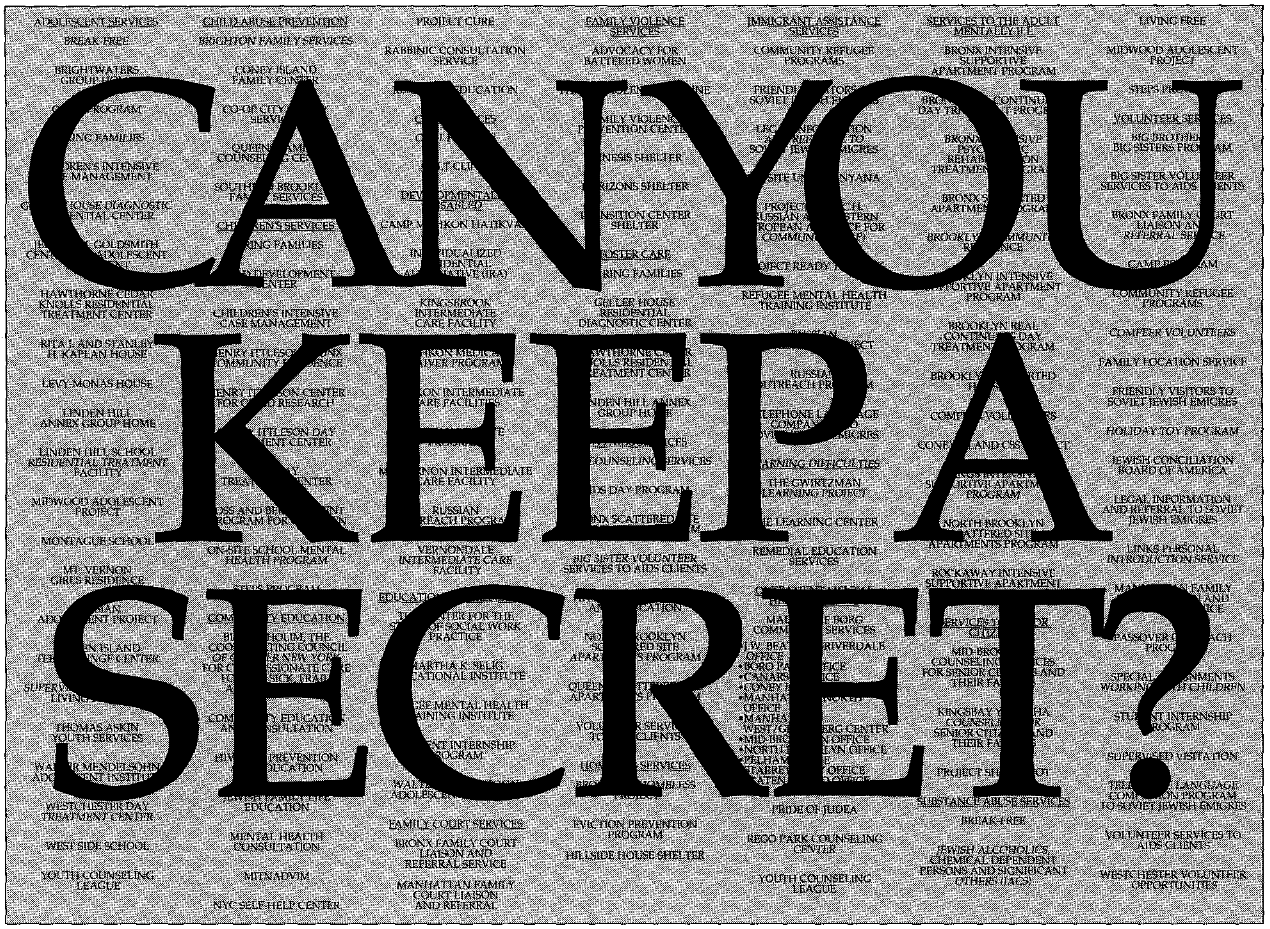
Hothouse flowers: Lino Capolicchio and Dominique Sanda in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.*

VITTORIO DE SICA'S BEAUTIFUL AND HEARTbreaking **Garden of the Finzi-Continis** has been revived by Sony Pictures Classics on the occasion of the film's twenty-fifth anniversary, and the movie, as much as ever, leaves its audience shaken. But there is now an extra charge of emotion that wasn't present in 1971. *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* is a period re-creation that has itself become embedded in history—film history, that is, which now strikes some of us as a reproach to the movies of today. In Ferrara, in the late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis, a family of aristocratic, land-holding Italian Jews, live in an immense house set amid gardens and tennis courts, and from within this safety and enclosure seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar or antiquarian, distinguished but almost lifeless. His two grown children, Micol (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Helmut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis whites and silk gowns. Vaguely intellectual, vaguely incestuous, they seem no more than minimally interested in survival.

The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates; a number of handsome young people from Ferrara enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micol from childhood. The opening sequence of the movie is justly famous: As the visitors in their tennis whites ride their bicycles onto the estate, they shimmer in the sun, and the camera, as if overwhelmed, restlessly zooms and pans, craning its neck to look at the trees and the great house.

Giorgio's bourgeois family stays in much closer contact with political reality. Day after day, they feel the persecutions, the gradual tightening of the noose. But Giorgio, obsessively in love, never tries to save Micol; he thinks only of his passion for her. The movie is based on an autobiographical novel by Giorgio Bassani (it was first published, in Italy, in 1962), and its special mood of pained nostalgia is marked by both longing and guilt, two emotions that, in combination, may be impossible to resolve. Micol has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio (she takes up with a coarser man); she's vague about everything but her determination to keep Giorgio out of her bed, and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of the cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Dominique Sanda, at the time the pouting sensation of the international cinema, stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment densely packed with anger, desire, perversity—a moment of preoccupation, furiously poised just before annihilation. The things that you cannot reclaim remain an obsession forever.

Earlier in his career, in such postwar neorealist films as *Shoeshine* and *The Bicycle Thief,* De Sica had told stories of troubled and impoverished people living in the squalid Italian streets. He had worked with nonactors in black-and-white movies that looked raw and almost slapdash. *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,* by contrast, is voluptuous and haunting—utterly different in style, though linked to those earlier movies by its tenderness and sweetness of tone. De Sica and cinematographer Ennio Guarnieri ravish us with nostalgic glamour. The sunshiny afternoons seem to last forever, and the Finzi-Continis, however enfeebled, possess the accoutrements of an ideal aristocracy—the library with its bound volumes devoted to minor poets, the free and easy life, the casual luxury and generosity. The movie is daringly elitist; it suggests that the critique of Fascism from the point of view of useless beauty is as valid as the most explicit-



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ly political attack. When an unshaven Fascist agent carelessly smashes a china statuette, the audience shudders. Most of us wouldn't want the thing in our homes, but the moment is still felt as a desecration.

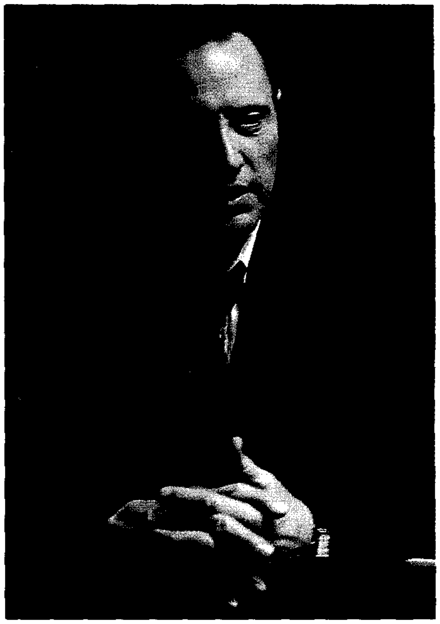
The smashed statuette, I'm afraid, is all too emblematic of the second reason the picture is so touching: This kind of humanist filmmaking, with its attentiveness to relations and feelings, its sense of rootedness and leisure, and its obvious worship of beauty, has vanished from our movies as completely as the Jews have vanished from Ferrara. We have sentimental movies, and emotional movies, but we have few movies that seem to know the value of lives that are lost or of magnificence destroyed. The movies no longer know how to mourn.

ABEL FERRARA'S **The Funeral,** A GANGSTER film set in the thirties, is a bad movie filled with startling sequences and extraordinary speeches. The Bronx-born Ferrara (*King of New York, Bad Lieutenant*) is a moment-by-moment director: He can frighten us, amuse us, astound us, but he can't pull a movie together. His films lack emotional logic, a concern for audience expectation and satisfaction. Ferrara pleases himself; *The Funeral* seems almost a fantasy of somberly grotesque and beautifully crazy moments—it might have been dreamed up at an all-night poker game or on a three-day drunken jag.

The movie is set in New York during the Depression, and it concerns the self-destruction of a minor Mafia family in the days after their youngest member, a Communist thug (Vincent Gallo), has been killed. I will recite no more of the plot, because I don't want to get stuck in it. Ferrara creates scenes of powerfully sordid life—people partying wildly, screwing in the back rooms of bars, killing with great inventiveness and joy—but the events of the story seem arbitrary, and the structure is so vaguely developed that forward motion nearly ceases.

Here and there, a sympathetic character is introduced, only to be killed off. As the leader of the family, Christopher Walken plays a murderer who deplores what he calls "the flaws of the criminal mind" as he is about to kill someone. Walken, an eerily entertaining mannerist talent, does his specialty, giving long speeches filled with elaborate intellectual and moral distinctions that are totally nuts. He seems to be playing with extreme possibilities in his mind, as if murder were an intellectual puzzle to which he alone had the key.

Chris Penn, as the family lunatic, seethes and explodes; he's used as the movie's wild card, good for a screaming fit or a sudden splurge of violence whenever things begin to get too somber. Meanwhile, Annabella Sciorra and Isabella Rossellini, as the defeated wives of Walken and Penn (respectively), give sober and realistic performances. They are both very impressive, but they don't seem to realize that they are performing seriously in a movie that is, at bottom, a put-on.



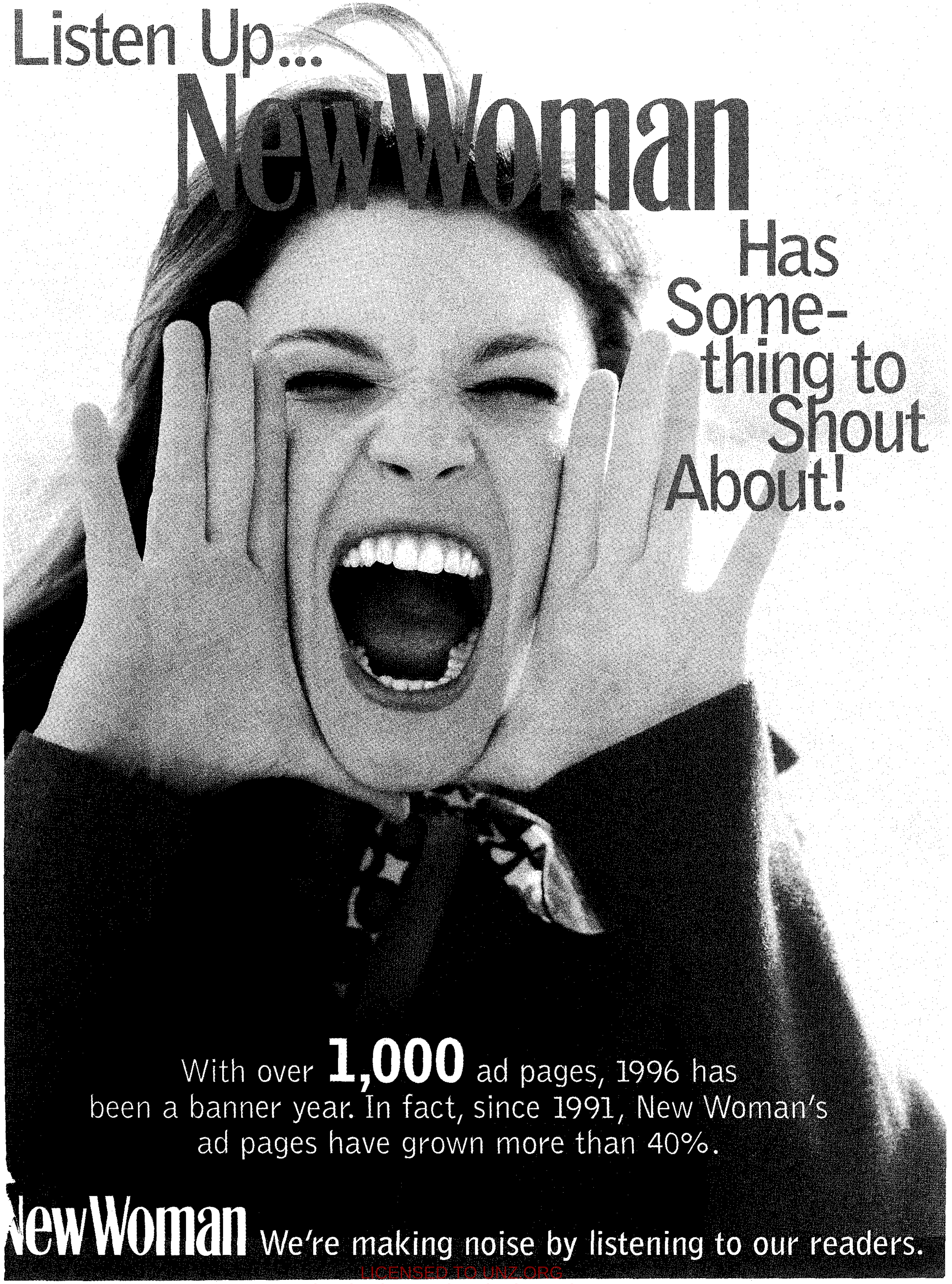
Christopher Walken performs in *The Funeral.*

The Long Kiss Goodnight, DIRECTED BY RENNY Harlin, is the kind of movie in which a guy takes a couple of bullets in the chest, then gets blown out of a building while strapped to a chair, lands in the snow, gets up, hurls a knife from 30 feet into someone's throat, and drives a car across a bridge, where he just beats an explosion to the other side, steering around the burning cars that come flying through the air and landing in front of him. In other words, it's a normal American big-budget action movie. You're not supposed to believe a second of it; no one is truly in jeopardy, neither bad guys nor good guys, since they all come back to walk through flames yet again.

The spectacle is amazing but emotionally meaningless; the cynicism is extraordinary (CIA agents secretly blew up the World Trade Center to scare Congress into giving it funds to fight "terrorism"); and the sadism never stops (people are gutted, frozen, burnt, immersed, chained; they are also spoken to very rudely).

The Long Kiss Goodnight is partly redeemed by its antic good humor: Geena Davis as a female superassassin and Samuel L. Jackson as her lowlife sidekick are very funny together. Screenwriter Shane Black writes smart talk and gaudily effective profanity; the sass has a nice feel to it. But despite the jokes, this is an utterly desperate movie, with so many preposterous plot turns and shootouts that even the 14-year-olds get restless in the theater and can be heard asking when the thing is going to be over. The real problem, of course, is that it's never over. ▬

Photograph by John Clifford/October Films.



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Mickey As Literature

The minions who wrote Disney's new tome purport to be hybrid artist-engineers. They sound more like fundamentalists—and their religion is winning.

Imagineering
BY THE IMAGINEERS
Hyperion; 192 pages; $50

GIVEN THE QUASI-RELIGIOUS NATURE OF THE Walt Disney organization, one can envision a future schism as memories of its founding father dim. The fundamentalist sect will worship Disney as an omniscient, immortal superbeing whose gospel of family fun and childish fantasy, of can-do Californian ingenuity and sanitized nationalistic pride, is infallible in every word and capable of speaking to all people everywhere at all times. Against these true believers will stand revisionists. They will remember Disney as just a man—a gifted, optimistic entertainer attuned to the needs and mores of his day but also limited by them.

For the time being, the fundamentalists rule, at least in the public-relations department. To the authors of *Imagineering*—a company-authorized coffee-table book that purports to divulge the mysteries behind the creation of Disney's theme parks—the old man was not just a seer but a god. (Like Jehovah, "Walt had a specific reason for doing everything he did.") Disney created a pastel countercosmos that, if current trends continue to hold, will someday split off from our worn-out, fallen world and achieve a pristine independence. In this peaceable Disneysphere to come, light and darkness, youth and age, and imagination and reason will finally settle their ancient differences. The Lion King will lie down with Mickey Mouse.

In the history of American utopian schemes, from Mormonism to Aquarianism, only Disneyism has a prayer of coming true. Fanciful exaggeration? Maybe. But not if one listens to the Imagineers (the company's title for its engineering staff), whose doctrines echo Lenin at his most confident: "The architectural evolution of most major cities is the result of a series of accidental layers. . . . In many instances this creates a lack of order, which, in turn, creates visual conflict. By understanding what does not work, we can eliminate visual conflict and contradiction in what we create." Imagineers don't just dream up high-velocity rides and robotic stage shows; they exemplify a higher way of being: "Imagineers . . . are not just the most creative engineers in the world, but are among the most creative people in the world. They have the ability to dream with the dreamers and build with the builders."

JFK might have spoken that last sentence, which has the peculiar New Frontiersy tone that seems to inform the entire Disney enterprise. Again and again, the book reminds us that dreamy faith is nothing without hard work. Call this doctrine wowee! Protestantism, the touchingly American philosophy where Dale Carnegie and John Calvin meet. Imagineers, according to Michael Eisner, Disney's CEO, "build castles in the air as well as on the ground," but it's the ground that always gets mentioned last. For every one of the book's allusions to Walt's expansive temperament ("All I want you to think about is, when people walk through or have access to anything you design, I want them to have smiles on their faces"), there's also a testament to his down-to-earthness ("I don't believe in going to this extreme blue-sky stuff that some of the architects do. I believe people still want to live like human beings").

If success is any measure, the man was right. Walt Disney was the Henry Ford of the imagination, a born-in-the-heartland cultural industrialist. He didn't invent the amusement park; he tamed and streamlined it, removing the creepy, tacky fairground elements—the lurking bad vibes of carnality and greed—and substituting a mild progressive atmosphere friendly to kids and corporate sponsors alike. *Imagineering* features pictures of Disney helping Pat and Richard Nixon on-

Some passages in *Imagineering* sound like Mao: "We realize in order for our dreams to come true, change must be welcomed."

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

to Disneyland's first monorail; of the G.E. World's Fair pavilion, Progressland, that ultimately spawned Walt Disney World; of scale-model cities planned to the last tree, without a single "contradiction" to mar them.

The whole thing provokes in many a deep hostility—particularly in what used to be called leftist intellectuals. And no wonder. *Imagineering* makes it plain that what Stalin only promised, Disney (at least in miniature) delivered. In It's a Small World and the Epcot World Showcase, he brought together disparate races and nations. In his monorails and people movers, he put science at the service of the masses. In Future World and Cinderella's Castle, he created images and myths potent enough to wean the proletariat from organized religion while helping them return to work uplifted. And his laborers, as the book shows us, live in paradise. In a collage of people-at-their-jobs shots, we're given glimpses of teamwork at its best, of liberated individuals toiling creatively for the common good. A woman puts finishing touches on the thorax of a giant bee. Four casually dressed men, without a boss in sight, troubleshoot a robot. A bespectacled artist—no decadent garret dweller, but a valued craftsman-patriot—sculpts famous heads from animatronic statues.

> *"...In the long history of American utopian schemes,* **from Mormonism to Aquarianism,** *only Disneyism appears to have a prayer of coming true. The doctrines of the Imagineers echo Lenin at his most confident..."*

State socialism has never been so magical. There are passages in *Imagineering* that sound like Mao addressing collective farmers: "We realize in order for our dreams to come true, change must be welcomed. There is nothing to fear, for when our vision remains fixed upon the goal, we know any path taken will lead us there." Maybe this was the genius of Disney's genius: to take the American century's great fear—a centrally planned totalitarianism, rigid, godless, mechanistic—and cast it as a benevolent wonderland where all the people smile and gasp in unison and all the toy trains run on time. It's no surprise that some thinking folk find this menacing, a sort of sunny, inverted Orwellian nightmare. The Disneysphere, whether consciously or not, may well have been designed as such. But reading *Imagineering* didn't scare me. I hold with the revisionists. Despite the bronze statue of Chairman Walt shown on the last page, in which he's gazing grandly into the future, his kingdom is growing too far-flung to remain defensible and intact. The book's drawings and photos of Disneyland Paris evoke a colonial outpost in decline, and there's only the briefest mention of Disney's failed scheme to build an American-history park near Washington. Though Disney's small-town utopian vision has swallowed certain big-city visions whole (now that Disney owns ABC, does suave Peter Jennings feel a bit like a jaded Ivy Leaguer working for little brother's lemonade stand?), one wonders whether it can survive its own success. In a Disney universe, will there still be a need for Disney worlds? ■

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West Side story: Josh Hamilton (left) and Mark Ruffalo in *This Is Our Youth.*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Kids Are Alright

Kenneth Lonergan's 'This Is Our Youth' is a wry, riotous look at sex and drugs on the Upper West Side; 'The Blues Are Running,' but don't let them catch you!

ONCE IN A BLUE, OR PERHAPS INDIGO, MOON, A play and production manage to come together in a perfect, gemlike whole. Such is the case of Kenneth Lonergan's tongue-in-cheek charmer **This Is Our Youth,** as presented by the consistently worthy New Group. It concerns some very young people on the Upper West Side in 1982, lost in a mist of substance abuse and sexual anomie and squirming like fish in a leaky aquarium.

Dennis Ziegler is a pusher connected to a whole network of young dealers and clients, and is, of course, a druggie himself. He has a hectic but seemingly satisfying life of snorting coke and screwing around to his heartless heart's content. To his pad comes an old school pal, Warren Straub, a bit of a nerd, who has made off with his father's 15,000 smackers in a plastic bag and his own precious collection of antique toys in a large suitcase. He hopes to move in with the chum he hero-worships and away from the dad he hates.

But Dennis browbeats him when he does not patronize him, while Wallace tries lamely to ingratiate himself, committing gaffe after laughable gaffe. The interaction between them is deliriously funny, slightly pitiful, and furiously lifelike. When Dennis goes off with a girlfriend, Warren is left with her sidekick, Jessica Goldman, whom he has coveted from afar. Jessica, confused and defensive, does not know what to make of the good-looking but timid and bumbling Warren. Their interplay, a stumbling mating dance, is riotous yet also touching, and ends on a note of winsomely absurd hilarity in which Father's cash plays a prominent but ambiguous role.

You'll have to find out about Act Two for yourself; it, too, is often uproarious, though in the end a mood of overarching melancholy credibly yet somewhat studiedly takes over. But even in its lesser moments, this is a play to reckon with, and an audience of both young and old (myself included) boisterously lapped it up. My program crawls with quotable lines, but merely reproducing them would not convey their full humor or poignancy.

For this, you must hear them against Allen Moyer's letter-perfect mess of a set, see them in Eric Becker's whimsically incisive costumes. You must catch the superb direction of Mark Brokaw, who elicited dead-accurate bopping movements, exquisitely offbeat timing, and bizarrely authentic inflections from all concerned. Josh Hamilton's Dennis is bursting with precarious bravado, spouting hilarious venom over the phone at countless associates, patsies, and girlfriends and playing every kind of bullying game with the puppylike Warren. Wonderful as Hamilton is, Mark Ruffalo's Warren is even more so. Ruffalo can make such pitiful buzzwords as "What's up?" and "Whatever" balloon with comic pathos, and his every naïvely hopeful or ludicrously indignant utterance takes on the heartfelt resonance of a toy drum.

No less irresistible is the Jessica of Missy Yager. With the face of a heroically coping rag doll, and (risibly) dressed to kill, she cannot make a pas that isn't faux or a sound that doesn't want to be hugged. Insecure yet trying to be totally hip, she splits your sides when she doesn't wring your heart. Please do not consider the following trivial, but I feel duty-bound to hail perfection wherever I find it, whether in the caryatids of a Greek temple or Kenneth Lonergan's ear for this juvenile-grandiose dialogue. So I must pay homage to Miss Yager's legs, by far the most beautiful I have seen in years and flawlessly sculptural from every angle.

IT WAS A GRAVE MISTAKE OF CRITICS IN 1977 to fall for Michael Cristofer's arrogantly foolish, insufferably pretentious, and thoroughly phony *The Shadow Box*, which made his entirely undeserved reputation and enabled him to litter our stage and screen with ever more nauseating concoctions. Why the respectable Manhattan Theatre Club would stoop to his **The Blues Are Running,** an exercise in fatuous flatulence, is wholly beyond me. It's like a confab, in a small room, among David Mamet, Woody Allen, Harold Pinter, and Wallace Shawn. No self-respecting fly would be caught dead on that wall. Near a Central Park bench at night, we hear two shots in the dark, then a faintly Beckettian duologue between two bums, Pyle and Stile, who have just been offed. Next, on a bench and visible, two friends, Mickey and Boo, act out some sort of homosexual fantasy, one closeted, one not. After intermission, Johnny and Jo Jo, two clumsy hit men, enact some kind of game with guns, and we find out why Pyle and Stile died, the whole thing adding up to a pile of something other than style.

Cristofer takes a cockamamy notion or situation and stretches it out mercilessly. On and on go these mindless mind games in which two boring characters tease, torment, or toy with each other, ceaselessly exchanging identities, which comes easy to interchangeable straw men. As played by the brothers Marcus (so-so) and Paul (better) Giamatti, and directed with desperation by Melvin Bernhardt, the play drags on toward crushing insignificance. "You are a head-on collision course with a semantic garbage truck," says one character, and for once I couldn't have agreed more.

The dialogue ranges from the crude ("The Cuban who was running coke in his mother's vagina . . . he was so scared he shit in his pants—we found another three kilos in his underwear") to the pseudo-profound ("Sometimes a lie is the only way you can tell the truth"). Here, I overheard one elderly woman say knowingly to another, "It's true!" I'm afraid it isn't, but it is the kind of dust in the eyes and ears with which one dazzles the gullible.

THE SIGNATURE THEATRE COMPANY HAS BEGUN its Sam Shepard season with a double bill: the 1995 **When the World Was Green (A Chef's Fable)** by Shepard and Joseph Chaikin, and Shepard's 1965 **Chicago,** both directed by Chaikin. The first is nonsense that makes a faint bow toward sense; the second is utter gibberish.

In *Green*, an old man (a cook) has known since childhood that he must kill a life-long acquaintance in a centuries-old vendetta that started with the poisoning of a mule. The cook has followed the other around for decades, but when he is finally ready, he kills the wrong man. He is now in some sort of jail, being interviewed by a young woman who claims to be a reporter but seems to be the dead man's daughter. She is certainly unlike any journalist, and behaves like a flake, sometimes bursting into nonsensical songs. And the jail is like no known jail, allowing her unlimited access to the old man. And the old cook is unlike any real-life cook, because he is played by Alvin Epstein, who hams up everything he touches. Unless he is meant to be an old *kook*, in which case he is fine. There is also a piano player who, discreetly and randomly, tickles a few ivories from time to time. Duration: an excruciating 50 minutes.

Chicago—and why is it called that when it could just as well be *Duluth* or *Kangaroo*?—is about nothing. Stu, a young man in jeans but no shirt, talks nonsense to Joy, a woman in her underwear. Sometimes he monologizes, occasionally with a towel around his head in the voice of an old woman. Various people with suitcases and fishing rods come and go. Joy gets some sort of job and prepares to leave, but merely shuttles back and forth with several suitcases on a wagon. After the slowest 40 minutes within living memory, we can finally go home.

Shepard can write plays that make sense, but when he tries to be absurdist or surreal, he usually fails; he doesn't understand that absurdism must be witty or charming or poetic or satirical, and that surrealism must at least evoke associations.

Near the end of *Chicago*, Shepard has Stu rhapsodize about the desirability, ease, and joy of breathing. "I learned this in fourth grade," he tells us. Now, it seems to me that such an important discovery, if it came to its privileged discoverer so early in his career, should have been imparted to us sooner. But then, perhaps *Chicago* was written in fourth grade. ■

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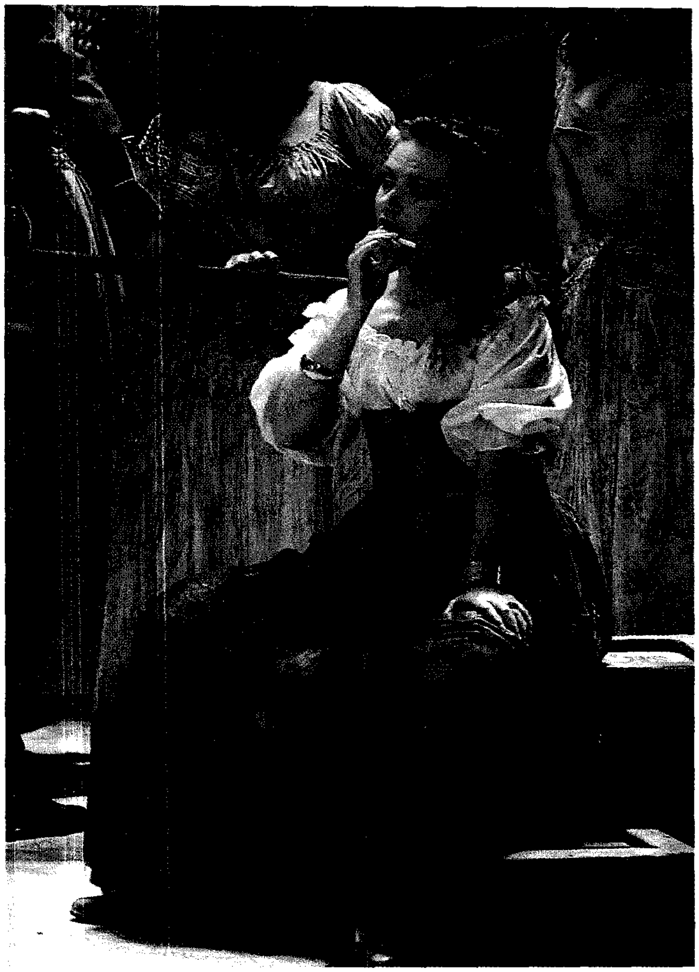
The Met takes another stab at 'Carmen' with Zeffirelli's penny-postcard art and misses; a talk-show host sings his heart out at the Kitchen.



Above, Sevillian casualty: Waltraud Meier plays the cigar girl as a hysteric.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Bumbled Bizet

Carmen MAY WELL BE THE MOST POPular opera ever written, and scarcely a season goes by without opportunities to see it, but who can remember a recent production hereabouts that anybody really liked? Or a Carmen who both fascinated and sang Bizet's music with distinction? (I can recall just one—Regine Crespin—and that was twenty years ago.) Old-timers hark back nostalgically to the 1952 Tyrone Guthrie staging at the Metropolitan with Risë Stevens, whose glamorous Hollywood gypsy set the standard for a generation. That production was considered boldly realistic and startlingly innovative at the time, a scorched-earth drama to rival anything on Broadway, but now I wonder whether even my fond teenage memories of that version can be trusted.

Many Met *Carmens* have come and gone since then, none of them much admired, and now we have yet another. Directed and designed by Franco Zeffirelli and starring Waltraud Meier in the title role, this one, I fear, sinks immediately to somewhere near the bottom of the list. While not a total fiasco—even Met management now admits that its last stab at the opera, with a loopy and practically voiceless Maria Ewing, was a disaster—this *Carmen* just sits there and refuses to budge. Meier's first frantic entrance sets the tone. She dashes onstage from nowhere in particular, dissolves into gales of laughter for no special reason, and then delivers a blank "Habanera" that seems to say, "Who am I? What am I doing here? What is this opera all about?" It's a long evening after that, and Meier never provides many answers as she wanders uncertainly through a role that clearly still puzzles her. She also sounds dreadful. All those strenuous Isoldes and Sieglindes at Bayreuth have taken their toll on a voice that now spreads alarmingly under pressure, unable to pitch notes firmly or to phrase with precision.

Looking distracted and uninvolved as Don José, Plácido Domingo apparently has his mind on other things. It could be that preparing this new *Carmen* production, singing Loris in the Met's *Fedora,* conducting the orchestra for the company's *La Traviata* revival, and rehearsing *Il Guarany* at the Washington Opera—all in the space of a few weeks—is even more than this overachieving tenor can handle. Except for a shamelessly faked "Flower Song," the voice is reliable, but on the whole, this is one of those evenings when the real Plácido has been replaced by a clone from Domingo Industries, Inc. Angela Gheorghiu is a pleasant if unremarkable Micaëla, Sergei Leiferkus sings a raspily aspirated Escamillo, and James Levine presides over a loud, brassy orchestra that seems unaware that this elegant music is by a French composer.

If all this were not depressing enough, the dead hand of Zeffirelli hovers everywhere, crushing out any spark of life the opera might generate on its own. Can anyone now doubt that this talent is completely used up? His glitzy Puccini productions of a decade ago may have served a useful purpose when the Met was competing with Lloyd Webber musicals for tourist dollars, but even those eye-popping extravaganzas did no favors for either the operas or the singers—both were upstaged by the sets. With the passing of the conspicuous-consumption eighties, Zeffirelli has had to scale his visions down to fit the budget, and his new *Carmen* looks comparatively austere. It also has the spirit of penny-postcard art—two dust-dry squares in Seville, a kitschy open-air tavern, and a comic-book mountain lair pass by lazily without creating any flavor or atmosphere. Operagoers are shortchanged, but animal lovers may be pleased—a bevy of dogs, horses, and mules onstage receive more loving attention from the director than the singers, who are pretty much left to fend for themselves. Indestructible, *Carmen* will survive Zeffirelli's trivializing hand, and before long the Met will probably be at it again, try

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

ing to bring Bizet's timeless characters back to life.

CNN OPERA, A MUSICAL GENRE VIGOROUSLY cultivated by American composers of late, continues to thrive as yesterday's headline celebrities become today's operatic heroes. We've already heard Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, Malcolm X, and Harvey Milk sing their hearts out on the opera stage, and this March, in Houston, it will be Jacqueline Onassis's turn to vocalize the big aria, in Michael Daugherty's *Jackie O*—if there is not a superheated *gran scena e duetto* with Maria Callas somewhere in the score, I shall be most disappointed.

Meanwhile, back in New York, we have been treated to the first opera in the form of a TV talk show: Mikel Rouse's **Dennis Cleveland,** which recently had a brief run at the Kitchen. The idea is an inspired one, and Rouse has fashioned a stunning 90-minute musical drama out of it. The whole talk-show ritual, with its aggressive confrontations and confessional aria-and-ensemble format, is already operatic by nature, and Rouse—who also played Cleveland, the show's host—takes every advantage of that fact. His opera derives much of its theatrical energy from craftily deploying another special talk-show feature: the lack of separation between the guests onstage and the audience, two competing worlds that are manipulated, blended, and controlled by the officiating host. As Cleveland/Rouse roamed the aisles and drew audience members into the action, the line between those of us who had come to watch and those who could well be the next to jump up and join in the fray became wonderfully blurred.

None of this would have worked as effectively as it did had not Rouse found such a convincing musical context in which to place his operatic chat show. He writes in an idiom that downtowners call "totalism," an apt label to describe the work of young composers who grew up with an earful of rock, academic serialism, jazz, Asian and African music, rap, heavy metal, Steve Reich's rhythmic phasing, Philip Glass's minimalism, and more. Rouse draws on all that as well as a technique of vocal writing he developed himself: counterpoetry, the use of multiple unpitched voices in strict metric counterpoint, a device he used in *Failing Kansas,* based on Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood.* It's even more to the point here, especially in the harrowing finale as guests, audience members, and Cleveland himself become swept up in a chilling anthem hailing the promise of salvation through popular culture. This disciplined music can be appreciated in greater detail on New World Records (80506-2), impressive even without John Jesurun's set and video design, which contributed so much to the piece's impact at the Kitchen. ■

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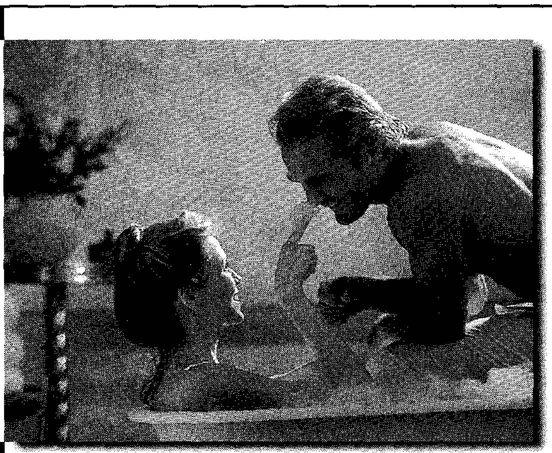

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Born Again

Twyla Tharp renews herself, assembling a troupe of young dancers who win you over in a flash.

Sweet Fields, **one of the three new dances in *Tharp!***

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Known since the early seventies for her bold, brainy, often startling moves, **Twyla Tharp** has reinvented herself once again. The evidence is on view in the cross-country tour of *Tharp!*, which I caught up with at Kennedy Center. (Though the show goes abroad for the spring season, it is pointedly skipping New York.) Back in 1988, Tharp disbanded the unforgettable company she had modeled in the image of her own dazzling, stylistically eclectic dancing. And at least for the moment, she has apparently had her fill of choreographing for big classical ballet companies, to say nothing of skirmishing with Broadway and Hollywood. *Tharp!* is an entertaining concert of three brand-new dances performed by thirteen young unknowns who were selected in exhaustive nationwide auditions and groomed into an ensemble by Tharp and her indispensable right-hand woman, Shelley Washington Whitman. The dances range from very good to not-yet-resolved, and they take a second viewing to appreciate fully. The performers are immediately irresistible.

What's so marvelous about them? Prowess and personality. Their formidable technique implies the same kind of motley training Tharp enjoyed. (Ballet, modern dance, jazz, gymnastics, and acrobatics are visible, as well as street dancing.) Whatever their background, they've been fused into a group with its own singular style. For instance, they all execute *grand jeté* in the same gorgeous way, leaping into the air, legs spread, as the step dictates, then uncannily floating forward for an instant like a kite buoyed by the wind. They've also absorbed a Tharp specialty seen all too rarely nowadays—rich dynamics. One second, they're charged with aggression; the next, they're silky or velvety. They're fast, they're buoyant, they're as resilient as a Spaldeen on its first bounce.

Just as important, they look and behave like human beings. The body types vary, though most of the women share Tharp's own physique—small, tight-knit, and feisty. The taller women are showgirl types—with some flesh on them and luscious smiles to match—rather than aloof, ethereal sylphs. Not one of these men or women has succumbed to the common professional deformity of becoming a machine for dancing. Each is confidently individual and, because of the frank, unaffected manner that pervades the troupe, altogether accessible—to the audience and to his or her colleagues onstage. This connectedness is almost palpable. It's been a long time since I saw dancing that was so inviting, that wasn't trying to sell me the dancers, the choreography, or some highfalutin notion of art.

The three works on the *Tharp!* program are all deeply American, in different ways. *Sweet Fields*, the most successfully realized of them, is set to our country's early choral music, which is permeated with unaffected religious fervor. The *ballet blanc* Tharp has created to these hymns responds both to the vitality of their rhythms and to an optimism—call it naïve if you will—that still infuses our national character. When it comes to devising complex structures that appear clear and simple because of their infallible logic, Tharp is one of the great ones, and this piece is a marvel of patterning and strictly chosen, ingeniously deployed motifs. The result is not stern or stark, as one might expect, but propelled by sheer gladness, ebullient to the point of ecstasy. With its interweavings and its repeated absorption of brief solo excursions back

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

into the enduring group activity, the choreography celebrates the idea of community—an American ideal, if far from a present reality. In a men's dance that is one of several telling tours de force in the piece, an immobile figure, arms folded over his chest, is borne aloft by four "pallbearers," his position deftly manipulated since he cannot move for himself, while a single man repeatedly breaks away as if to represent the dead man's soul in flight. Magically, the roles of corpse, mourners, and inextinguishable spirit keep shifting, reminding us that for the faithful, even death is a shared event.

On a first encounter, 66, which takes its name from the long and celebrated American highway, seems too busy and arch for its own good, as if Tharp still had yearnings to conquer Broadway. Even on a second look, the giant car tires locomoting on human feet (one pair piquantly clad in black satin pointe shoes) are nothing more than a quickie joke—and one Tharp has already used, at American Ballet Theatre. There's a problem, too, in the stylistic cues that point to different decades, from the forties to the seventies, and a deeper confusion about what Tharp is trying to tell us. As Larry McMurtry and Tharp herself (interviewed by Herbert Muschamp) instruct us in a program insert, her subject may well be the checkered grandeur of our vast terrain and the wanderlust in the American character, the endless search for something bigger and better than home can provide. What we actually see is a lot of clever fooling around by agile folks in snazzy blue-jeans outfits by Norma Kamali, and a fabulous account of a romance between a delicious femme (Julie Stahl) and a macho hunk (Andrew Robinson). Their headlong first love, their inevitable quarrel, his brief distraction by a pert tomboy, and their blissful reunion—half mid-century movie, half up-to-the-minute gender-equality stuff—are alone worth the price of admission.

The point of *Heroes,* to a Philip Glass score based on a David Bowie and Brian Eno recording, is almost entirely obscure. Three guys in silver trousers puff out their bare chests as they stand in a streak of light on a menacingly murky stage, and before you can say "Watch out!," their fellow citizens gather to give them a whole bunch of trouble. Tharp may have wanted to tackle a current American social problem—our intemperate adulation of gifted or simply magnetic individuals and our elevation of them to icons of impossible perfection that we then turn on and destroy with relish. Though the subject is timely and significant, it's possible that it cannot readily be conveyed through dancing. The dancing itself in this piece—just think of it as abstract—is stunning. ■

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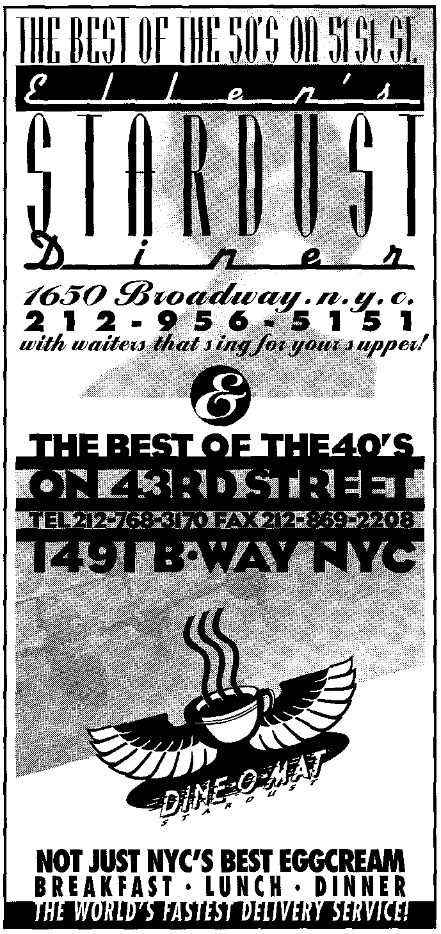
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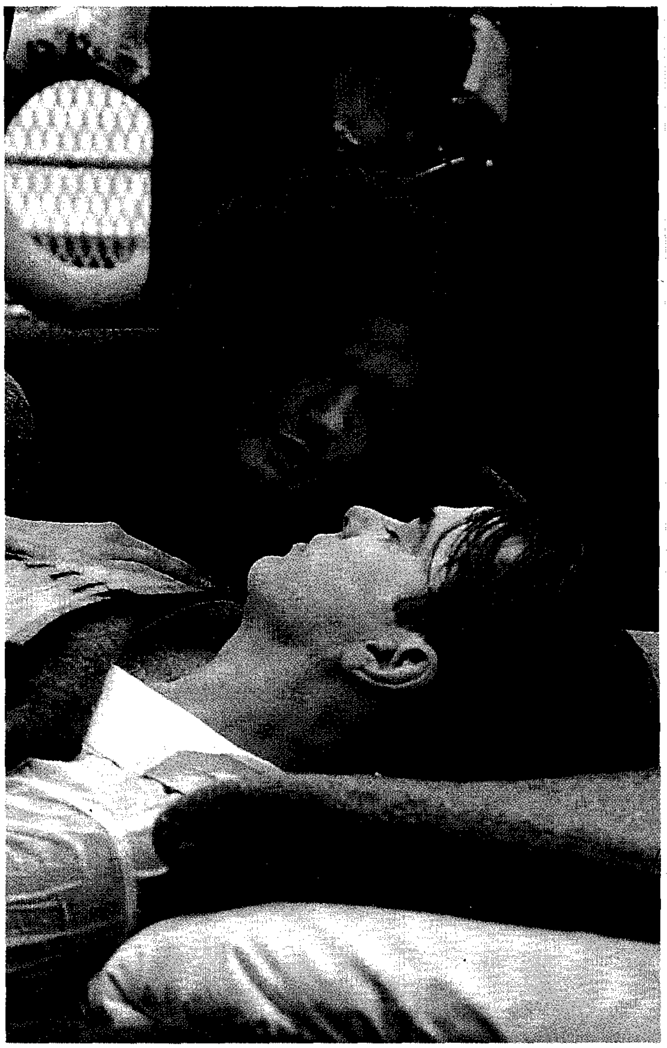
TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Swept Away

Ocean liner meets iceberg once again in a class-conscious and reasonably absorbing 'Titanic'; Dana Delany, clothed, does a surprising comic turn.



Sensitive but half dead: Catherine Zeta Jones and Peter Gallagher brave *The Titanic*.

Photograph by Jack Rowland/CBS.

SINCE WE CAN'T HELP ALREADY KNOWing what will happen—a ship of fools will sideswipe the mother of all ice cubes and get flushed down the North Atlantic bathroom bowl—the only excuse for yet another televisual take on the oft-told cautionary tale of April 14, 1912, is a fresh angle, either ideological or symbolic. In this, at least, the "sweeps" mini-series **Titanic** (Sunday and Tuesday, November 17 and 19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) aims to oblige. The emphasis in a teleplay by Ross LaManna and Joyce Eliason, directed by Robert Lieberman, is less on the heroic virility of Anglo-Saxon manhood than it is on conspicuous consumption and populist resentment. When the White Star luxury liner went to its watery repose, 63 percent of its first-class passengers survived, 42 percent of second class, and 25 percent of third. Passengers in steerage, immigrant riffraff, had been locked below decks, as far away as possible from the orchestra, the Astors, and, of course, the lifeboats, of which there was a woeful insufficiency. Even so, when Cunard's *Carpathia* arrived the following morning, in those boats there were 400 empty seats.

So we are encouraged to root against Eva Marie Saint as a Hazel Foley so snobbish that she even has her doubts about the Jewish Guggenheims. And against Roger Rees as Bruce Ismay, the cowardly chairman of the White Star Line, who is less interested in the safety of his 2,228 passengers than in breaking a transatlantic speed record and who will be among the 705 survivors. And against Harley Jane Kozad as Bess Allison, so much more hysterical than her nanny, Felicity Waterman. And even against George C. Scott, who mails in his performance as the complacent Captain Edward J. Smith, who, looking like a stuffed polar bear in a London bobby's uniform, went down with his ship and probably should have, considering how he allowed himself to be browbeaten by his seignorial employers. Whereas we are encouraged to root for Sonsee Ahray as Osa Ludvigsen, who is not only Scandinavian steerage but also sexually assaulted; and Mike Doyle as Jaime Perse, a pickpocket redeemed by his love for Osa. And we're permitted to forgive Marilu Henner because, while her unsinkable Molly Brown may be rich, she is also vulgar; and Peter Gallagher because, while his Wynn Park may be rich, he became so too late to marry Catherine Zeta Jones, although he turns out to have fathered her child, but anyway he's sensitive and passionate before he's wet and dead.

This class-animus scenario is troubled only by Scott Hylands as a John Jacob Astor so gentlemanly, you'd never guess he cut down most of the sandalwood trees and slaughtered most of the otters in Hawaii, and by Tim Curry as a Simon Doonan so dastardly, if energetic, you'd think he was auditioning for the part of Fagin in a road-show *Oliver Twist*.

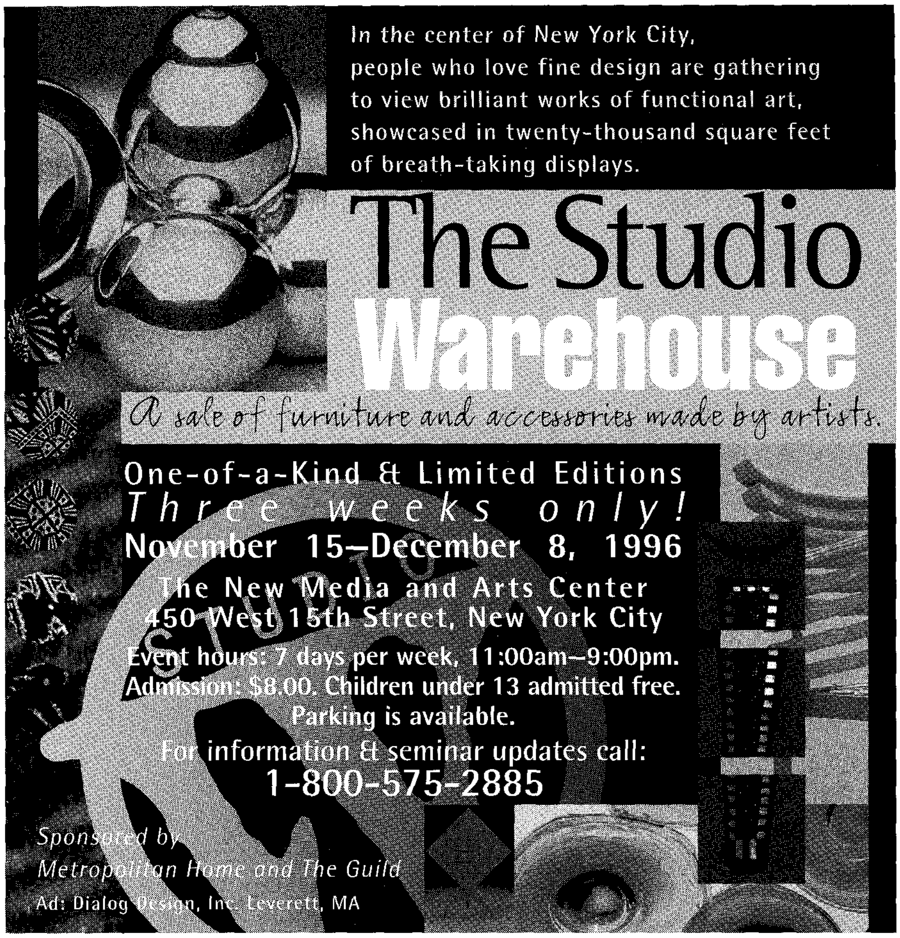
Titanic, the mini-series, does give good glug-glug. It seems to me that it would have been more fun as a musical, but I think almost everything would be more fun as a musical.

Having used up most of its "sweeps" ammunition last week with Arab terrorists, the CIA, germ warfare, and stricken 747s in the *Pandora's Clock* mini-series, NBC counterprograms with another Brian Dennehy TV-cop movie, **Jack Reed: Death and Vengeance** (Sunday, November 17; 9 to 11 P.M.), and a Mel Harris by-the-numbers weepie, **What Kind of Mother Are You?** (Monday, November 18; 9 to 11 P.M.). Dennehy and Charles S. Dutton, besides taking on what can only be described as the Russian Orthodox Mafia, with Peter Outerbridge as a hoodlet Rasputin, must also fight the Chicago political Establishment, with Joe Morton and Anthony Zerbe as liberal sellouts. Mel has a teenaged daughter, Nicholle Tom, who acts out so much she lands in jail, where tough-love Mel decides to leave her overnight, except that she's sent away for a couple of years, which means both of them have miles of therapy to go before they bond.

But the prize of the TV week is **For Hope** (Sunday, November 17; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), in which Dana Delany thickens, shrinks, and ossifies. She's a single-mother high-school teacher who plays Shakespeare games in the classroom (mixing up heroic couplets), whose loving son (Chris Demetral) wants a life of his own, whose blind dates are invariably, implausibly disasters (lots of famous cameo faces and pickup shticks), and whose sudden affliction is misdiagnosed as everything from lupus to depression, before we learn that it is progressive, incurable scleroderma. Dana's skin and organs are turning to stone. And so she goes home to her mother (Polly Bergen), her father (Harold Gould), and her brother (Henry Czerny). This ought to have been awful, as if Delany had to be punished by a wasting of her body for having taken off her clothes in the ridiculous S&M fantasy *Exit to Eden*. Instead, *For Hope* grabs us by the throat and laughs in our face.

What screenwriter Susan Rice has wrought is a punitive comedy of denial. While Czerny plays the part of a TV-sitcom writer from whom we expect wisecracks instead of wisdom, everybody in this California household is a joke machine, even Dana herself on a deathbed: "Look what I had to do to get a little attention in this family." Gradually, appalled, we come to see that this is how they deal—with imitations of Ed Sullivan and Howard Cosell, with punchlines about underpants. "Drooling is part of my mantra," says Demetral, who wants to go to UCLA rather than the hospital. Only Czerny's wife, Tracy Nelson, sees this giggle at the dying of the light as hysterical behavior and grasps that nobody is helping Dana learn to leave. The jokes are funny; the death isn't.

It's tricky stuff, and director Bob Saget navigates smartly through a script in which the wit is made of razor wire. At the end, you'll agree with Polly Bergen: "When she breathes, I breathe . . . When she doesn't, I'm suffocating." Clowns die, too. ■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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Kitsch of the Day

At the Redeye Grill across from Carnegie Hall, shrimp dance atop the smoked-fish bar and coasts collide on the menu of tweaked regional classics.

WALKING INTO THE **Redeye Grill,** I FEEL LIKE Willy Wonka in the chocolate factory, or maybe Tom Hanks in *Big.* I'm a kid and it's my birthday. There are red toy planes flying overhead. And the buffet looks like a candy counter, even though on second glance, it's mostly smoked fish laid out on marble with shiny black stones to keep the satiny flesh from getting too icy. Sturdy columns painted in a blur of color like pages from a picture book march through the cavernous room. Now, I realize this is grown-up stuff—naked people clinging to the Chrysler Building in a metaphor for the urban climb. Separating the East Coast room from the cozier California suite in the rear is a remarkable mural, a gathering of Hollywood stars from the fifties, rescued from a flea market. A serendipitous find for a canteen meant to lure the bi-coastal crowd or, at least, let uni-coastal civilians bask in that glamour.

Prawn broker: the Dancing Shrimp Bar at Shelly Fireman's Redeye Grill.

Perhaps you'll be amused by the artwork, an homage of sorts to Paris's legendary brasserie La Coupole. The cranky critic in you might admire some and cringe over others as I do, grateful at least that a restaurateur believes in buying contemporary art (including photographs by the man I live with). Whatever: Redeye instantly lifts you to a high. The staff overflows with energy and high spirits. And the kitchen, still quite frankly in shakedown stage, already turns out rich and delicious pastas, first-rate steaks, and what is certainly the Marilyn Monroe of banana cream pies—blond and voluptuous in an irresistible swath of caramel.

For 25 years, Shelly Fireman has been quietly opening restaurants. Fiorello's across from Lincoln Center. Fiorella's, later Hosteria Fiorella, on Third Avenue. Trattoria Dell'Arte with its ode to noses, a mural designed by Milton Glaser. "It takes time for people to find us, and I get a chance to fiddle with things till they're right," he says. But people who live in glass houses get Peeping Toms—and since the lights went on in Fireman's big glass box across from Carnegie Hall, people have been piling in. HOME OF THE DANCING SHRIMP BAR, the legend on the bright-red awnings announces. Dancing shrimp? Who could resist? "I don't do shrimp," sculptor Ron Mehlman protested when his pal Fireman insisted. Mehlman's work is abstract, often monumental. But there they are, a duo in copper pirouetting over the seafood bar where fishmongers slice a near–Baskin-Robbins selection of salmon, and waiters in straw boaters tend the counter. Fireman's brain reels with these ideas. Indeed, Redeye is a collision of concepts—a lively brasserie, a kind of deli, serving the regional fetish food of both coasts with entrées from $11.50 to $27.95.

And yes, there are dancing shrimp. Not the creatures of haute Cantonese tradition, supposedly drunk on rice wine, as Shun Lee Palace once offered them (with white gloves for squeamish eaters). These are a dozen formerly live giants, cooked three ways—battered and deep-fried in spiky phyllo, grilled with and without ribbons of bacon. They float to the table on skewers anchored to a pineapple, a crustaceous chorus swaying in the breeze.

My guest, a smoked-fish maven, complains to me that truffle oil overwhelms the sturgeon and jalapeño obscures the subtle taste of smoked salmon, but everyone else at our table enjoys the experimentation. Never a serious fan of smoked fish, I prefer a selection of sprightly salads from the cold display, deftly spiced and herbed—not a sleeper or a yawner among them. Still, the $15.95 selection on an oval platter should be more generous. Smoked fish presented as sashimi and rolled into maki only makes me long for the real thing by a sushi master.

Given the emphasis on seafood and salads, carnivores may be anxious. No need to fret. The Road Food Warrior finds the steak-frites superior, more like a sirloin. And I agree. A mountain of rare, thin-sliced hanger

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

steak in a split-level spicy biscuit on a carpet of spinach is a thriller. At lunch one day, the special is a "caramelized baked-ham sandwich." What arrives is a mammoth cut with four slices of bread alongside—an interactive sandwich, and quite wonderful. (It's on the menu now as ham steak.) Redeye fries are crusty, skin-on chunks that make you question why anyone would do anything less with a potato.

That's vintage Fireman. He can't resist a mischievous twist on childhood classics. The homey Chinese roast chicken with bok choy and wontons has a Jewish grandmother. Duchess potatoes? Assuming you're old enough to hold the menu an arm's length away, you may vaguely remember them. Here, they're baked to look like corn muffins. And the pastas are lush: Penne in a fragrant toss of porcini-crusted chicken, portobellos, and truffle oil. Rigatoni mixed with smoked salmon, radicchio, arugula, and a touch of cream.

The show-and-tell dessert tray may seem lowbrow, but then, Redeye doesn't pretend to be the reincarnation of Le Pavillon. Personally, I can't imagine going off into the night without that banana cream pie. Get a friend to order the chocolate cake with hand-rolled truffles, encased in white chocolate, planted like land mines within. Or try the apple-walnut-and-raisin latticed tart guarded by a pastry angel, "a symbol of Angel, my pastry chef," our proprietary waiter explains.

Fireman's got a lock on the block now with the Brooklyn Diner U.S.A. and Redeye at opposite ends of 888 Seventh Avenue. The usually booked-up Trattoria sits in between. But he's not worried about cannibalizing his own success. "You can't eat Italian every night," he says. Fireman was off at Canyon Ranch over the weekend, building up a new head of steam for the task ahead. He's still tweaking the menu. Brooding about the lighting. He credits himself as the creative architect: "I told them what to do, and they did it." His wife, Marilyn, worked with interior designer Paul Siskind: Her private-party room upstairs with Turkish kilims, Mission seating, and seriographs of Navajo rugs by Jack Silverman looks like a Westwood living room. Fireman's talking to Disney. He's skulking around 42nd Street. Something big could be in the works for the Brooklyn Diner, he hints. He's working on it now in his head. There could be Rollerblading chickens. Or pigs doing Gregorian chant.

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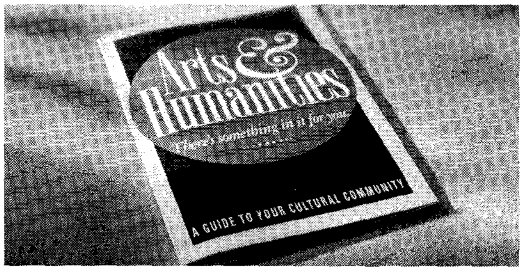
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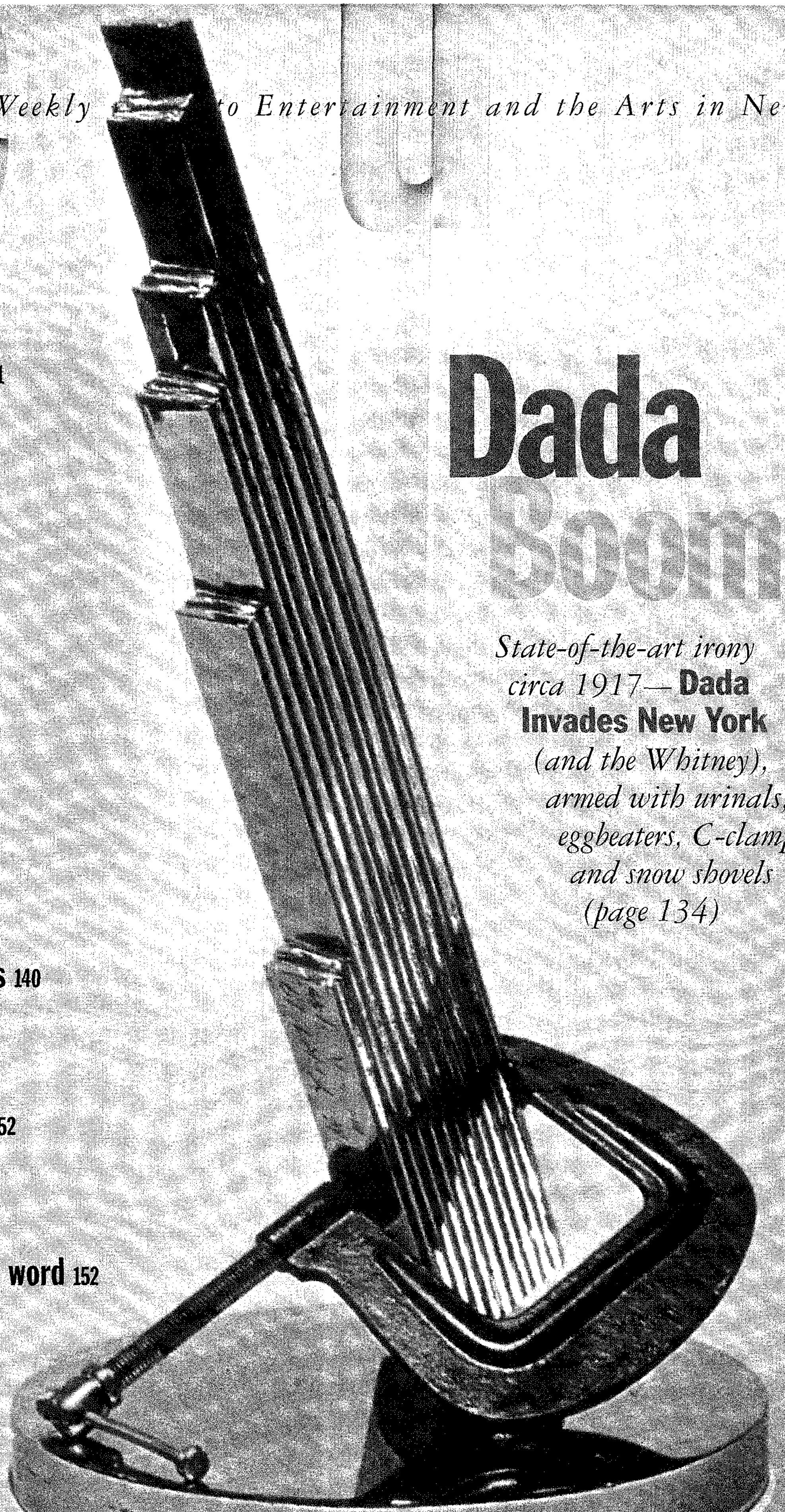

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Dada Boom

State-of-the-art irony circa 1917— **Dada Invades New York** *(and the Whitney), armed with urinals, eggbeaters, C-clamps, and snow shovels (page 134)*

movies

Breaking the Waves...Rivette Retrospective

New Films

Anna—Nikita Mikhalov's chronicle of his daughter's growth during the decline and fall of the Soviet Union. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Associate—Whoopi Goldberg stars as an underestimated Wall Street financial analyst who invents a fictitious male business partner. Also starring Dianne Wiest. Directed by Donald Petrie. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum.*

Bad Moon—A photojournalist gets bitten by an animal in Nepal and undergoes a gradual bizarre transformation upon returning home. With Michael Pare and Mariel Hemingway. Written and directed by Eric Red. (R) *34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Basquiat**—Jeffrey Wright, the young actor who plays the doomed painter Jean-Michel Basquiat, makes a lovely angel of art. Walking down some SoHo street as if he were gliding through air, this kid is on his own wavelength, barely plugged in to the great teeming world around him. The painter Julian Schnabel wrote and directed the movie, and in his conception, Basquiat is an innocent, a sacrificial victim of the rabid art world. As Schnabel tells it, Basquiat, of middle-class Haitian descent, was no more than a free-living but very ambitious 19-year-old when poet-critic Rene Ricard (Michael Wincott) was so struck by a painting of Basquiat's hanging in a drug dealer's house that he immediately took him up. "I understand hype!" screeches Ricard. Schnabel directs the art-world scenes with gusto and wit. David Bowie and Dennis Hopper are very funny together as Andy Warhol and Bruno Bischofberger, greedily pawing over some of Basquiat's "ignorant art." These people are so intent on business, they become unconscious comic figures, like the burghers in some seventeenth-century genre painting (they don't enter a room, they take possession of it). Schnabel downplays Basquiat's hard-drug habit (we don't even realize he's on heroin until late in the movie) and Schnabel doesn't really explain why Basquiat couldn't pull himself back from the edge. Probably he doesn't know. This Basquiat is an inarticulate free spirit, full of pride and ambition but essentially defenseless. He wants pure relations with people, but he's too far out of it to realize that his foggy, please-don't-hassle-me impulses—saying yes to one dealer and then another—leave havoc in their wake. He's not responsible for anything, least of all himself, and art cannot save him. It's a grim myth, and not entirely believable, but Jeffrey Wright is very touching. (Denby; 8/19/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Angelika 57.*

Beautiful Thing—Two teenage boys, both from troubled homes, fall in love. Adapted by Johnathan Harvey from his award-winning play. Directed by Hettie MacDonald. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Festival

Roman Empire

***Hotel Paura*—with Sergio Castellito, above, as an aimless young beauty who takes up with a fellow drifter—is but one of the decidedly edgy pictures highlighted during Italian Film Week. The annual festival, at Cinema Village (November 15–21), focuses on Italy's younger, hipper, more experimental contingent. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)**

★**Big Night**—Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy (directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott) is a form of strength. Some time in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older bother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. The movie is so delicately observed that the most ordinary scenes can be fascinating—the two men working side-by-side, for instance. Primo doesn't have much English, and Shaloub turns that into an advantage, making the chef's silence an element in his proud nature. When he can't make conversation with the florist down the street, he acts with his eyes and hands. At the same time, Secondo, who is carrying on with Pascal's lush Italian mistress (Isabella Rossellini), can't get it going with his American girlfriend (Minnie Driver), who wants him desperately. Both are nearly impotent from their American failure. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Bound—A modern *noir* about two women (Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon) who attempt to rip off the mob. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Breathing Room—A young couple (Kathy Floyd and David Futterman), unsure of whether to marry, decide to spend some time apart. Written and directed by Jon Sherman. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

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The Chamber—Chris O'Donnell plays a slow-on-the-uptake law associate who discovers that the death-row inmate he is defending is his grandfather. With Gene Hackman and Faye Dunaway. Adapted from the novel by John Grisham. (2 hrs.; R) *Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; 86th Street.*

Dear God—Greg Kinnear stars as a postal worker, assigned to the dead-letter office, who begins answering missives to the Almighty. With Tim Conway. Directed by Garry Marshall. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG) *New York Twin; UA East; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**Emma**—Douglas McGrath, a comedy writer directing for the first time, brings out Jane Austen's dancing social patterns, the mishaps of courtship, the satire of character types. *Emma* is perhaps the most steely and demanding of Jane Austen's books—some of it is almost unnervingly cold—and for long periods, McGrath stays merrily on the surface. Gwyneth Paltrow is lovely, but she's not the most imposing Emma one could imagine. The rich and landed Emma Woodhouse is a kind of local queen with almost unlimited power—not a bad person, exactly, but a snob, a malicious wit, and an unconscious dictator who manipulates her hapless young protégée, Harriet (Toni Collette), rather shamelessly. Paltrow says Emma's witty lines as if she truly understood them—her speech patterns, cultivated but not quite British, sound natural and unaffected. McGrath can't get the extraordinary strength of Jane Austen's prose—no one ever has in an Austen adaptation—but he gets enough of her moral toughness and sense to make this a more-than-acceptable version of one of the greatest novels in the English language. (Denby; 8/19/96) (2 hrs.; PG) *Area theaters.*

The English Patient—Ralph Fiennes plays a dying adventurer who lives out his last, bedridden days recounting the greatest love story of his life. With Kristin Scott Thomas and Juliette Binoche. Directed by Anthony Minghella. (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Everything Relative—Seven women (all gay except for one) reunite to celebrate the birth and bris of the straight girl's baby. Written and directed by Sharon Pollack. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St; Quad Cinema.*

★**First Wives Club**—Three wealthy Manhattan women of a certain age, abandoned by their husbands for younger women, join forces, plotting and scheming to trip up the men. Apart from their painful situation, the three ladies have little in common. Long ago, they were college buddies, but they haven't seen one another for years, and each has been hardened by ego and screw-you distaste for anyone who lives or thinks any differently. Goldie Hawn plays an aging movie star obsessed with her figure and her Bardot-Jagger lips, a boozy Narcissa who can do little more than fake an interest in another human being. Bette Midler plays a brilliant Upper West Side frump—a tough, loving, wised-up woman who has helped her husband build his business and is now too bitter to gloss over painful truths. And Diane Keaton's goody-goody is another self-parodying job, a trampled-upon wife too frayed in her impulses to get through a single sentence without heading off in five directions. Director Hugh Wilson is a good ensemble man, bringing out the personality of each star as the three come roaring into a room like a many-headed monster. Each takes her turn at topping the others and then steps out of the way. This is not an original or deeply creative film; it's a formulaic commercial comedy. But it's also genuinely pleasing and at times breathtakingly funny. (Denby; 10/7/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Funeral—See David Denby, page 106. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 84th Street Six.*

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—See David Denby, page 106. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza.*

★**Get on the Bus**—Spike Lee's new movie isn't much as art, but it has a kind of blues-anthem emotional urgency: We've got troubles, we've got doubts about this man Farrakhan, but we've got to get on the bus. Fifteen men travel from South Central Los Angeles to the Million Man March in Washington, and each of them is unresolved in some way. As Lee and screenwriter Reggie Bythewood perceive it, the black man is still in chains, and whether the chains are put in place by whites or are now self-imposed is a good question. The men provoke and challenge one another in Spike Lee's usual vociferous style. Everyone says explicitly what his identity is, what his problems are, what he's screwed up about. Every discussion has a representative or exemplary quality, and nothing gets left out, not even the women banned from the March, who show up and give their opinion too. Still, Lee works up the best material he can for his actors, and in the heat of the moment, some of the writing and acting is very good. Andre Braugher, bald, powerful, swiveling rapidly on mobile hips, plays an egotistical actor with a quick sarcastic tongue, and he is both a provocateur and a lightning rod. Ossie Davis, who has the role closest to insufferability—a saintly old man—is less fun, and is burdened with the task of delivering the screenwriter's wisest, ripest lines, but he also joins some impromptu singing and redeems himself. This gabby movie has speed and rhythm and variety. It is not a work of art but could only have been made by an artist. (Denby; 10/21/96) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Plaza Twin.*

The Ghost and the Darkness—Michael Douglas and Val Kilmer star in the true story of two hunters out to kill a couple of lions and, in the process, restore British plans for a railway through East Africa. Directed by Stephen Hopkins. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—Peter Gallagher plays a widower so bereft over his loss that he can't reach his emotionally withdrawn daughter (Claire Danes). With Kathy Baker. Adapted for the screen by David E. Kelley. Directed by Michael Pressman. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini Twin.*

High School High—Jon Lovitz stars as a private-school teacher who quits his job to teach in the inner city. Directed by Hart Bockner. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Independence Day—To love this movie completely, you have to go beyond irony; you have to enjoy being had. The world gets smushed by alien invaders—cities flattened, people annihilated—and the spectacle is turned into merry pop entertainment. A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. The battle is joined, and the movie begins to resemble the last few scenes of *Star Wars,* with passages of *Alien* and other recent hits thrown in. The clichés achieve critical mass: Pop culture saves the world. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, just plain busy—as they go about their little daily tasks. And then they are faced with The Appearance. Shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. "If you feel impelled to leave the cities," the president says, "please do so in an orderly fashion"—a line that, in context, is hilarious. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale) seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. Just as in a World War II platoon movie, the ethnic representatives—blacks, Jews, Hispanics—compose their differences and pull together. Emmerich and Devlin combine mass destruction and liberal sanctimony. An elderly Jew finds his lost faith, the black pilot marries his woman and takes responsibility for her child, and so on, and the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Manhattan Twin; Worldwide Cinemas.*

Jude—Kate Winslet and Christopher Eccleston star in this adaptation of Thomas Hardy's novel about two cousins in love. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Cinema 3; 62nd and Broadway.*

Larger Than Life—Bill Murray stars in this comedy about a man who inherits an elephant and must, for

Opening
A Fiennes Thing

Ralph Fiennes (left) plays an exquisitely tortured adventurer who, on his deathbed, retells and relives the greatest love story of his life in 'The English Patient.' The epic romance—old-school in its size, scope, and emotional fury—opens Friday.

Photograph by Phil Bray/Miramax.

some reason, single-handedly transport him across the country. With Janeane Garofalo and, in a cameo, Matthew McConaughey. Directed by Howard Franklin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza* .

The Long Kiss Goodnight—See David Denby, page 106. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Looking for Richard—By juxtaposing a troubled and highly charged production of Shakespeare's play—Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, and Winona Ryder grapple with the text of *Richard III*—with man-on-the-street interviews, director Al Pacino makes the play accessible, and lots of fun, without rendering it lowbrow. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Michael Collins—In Neil Jordan's violent and beautiful dream of the perfect revolutionary leader, Collins, the founder of the Irish Republican Army, rushes into rooms, shouting, issuing orders, always in movement, a humanist-warrior who never makes mistakes and kills without taking any pleasure in killing. Liam Neeson has the size and power to play a larger-than-life figure; he's aflame from the first scene to the last. *Michael Collins* is set in the climactic period of Ireland's struggle to free itself from Great Britain (1916–21). In Jordan's telling, the Irish people forge a national identity in spontaneous acts of violence—violence as creative passion. In a spirit of what can only be called gaiety, the irregulars firebomb police stations, assassinate British intelligence agents at a fruit stand. In scene after scene, Collins invents tactics on the run, taking whatever men, weapons, and means are at hand and throwing them into battle, all the while avoiding any direct involvement in murder himself. The way Jordan tells it, Collins is a saint of violence, a warrior uncorrupted by war, who, at the end, sickened and exhausted by death, turns to peace—and is killed for his new pacifist longings. That it might be too late for such longings—that Collins might have unleashed something that cannot simply be turned off—is a complication Jordan does not want to take on. In brief, he makes Collins easy to accept as a movie hero and simultaneously absolves him of the legacy that he left the IRA. For all its gestures towards peace and reconciliation, *Michael Collins* is in the grip of an exasperating mystique—the idealization of violence as the solution to irrelevance, boredom, historical chagrin. This movie is evidence of glory; it is also evidence of sickness. (Denby; 10/28/96) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Microcosmos—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum.*

The Mirror Has Two Faces—Barbra Streisand stars as a frumpy, middle-aged lonely heart who enters into a loveless marriage with an emotionally numb yet foxy Columbia professor (Jeff Bridges) with hopes of winning his heart. Directed by Streisand. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

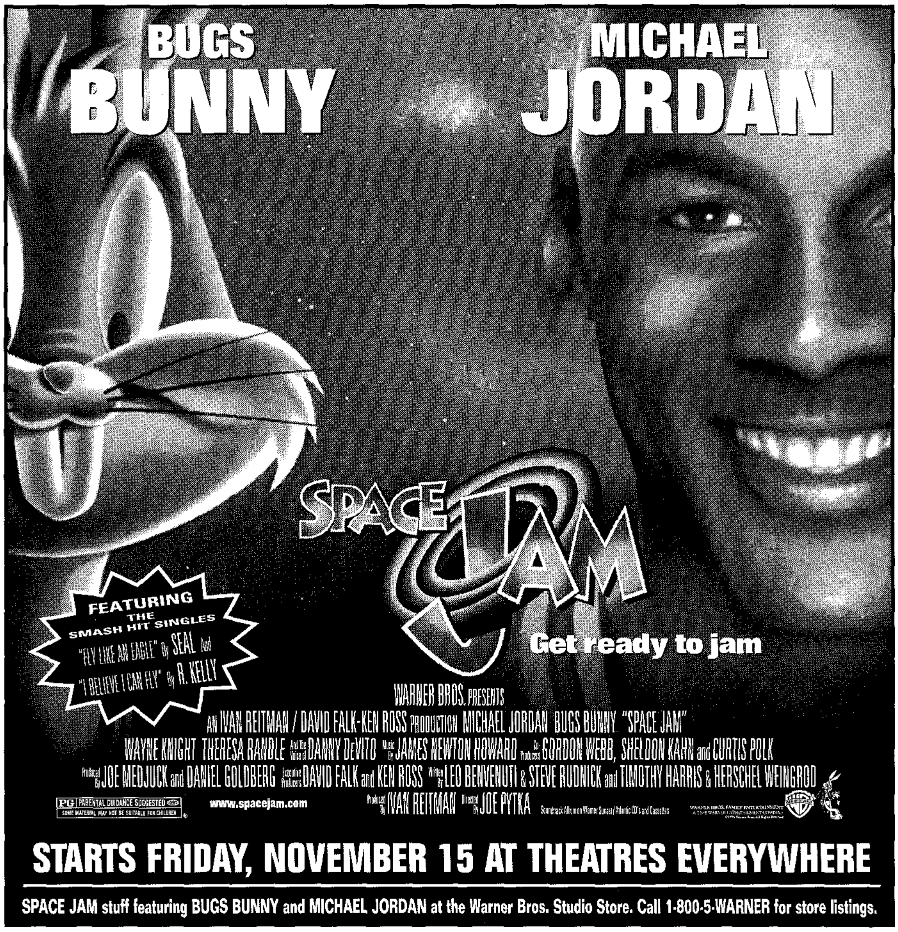
Mother Night—Nick Nolte plays a U.S. spy in Hitler's Germany who, years later, is tried as a war criminal. Based on the novel by Kurt Vonnegut. Directed by Keith Gordon. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*.

Palookaville—Three lifelong friends combat their collective boredom, despair, and frustration by planning a heist. Directed by Alan Taylor. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Paris Was a Woman—Greta Schiller's documentary on the thriving intellectual scene of twenties Paris. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Proprietor—Jeanne Moreau plays a French expatriate writer who suddenly finds herself in the company of former friends, lovers, and colleagues and begins to reassess her life. With Sam Waterston and Nell Carter. A Merchant Ivory film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ransom—Mel Gibson stars as Tom Mullen, a self-made New York millionaire at the peak of his career who is domineering, unpleasant—a big bad boy used to having his own way. He's the kind of fiercely dominating egotist who inspires great loy-



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alty or great loathing. Out in Queens, his underworld counterpart, a violent cop (Gary Sinise), hatches a scheme to snatch Tom's little boy and hold him for ransom. Tom has paid once before—he is widely suspected of having bribed a union leader to get a sweetheart contract for his airline—and the cop and his crew assume he will pay again. The movie has one effective sequence: Tom and his glamorous wife, Kate (Rene Russo), are doing a charity event at the Delacorte Fountain with their little boy (Brawley Nolte) in tow. They allow the boy to play with his kite a few feet away from them, they see him, and for an instant they take his eyes off him—and then he's gone. It's the ultimate fulfillment of New York paranoia, and it's chilling. But that's it. *Ransom* is monotonous and tiresome. What happened to director Ron Howard's steady calm, which was so admirable in *Apollo 13*? This movie isn't about a bank heist or a terrorist attack; it's about the kidnapping of a child, and one wants more repose and reflection, a greater intimacy. Howard won't stop moving the camera and cutting: The anguish of Tom and Kate as they try to figure out what to do with the ransom demands is so jaggedly shot and edited that the scenes never build to their proper pitch of human emotion. *Ransom* is not a stupidly amoral movie like *Sleepers*, but it lacks sensitivity. The picture turns into a celebration of Tom's toughness, and we get the unfortunate impression that Tom's moral victory is more important than getting his child back. (Denby; 11/11/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six.*

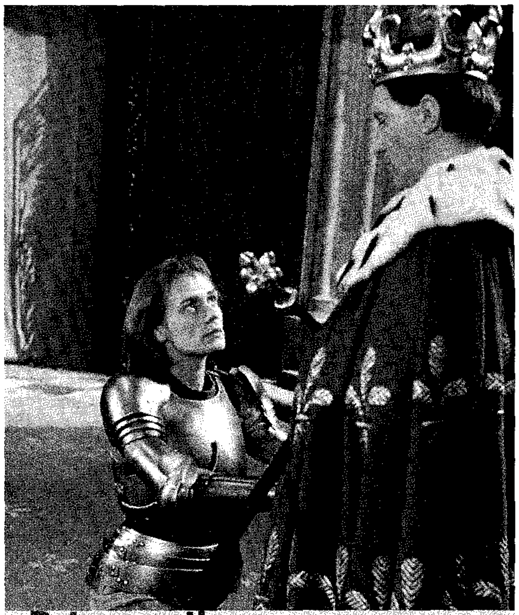
Romeo and Juliet—Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio star in Baz Luhrman's bold adaptation, which transposes the tragedy to modern times, text intact. With Paul Sorvino, John Leguizamo, and Pete Postlethwaite. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

The Secret Agent—An agent provocateur (Bob Hoskins) is sent to infiltrate a band of political dissidents in Victorian England with disastrous consequences. Based on the book by Joseph Conrad. Written and directed by Christopher Hampton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Crown Gotham; Waverly; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne (Clair Rushbrook). Night after night, the two women, who have ordinary factory and street-sweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house, tearing at each other. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. *Secrets & Lies* is about the separation of mothers and daughters; it's about the shame, fear, and vanity that drive people apart, even as they long for closeness and connection. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Set It Off—Four African-American women from the L.A. projects turn, in desperation, to a life of crime. With Jada Pinkett, Queen Latifah, Kimberly Elise, and Blair Underwood. Directed by Blair Underwood. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

★**A Single Girl**—Early on a gray Paris morning, Valerie (Virginie Ledoyen) meets her boyfriend, Remi (Benoit Magimel), at a café. She tells him that she is pregnant, and that she wants to have the baby. Remi struggles to find a response, at which point Valerie shrugs him off and walks out, striding across the street and around the corner, where she enters the side door of a four-star hotel and begins her first day of work. Valerie is a room-service waitress; her job requires her to enter rooms with a breakfast tray and wake people up, sometimes to interrupt their lovemaking, to invade their privacy—an act, we realize, that is really an invasion of her privacy. The movie is an experiment that works brilliantly, and it should make an international star out of Ledoyen. We stay with this imperious girl for about two hours of her life, moment by moment, corridor by corridor, room by room. The director, Benoit Jacquot, skips a few minutes here and there, but mostly the film is shot in real time, and Jacquot captures the physical and spiritual geography of Valerie's existence—the large and small encounters, the exasperations, the moments of menace and pleasure. Jacquot's intimacy with his willful heroine suggests a domesticated Godard—a friendly descendant of the New Wave who prizes experience more than fable, temperament more than political ideas, and reconciliation more than



Retrospective Art Nouveau

Jacques Rivette is roundly considered the most avant-garde of the French New Wavers and is given, as the French often are, to *very* lengthy explorations of the human psyche. One of his most recent and fascinating epics—1993's *Jeanne la Pucelle* (with Sandrine Bonnaire, above, as Joan of Arc)—will be screened during a tribute to Rivette at Anthology Film Archives, beginning November 15. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

aesthetic subversion. *A Single Girl* uses radical technique to achieve conservative (but stirring) humanist ends. By the end of the movie, we understand many things about Valerie, among them the plain truth that we really can't hope to understand her at all. The miracle is that she's both a representative type—a proud, working-class Parisian young woman—and an untamable individual. (Denby; 11/4/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sleepers—Barry Levinson's movie version of Lorenzo Carcaterra's notorious book is muffled and convoluted. When Carcaterra's "nonfiction memoir" came out last year, a number of reviewers smelled a fabrication, and a bad fabrication at that. Whether the story is literally true is not the point: as much as journalism, fiction needs to be "true" (although perhaps in different ways). The trouble with Carcaterra is that he's a lousy liar, and his faking can't be disguised. Transferred to the screen, *Sleepers* feels unconvincing in every frame. Four young boys, growing up in Hell's Kitchen in the sixties, get sent to reform school, where they are sexually abused by sadistic guards. Years later, the four young men, now in their twenties, carry out an elaborate scheme of revenge against their tormentors. The plan requires fixing a New York murder trial and persuading a priest to lie; it also requires the assistance of "friendly" mafiosi and drug dealers—benevolent men who only want to help four unremarkable characters and who commit murder as a favor. At the beginning of the movie, we see the boys' early years in Hell's Kitchen—a series of hazy, affectionate memories. We're set up for a tale of innocence despoiled. The tone is very high-minded—yet Levinson is stuck. Without the rape and torture in the reformatory, he's got no movie, so he returns to the sadism over and over again. The movie never breaks free, and it's pretty obvious why. Shame is less a dramatic emotion than it is a reflex, a way of covering wounds; it's a murderously difficult emotion to bring alive. When the four boys (Jason Patric, Brad Pitt, Ron Edlard, and Billy Crudup) meet as grown-ups, they can barely look one another in the face. Shame is really the only thing this movie has to draw on, and Levinson can't get the story moving; he can't build any tensions or release the emotions—not even the pleasures of revenge. (Denby; 11/4/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Space Jam—A vehicle for NBA all-stars, including Michael Jordan, and the Warner Bros. stable of Looney Tunes characters. Directed by Joe Pytka. (PG) *Area theaters.*

Surviving Picasso—Anthony Hopkins, playing the guy with the brush, has never seemed so happy or comfortable in his barrel-chested little frame, or so sexual. He falls for the young and beautiful Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone), an art student, and she becomes part of his orbit. This latest Merchant Ivory production is skillful and beautiful to look at, but there's an element of disingenuousness to it. The movie is shocked that the artist is ruthless and dominating, a man who takes pleasure in manipulating other people, then turns playful as a child. Whatever anyone says to him, he asserts his predominance—he's smarter and tougher and greedier and more spiritual than you are, all at once—and the whole world waits on his pleasure. The movie is populated by women who have been hit by Picasso like a hurricane and left battered in his wake. But how can you chase a whirlwind and then expect him to act like a proper bourgeois husband? He's a bastard, but a very famous bastard, and apparently there are benefits—erotic, material, even spiritual—in being attached to him. (Denby; 10/7/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theater.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street Six.*

Thinner—Robert John Burke stars as a man who cannot stop losing weight. Adapted from the novel by Stephen King. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas.*

Three Lives and Only One Death—Marcello Mastroianni stars in Raul Ruiz's surreal comedy about one man's multiple rich experiences. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Trainspotting**—Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, the movie celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton (Ewan McGregor), may be a working-class squatter and a hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. And as McGregor recites the very chipper narration, we may think that he's a scoundrel and a cheat, but at least he never lies to us. *Trainspotting* is far from a raw documentary, but it is precisely this evasion of realism that makes it so much fun. The boys shoot heroin and fall down in pleasure; they commit every imaginable crime against bourgeois property; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive; the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters are held together by Renton's narration and the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. But when *Trainspotting* stops being funny and tries to pull us up with tragedy and pathos, it falls flat on its face. The hip brutality that is an acceptable comic convention seems utterly pathetic when it's a question of a baby dying of neglect and innocent people getting bloodied in pub fights. These boys don't become addicts because they are failures or victims or because they are unhappy and they can't face life; they become addicts because they want to experience more and more intense pleasures. *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure. The movie has less to do with heroin than with Henry Miller's Paris novels and the punks of twenty years ago. (Denby; 8/12/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

★**Trees Lounge**—The comic New York actor Steve Buscemi has a wide, lipless smile, glassy eyes, a general thinness and paleness of body, and a manner that mixes anxiety with a surly defiance heading nowhere. Buscemi plays losers whose intelligence can't save them from humiliation; he's so funny because he accepts nothing—he complains vigorously, profanely, but with an eerie detachment, as if he were a man watching himself slowly drown. Buscemi has had a personal triumph with *Trees Lounge,* his first film as a director (he also wrote the script): He has successfully transferred his saturnine character and sensibility to a feature-length movie. In a suburban bar—not a gritty city watering hole but a cave for losers in a middle-class paradise—the regular patrons, including Buscemi's out-of-work mechanic, Tommy, drink themselves into a fog. Tommy is younger and more restless than the others; the movie chronicles his flailing efforts to distinguish himself from this community of drinking dead, a group that Buscemi observes with a mixture of contempt and compassion almost worthy of Eugene O'Neill. (Denby; 11/11/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII.*

Twelfth Night—Director Trevor Nunn's adaptation of the Shakespearean comedy, with Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, and Ben Kingsley. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village East; Regency.*

Unhook the Stars—Gena Rowlands stars as a lonely woman who bonds with an eccentric single mother (Marisa Tomei). Written and directed by Nick Cassavetes. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

★**Vertigo**—For those who know it, seeing Hitchcock's 1958 movie again is like returning to a country where emotions are so powerful, they come close to pain. For the uninitiated, the experience could be overwhelming. This is a very strange work, a movie whose greatness may be commensurate with its oddity. James Stewart's retired police detective feels not the slightest attraction to Barbara Bel Geddes's commercial artist, an intelligent woman completely devoted to him, but he falls in love with Kim Novak, the dreamy wife he is hired to trail. In many ways, Bel Geddes is prettier than Novak, who, poured into her clothes,

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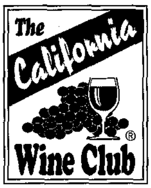
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quivering and sensitive but utterly remote, seems almost stupefied by her own sensuality. When the Novak character dies, Stewart, desolate, tries to turn another woman into a carbon copy of her. *Vertigo* is the most beautiful movie ever made about the fetishism that is at the heart of sexual passion for so many men. The movie suggests that to be sexually aroused, a man must be obsessed in some way—in love with an ideal or with an image in his head. It says that romantic love, for men, is essentially crazy. In Hitchcock, the perverse and the normal are always at war—but in this one movie, Hitchcock is shockingly romantic. (Denby; 10/21/96) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Ziegfeld.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breathing Room; Looking for Richard; Romeo and Juliet; Secrets & Lies; Swingers; The Funeral.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Bound.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Champagne Safari.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *A Single Girl; Anna; Microcosmos.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Beautiful Thing; Everything Relative; Frames of Life; Palookaville.* Opening 11/8: *Paris Was a Woman.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Basquiat; Trainspotting.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Big Night; Michael Collins; Mother Night; Ransom; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Twelfth Night.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Hype; Mad Dog Time; Set It Off; Sleepers; Surviving Picasso; The Ghost and the Darkness; Trees Lounge.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Larger Than Life; Secret Agent; Thinner.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Big Night; Michael Collins; Ransom; Set It Off; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Closed for Renovations.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Romeo and Juliet.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Bad Moon; Sleepers; Thinner.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *First Wives Club; High School High; Larger Than Life; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Associate; Thinner.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Michael Collins; Ransom; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Grace of My Heart; She's the One.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Basquiat.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Ghost and the Darkness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Mad Dog Time; Romeo and Juliet; The Chamber.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Palookaville; The Proprietor.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Jude.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Mother Night; Swingers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Bad Moon; Get on the Bus; High School High; Larger Than Life; Set It Off; The Glimmer Man.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Secret Agent.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) Opening 11/8: *Ransom.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *First Wives Club; Thinner.* Opening 11/8: *The Associate.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) Opening 11/8: *Ransom.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Independence Day; A Time To Kill.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Romeo and Juliet; The Chamber.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Dear God; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Ransom.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *A Time To Kill; A Very Brady Sequel; Independence Day; She's the One; Spitfire Grill; Tin Cup; The Fan.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Vertigo.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Unhook the Stars.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Bad Moon; Fly Away Home; The Chamber.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Ransom.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael Collins.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Big Night; Larger Than Life; The Ghost and the Darkness; Thinner.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday; High School High.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Dear God; Sleepers.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *High School High; Larger Than Life; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Associate; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *First Wives Club.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Dear God.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Secret Agent.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Ransom; Swingers; The Funeral; Thinner.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beautiful Thing; Big Night; Looking for Richard; Secrets & Lies; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; Three Lives and Only One Death.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *First Wives Club; Fly Away Home; High School High; Larger Than Life; Mad Dog Time; Michael Collins; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Unhook the Stars.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *First Wives Club; Sleepers.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Bad Moon; High School High; Set It Off; Thinner.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Bad Moon; High School High; Larger Than Life; Set It Off.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Larger Than Life; Thinner.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Twelfth Night.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Bad Moon; Dear God; Get on the Bus; High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Bad Moon; D3: The Mighty Ducks; High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Sleepers; Big Night.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Bad Moon; D3: The Mighty Ducks; Dear God; High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Associate, The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Bad Moon; Dear God; First Wives Club Fly Away Home; Larger Than Life; Michael Collins Romeo and Juliet; The Associate; Thinner.*

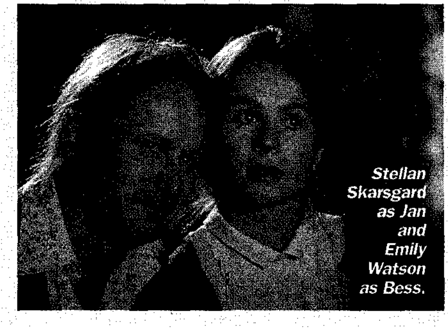
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dea God; Romeo and Juliet.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700 *Dear God; High School High; Set It Off.*

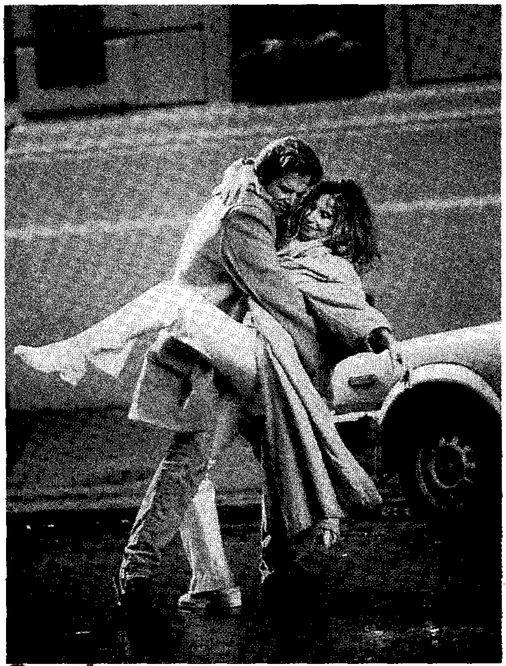
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Big Night Ransom; Secrets & Lies; Sleepers; The Associate.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *High School High; Ransom; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.* Opening 11/6: *Set It Off.*

Preview
Good Girls Don't


Stellan Skarsgard as Jan and Emily Watson as Bess.

B*reaking the Waves,* the fifth film by Lars von Trier (*Zentropa*) and winner of the Grand Jury Prize at Cannes, has become the "it" flick among the film-wonk set. But while this tragic melodrama about a sheltered Scottish girl's love for her worldly husband is beautifully photographed and acted, it's embarrassingly retro in its sexual politics. When Jan, the unapologetically manly oil rigger, finally falls in love and wants to get married, it's with Bess, a girl so innocent she's not even sure what sex is. Jan resolves to show her, and the scenes in which he awakens Bess's sexuality are reminiscent of kiddie porn. After Jan is critically injured at sea, he further leads Bess astray, convincing her that her promiscuity will aid his recovery. In movies where the converse holds—a sexually aggressive older woman seduces an innocent boy (à la *The Graduate, To Die For*)—the predatory female invariably ends up dead, or at least loathsome, by the time the credits roll. But Jan walks away unscathed, while young Bess gets what all bad girls have coming, at least according to film justice. Exactly the sort of bushwa we hoped to avoid at art houses. But then again, that's where we first came across Paul Verhoeven. CHRISTINA KELLY



Opening

Tryst and Shout

Barbra Streisand allows lover boy Jeff Bridges to take the lead—if only for a moment—in 'The Mirror Has Two Faces.' Babs's romantic comedy—about a bookish, dowdy woman hell-bent on seducing an inattentive Columbia professor—opens November 15.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *High School High; Ransom; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.* Opening 11/6: *Set It Off.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *High School High; Set It Off; Sleepers.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *First Wives Club; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; Thinner; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Looking for Richard; Michael Collins; Sleepers.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Set It Off.* Opening 10/16: *Get on the Bus.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *High School High; Ransom; Set It Off; Thinner.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *First Wives Club; High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Queens

Area Code 718

storia—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *High School High; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Larger Than Life; Michael Collins; Ransom; Sleepers; The Associate; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

inema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Larger Than Life; Sleepers; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.* Opening 11/6: *Set It Off.*

hotograph by Lawrence Schwartzwald/Columbia/TriStar.

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Dear God; The Associate.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Larger Than Life; Sleepers; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Ransom; Set It Off.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Bad Moon; High School High; Larger Than Life; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *First Wives Club; High School High; Set It Off; The Associate; Thinner.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Secrets & Lies; Michael Collins.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Dear God; First Wives Club; High School High; Michael Collins; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; The Associate.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Ransom; Set It Off; Sleepers.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Bad Moon; Get on the Bus; Romeo and Juliet; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *First Wives Club; High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Big Night; That Thing You Do.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Larger Than Life; Set It Off.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Larger Than Life; Ransom; Set It Off; Sleepers; Thinner.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dear God; First Wives Club; Romeo and Juliet; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *First Wives Club.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Big Night; Fly Away Home; High School High; Larger Than Life; Michael Collins; Ransom; Sleepers.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *High School High; Larger Than Life; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; The Associate.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; High School High; Larger Than Life; Michael Collins; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; The Associate; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

Cinema Village—11/15-11/21: "Italian Film Week" 11/15-11/17: *Background Noises.* 11/15, 11/16, and 11/19: *Hotel Paura.* 11/15, 11/16, and 11/18: *Isotta.* 11/15, 11/17, and 11/19: *The Second Time.* 11/16, 11/18, 11/20: *Painese Nunzio, Fourteen in May.* 11/17: *The Reel.* 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

Museum of Modern Art—11/14: *Dirty Money/A Cop* (1972). 11/14 and 11/15: *Army of Shadows* (1969). 11/15: *The Godson* (1967). 11/16: *Magnet of Doom* (1962). 11/16 and 11/17: *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959). "A Miscellany of Artists." 11/17: *Breathless* (1969). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

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art

Dada...New Photography...David Shaw

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ronald Bladen—A retrospective of drawings and sculptural models by this artist (1918–1988) who made his name as a sculptor during the Minimalist movement of the sixties but began his career as a painter in the mid-forties; through 12/21. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Carol Diehl—Paintings whose grid patterns of colors, words, and symbols represent systematic records of the artist's daily activities; through 11/30. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Caio Fonseca—Paintings and works on paper completed over the summer at the artist's studio in the Tuscan village of Pietrasanta, Italy; through 11/30. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Patrick Heron/Alfred Maurer—Vividly colored abstract paintings from the past five years, created in the artist's studio in St. Ives, Cornwall/A selection of the the artist's late still lifes, portraits, and abstractions, covering the years 1920 to 1932. Through 11/29. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Henri Matisse—A survey of the artist's drawings; through 12/7. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Jean-Pierre Pinceman—Recent paintings by the French artist that use medieval engravings, images of Buddha, Japanese prints, and ancient medical diagrams as springboards; through 12/14. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—Recent paintings that distill landscapes to their essence; through 12/14. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Fernando Botero—Recent paintings by the Colombian artist, among them family scenes, portraits, landscapes, and still lifes; through 11/23. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Grisha Bruskin—Paintings and sculptures that employ mythological imagery and reflect the artist's interest in the esoteric literature of Jewish mysticism, the Cabala; through 11/23. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Chuck Close—A selection of large-scale prints, personal photographs, memorabilia, reviews, articles, and exhibition catalogues; through 1/6. Archives of American Art, 1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Elaine de Kooning—Paintings made between 1955 and 1965, including abstract works first seen in her 1957 exhibition at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery; two major landscapes painted in the sixties during her stay in New Mexico; and a ten-foot standing informal portrait of John F. Kennedy painted in 1963; through 11/30. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Eric Fischl—New paintings whose somber images of statues and figures in the interiors of Baroque churches were inspired by the artist's trip to Rome last year following the death of his father; through 12/26. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photography
Fresh Takes

The works of the six photographers in MOMA's twelfth-annual "New Photography" show are nothing if not diverse, among them Richard Billingham's bracingly candid images of his parents, his younger brother, and their life in a housing project in Birmingham, England (above). 11 West 53rd Street; through February 4, 1997.

Andy Goldsworthy—Drawings, photographs, and installations that evoke winter and cold, among them a series of "snowball" drawings paired with photographs in order to show the site from which he gathered the snow; through 1/4. Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Luke Gray—Recent abstract paintings whose swirling brushstrokes suggest phenomenological effects; through 12/7. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

Lester Johnson—A survey of paintings from the eighties and nineties, most of which explore the urban crowd as subject matter; through 11/30. Peter Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (644-4433).

Michael Lucero—A survey of ceramic sculptures from 1979 to 1995, concurrent with a retrospective of the artist's work at the American Craft Museum (see "Museums"); through 11/30. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Man Ray—Drawings, collages, cliché-verres, paintings, photographs, and other works made by the artist in his studio on rue Férou in Paris, where he lived and worked from 1951 until his death in 1976; through 1/4/97. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Mark Mennin—An installation of carved granite sculptures; through 12/7. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

Ron Nagle/Adrian Saxe—Recent ceramic works by both; through 12/7. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Gerhard Richter—New paintings, including both abstract and realist works; through 11/30. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Arnaldo Roche—New paintings; through 12/21. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Lucas Samaras—A survey of works made between 1958 and 1996, including objects, jeweled pieces, boxes, chair transformations, Formica cubes, mosaic paintings, and pastels; through 11/30. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Gwenn Thomas—*Pencil Rug,* a work that consists of hundreds of pencil fragments laid on the floor, and *Brush,* a cast-caramel sculpture; through 12/7. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Zao Wou-Ki—An exhibition of the artist's abstract ink paintings from 1982 to the present, honoring his friendship with the art dealer Pierre Matisse; through 1/20/97. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Elaine Anthony—Recent abstract mixed-media paintings; through 12/3. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Ida Applebroog—A new series of "White" paintings of large white images and freestanding canvases from her "Marginalia" series that depict disquieting interactions between individuals; through 12/7. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Mark Asterlund—Abstract paintings whose forms suggest a planetary or protoplasmic cosmos; through 12/3. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Willie Birch—New paper-maché and mixed-media sculptures that transform ordinary objects, such as a gnarled walking stick or a sitting stool, into mnemonics of African-American experience; through 12/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Mel Bochner—A survey of works from the past 30 years, among them photo pieces from the mid-sixties, installations from the early seventies, and paintings and sculptures from the late eighties to the present; through 11/30. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Alighiero E Boetti/Kim MacConnel—Works made be-

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

tween 1973 and 1994, including tapestry pieces and works on paper/Paintings and photographs inspired by the artist's trips to India. Through 12/21. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Robert Colescott—Paintings on paper and large-scale charcoal drawings on the theme of racial and sexual stereotyping; through 1/4. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Rochelle Feinstein/Chakaia Booker—Paintings that destroy and remake the grid through the addition of tourist napkins, her jeans, photocopies of crocheted blankets, and other materials/Sculptures constructed from discarded car tires. Through 12/7. Protech, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Teresita Fernández—An installation by the Miami-based artist that suggests a pool; through 11/30. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Alvaro A. Garcia—Sculptures that use industrial metal shelving and other materials to transform and push the physical limitations of the gallery, by a Cuban-born artist; through 12/21. Harwood, 304 Mulberry St. (343-1503)

Jasper Johns—A selection of the artist's prints from 1960 to 1996; through 12/14. Castelli, 578 Broadway (941-9855).

Dietrich Ian Lafferty/Mathias Schauwecker—Large-scale drawings by both; through 12/7. Radix, 462 Broome St. (431-7783).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings that use color to elicit visual intimacy and emotional immediacy; through 12/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Gordon Matta-Clark—A survey of works from the artist's various projects completed before 1974, among them *Walls paper,* composed from photographs he took of the interiors of abandoned New York City buildings and reproduced on long rolls of newsprint; through 12/14. Fung, 537 Broadway (334-6242).

Wendy Miller—Recent gouache paintings whose curvaceous letters, biomorphic shapes, geometric planes, and concentric-ringed mandalas explore the painting process as a site for healing and transformation; through 12/7. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Bruce Nauman—New video installations and bronze sculptures of hands and thumbs; through 12/14. At Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685) and Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Balder Olrik—Large-scale computer-manipulated and painted photographs by a Danish artist; through 11/23. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Tom Palmore—Recent paintings of animals in incongruous settings; through 11/30. Cacciola, 125 Wooster St. (966-9177).

Irving Petlin—A series of paintings titled "Paris Is White" that were inspired by the river Seine in January; through 12/21. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Rona Pondick—Diaristic drawings from the artist's recently completed limited-edition book; through 12/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Liliana Porter—Paintings and photographs that depict toys, figurines, and other objects in lifelike relationships; through 11/30. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Matthew Ritchie—Paintings, sculpture, and wall drawings that make up a project titled "The Hard Way"; through 11/23. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Brian Rutenberg—Recent paintings that play on the abstract qualities of water; through 11/30. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Lucas Samaras—Polaroids from the artist's "Phototransformations" series created between 1973 and 1976, including works from his personal collection that have never been exhibited as well as museum and private loans; through 12/14. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Claude Samton—The artist's "photomosaics," each one created by piecing together a myriad of snapshots of an urban scene; through 11/30. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100)..

Beverly Semmes—An installation of a new oversize, motorized dress sculpture by this artist, whose work is also on view at the Whitney Museum of Art at Philip Morris (see "Museums"); through 11/30. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Richard Serra—New sculpture; through 12/14. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

David Shaw—New works; through 11/16. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Donald Sultan—Recent charcoal and conté drawings of billiard and beach balls, pomegranates, and buttons, and small-scale paintings of fruits and vegetables that explore the relationships between abstract space and recognizable forms; through 12/7. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Stanley Twardowicz—Sprayed acrylic paintings based on the motif of a single luminous oval, made during the late sixties; through 12/28. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Arie Van Selm—Paintings in which calligraphic outlines of human profiles are aligned against abstract backgrounds; through 12/7. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

William Wegman—New paintings and drawings; through 11/30. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Andrea Zittel—Five versions of the artist's latest invention, the A-Z Escape Vehicle; through 12/7. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Other

Carl Andre—A survey of the artist's minimal sculptures from the past 30 years; through 11/24. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven new paintings on shaped canvases by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through 1/19. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Susan Mayr—Paintings of abstracted landscapes; through 12/8. Bridges + Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (477-1820).

Stephen Mueller—New paintings whose diluted colors and shapes reflect the artist's interests in mysticism and music; through 12/9. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Lisa Ruyter—Paintings of movie posters designed to advertise films of the artist's imagination; through 11/30. One Great Jones, 1 Great Jones St. (460-8456).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Works by first-generation Latin American artists such as Torres-Garcia, Rivera, Vargas, others; through 1/31.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Portraits by Close, Katz, Warhol, others; through 12/21.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (772-7237). American neoclassical sculpture, with works in marble by Calder, Di Suvero, Serra, and Smith; through 12/21.

Jordan-Volpe—958 Madison Ave. (570-9500). Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings from the Brooklyn Museum's collection, including works by Church, Mount, and Sargent; through 12/7.

L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur—36 E. 73rd St. (517-9176). "The Enlightened Eye: Images of Nature Observed and Perfected," an exhibition of European drawings, gouache and tempera paintings, and watercolors on paper and parchment; through 1/10.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The Subverted Object," with works by artists continuing the Dadaist and Surrealist legacy, including Ray, Oppenheim, Westermann, others; through 1/4.

Urban Center—457 Madison Ave. (753-1722). "Portugal: Of Sea, Stone, and Cities," a survey of contemporary Portuguese architecture through documentation in models, drawings, and photographs of one project each by ten of Portugal's leading architects; through 12/7.

Talent ***If outdoor furniture could express a oneness with nature, it might resemble David Shaw's life-size, handmade chair, table, and bench sculptures, whose appearance of radiant depth is created through coatings of holographic laminate. At Caren Golden Fine Art, 39 Wooster Street; through November 16.***

Winston Wächter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). "Pop: Then and Now," with works by Lichtenstein, Oldenberg, Rosenquist, Thiebaud, Warhol; through 11/29.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Twentieth-century Latin American painting, with portraits by Elizondo and Galan, plus a Toledo gouache; through 11/30.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Painting and sculpture by twentieth-century masters including Brancusi, Leger, Mondrian, Pollock; through 12/21.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5135). "Signs and Symbols," paintings and works on paper by Basquiat, Cornell, Johns, Twombly, others; through 12/21.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Works by Darrel Ellis in the sixth-floor gallery, through 2/25; a distillery installation by Dan Mihaltianu, through 1/1.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (966-1434). Works by ten artists living with HIV/AIDS and two PWAs who have died; through 12/4.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). An installation of Antonin Artaud's "real" drawings by the Trickster Theater; through 12/21.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Paintings by Bill Komoski, woven cube sculpture by Jim Isermann, and photography by Roman Slocombe; through 11/23.

Franklin Furnace—112 Franklin St. (925-4671). Technology and its effect on authorship, with works by LeWitt, Lawler, the Guerrilla Girls, others; through 12/21.

Markey—55 Vandam St. (627-4446). Graphite drawings by Bontecue, Lozano, Stout, others; through 11/30.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by contemporary Native American artists, including Amiotte, Michelson, Rickard, others; through 12/14.

Other

I.C.E.—521 W. 23rd St. (727-3612). Sculpture and paintings by De Chirico, Gerardi, Martini, Youl, others; through 12/1.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "The Strange Power of Cheap Sentiment," with works by Albenda, Hatfield, Pearson, others; through 11/27.

Photography

Julia Margaret Cameron—Victorian portraits and studies; through 12/28. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Chuck Close—Prints made from Polaroids of Close's best-known subjects, including Lichtenstein, Katz, and Bleckner;

through 11/23. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Mary Courtney-Clarke—Photographs of Berber women in remote areas of North Africa; through 11/30. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Petah Coyne—Best known for her wax sculptures, Coyne here shows images taken in Japan and Mexico, and at a New York street fair; through 12/28. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

John Dugdale—Landscapes, still lifes, nudes; through 12/28. O'Connor, 60 Thomas St. (406-0040).

Nan Goldin—Photographs of children taken over the past two decades by this photographer who is currently the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art (see Museum listings); through 12/15. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

ICP—1130 Fifth Avenue (860-1777). Works by Clarence White's students, including Bourke-White, Lange, Gilpin, others; photographs of Hong Kong by Masahiko Yamashita; through 1/12/97.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Avenue (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9/97.

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Women photographers of the last quarter-century, including works by Edelson, Mori, Wilke, others; through 12/7.

Tseng Kwong Chi—Self-portraits taken around the world—in front of Lady Liberty, with Mickey Mouse, posed before a Buddha in Kamakura—before the artist's death from AIDS in 1989; through 11/30. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

David LaChapelle—Fantastical photographs of celebrities and other pop-cultural objects; through 11/30. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Abelardo Morell—"Home and the World," recent camera obscura work plus new images of maps; through 11/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Sam Samore—Staged black-and-white photographs of actors in scenarios with no fixed narratives; through 12/7. Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St. (627-6628).

Margaret Watkins—Still-life compositions, portraits, nude studies, landscapes, and commercial works; through 1/4. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

WoWe—Portraits from 1984 to the present, including photographs of Haring, Pei, and Sontag; through 12/21. Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. (966-6882).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Leonardo's Codex Leicester: A Masterpiece of Science." On loan from William H. Gates III, the only manuscript by Leonardo da Vinci still in private hands combines drawings and text to explain the whole of nature; through 1/1. . . . "Okavango: Africa's Last Eden." Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Queens Museum of Art and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace Benefit Exhibition." Works by more than 100 artists who have exhibited in the museum's annual Artist in Marketplace shows over the past fifteen years; through 12/7. . . . "Artist in the Mar-

Retrospective

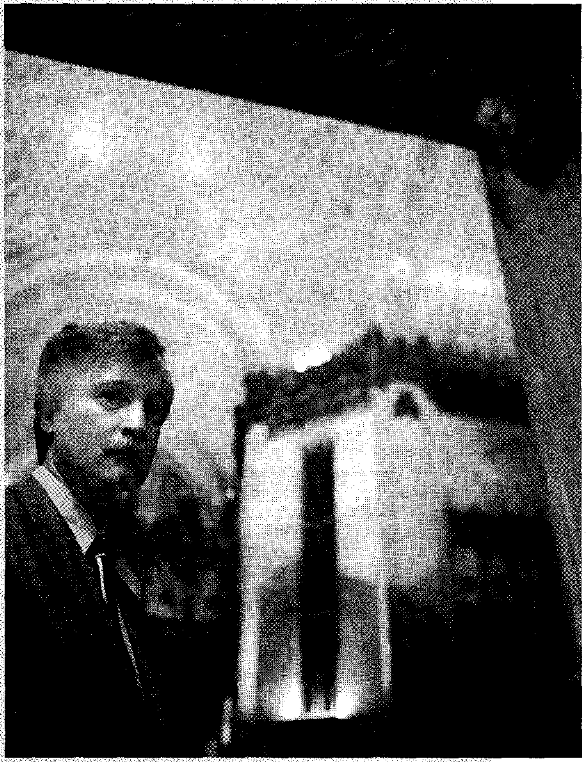
Dada's Detective

Some art historians have a private investigator's skill at ferreting out information; few have the tenacity and single-mindedness of Francis Naumann, curator of "Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York," opening at the Whitney Museum next week. Naumann's research of New York Dada—the rebellious anti-art movement that got its name in Zurich and flourished here between 1915 and 1923—started in 1974, the year he began studying the life of Marcel Duchamp (1887–1968). His first mission was to gain entry to the artist's last two Upper West Side addresses. The reception at 246 West 73rd Street, where Duchamp lived in 1920 and worked on his motorized optical device, *Rotary Glass Plates,* was anything but promising. "I had a photograph of Duchamp standing with the work in his basement apartment," says Naumann, who peered through various windows until he recognized a wall sconce from the photograph. He knocked. A woman dressed in a bathrobe opened the door a few inches but kept it chained. "I explained why I wanted to see her apartment. She listened patiently and then asked, 'Are you finished?' I said 'Yes,' and she slammed the door in my face." Undeterred, he went to 33 West 67th Street, where another of Duchamp's apartments, a small studio, had adjoined the duplex of the late art patrons Walter and Louise Arensberg, creators of the New York Dada salon. He rang all the buzzers. "The photographer Arnold Newman, who lived there, was the only one who responded. He let me in and later told me that he had photographed Duchamp." Newman introduced Naumann to Peter Rose, who was on the building's board and handed over its ledger books to Naumann. (The ledgers showed Duchamp's rent to be $58.33 a month in 1916, raised to $75 in 1917, and paid throughout by Walter Arensberg in exchange for his work *The Large Glass.*) Through Rose, Naumann got into both the studio and duplex apartments. The Arensberg spread, now owned by restaurateur George Lang (Café des Artistes), had been completely renovated, but Duchamp's, then owned by a Mr. and Mrs. Ruttencutter, both writers, was virtually unchanged.

A visit to the Woolworth Building (above), which Duchamp had considered declaring one of his "ready-mades," was also revealing. "I entered the lobby, and saw the caryatid of old-man Woolworth himself, counting his nickels and dimes," Naumann says. "Nowhere else in America could one find a symbol that more strongly opposed a central motivation behind the creation of a ready-made, which is to devalue art—considered by most the highest-priced commodity on earth, something attainable only by the very rich, like Woolworth."

The continuing disparity between a ready-made and a "work of art" was made painfully clear the day Naumann had a television set delivered to his apartment, forgetting that its bearer might question the placement of a urinal in the middle of his living room (Naumann briefly owned a 1964 edition of Duchamp's classic). "I started to explain, and he said, 'You don't have to. You're a New Yorker; you can piss anywhere you want.' "

EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16/97. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16/97. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Open-Air Painting." An exhibition of landscape paintings by 48 European artists who worked in Italy between 1780 and 1840, among them nineteen paintings by Jean-Baptiste Corot (1796–1875) made during his first visit to Italy; through 1/12. . . . "Mine: Grand Lobby Installation by Rona Pondick"; 11/13–1/4. . . . "Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19. . . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tue. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3. $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum" through 2/15. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: *Kulturgeschicte* 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Drawing Center—"Plains Indian Drawings 1865–1935: Pages From a Visual History." The first extensive survey of late-nineteenth and early- twentieth-century Plains Indian drawings, known as ledger drawings, from those of the Lakota on the northern plains to the Kiowa in the South; through 12/21. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–6, Wed. 10–8, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Day of the Dead." Popular objects associated with the Mexican holy day known as the "Day of the Dead"; through 11/22. . . . "The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; through 1/12. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Queens Museum of Art; through 12/23. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective." The most comprehensive survey ever presented of the artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 1/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Max Beckmann in Exile." The first exhibition to examine the German Expressionist's work made during his years as an expatriate in Holland and the United States; through 1/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19/97. . . . "Louis Kahn Drawings: Travel Sketches and Synagogue Projects." A survey of the architect's drawings and models for synagogues; through 12/15. . . . "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19. . . . "The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945"; through 12/1. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Corot." The first American retrospective of the French artist's work in 35 years gathers some 150 paintings from public and private collections; through 2/2. . . . "Masterpieces in Little: Portrait Miniatures From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 1/5. . . . "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; through 1/12. . . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "Artists for Victory." A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art, "Artists for Victory," held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43"; through 1/12. . . . "Two by Two." An exhibition comparing men's and women's clothing from 1700 to the present; through 11/17. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"The Art of the Baga: A Drama of Cultural Reinvention"; through 1/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art"; through 1/5. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly twenty years; through 1/21. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4. . . . "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper." An exhibition of the drawings of the writer, critic, film actor, stage director, and poet, including approximately 70 works dating from 1937 to 1948 and a small selection of photographs, first editions, and letters; through 1/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. . . . "Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Powerful Expressions: Recent American Drawings"; through 1/5. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Jacob Lawrence Selects Paintings From the Permanent Collection"; through 1/12. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"A History of Women Photographers." A historical survey of women's contributions to the field of photography; through 1/4. . . . "The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Robert Fulton: An American Leonardo?" Letters, sketches, and paintings by the eighteenth-century American painter-inventor; through 1/5. . . . "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A retrospective of works by the designer; through 1/5. . . . "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher"; through 1/5. . . . "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 1/5. . . . "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman"; through 1/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Thailand, the Philippines, South Korea, and Indonesia organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"In the Spirit of Resistance: African-American Modernists and the Mexican Muralist School." An exhibition focusing on the influence of the Mexican muralists and printmakers of the Taller de Gráfica Popular on African-American artists from the thirties through the fifties; through 12/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2." An exhibition of works culled from the museum's collection curated by Jean-Christophe Ammann, director of the Museum für Moderne Kunst in Frankfurt, Germany; through 1/5. . . . "Nan Goldin: 'I'll Be Your Mirror.'" The first retrospective of works by this photographer known for her gritty images of the sexual and cultural urban underground of the past two decades; through 1/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Breuer's Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition"; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Beverly Semmes: She Moves." An installation by this artist who uses monumental scale to comment on clothing as a form of cultural and personal expression; through 1/4. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 11/13 at 7 and 11/14 at 10:30 and 2: "Impressionist and Modern Art." On view from 11/8.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/13 at 10: "The Scientific and Antiquarian Library of Dr. Samuel Koslov." On view from 11/9. 11/19 at 10: "Contemporary Art." On view from 11/15.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/13 at 10: "Books, Maps, and Autographs." On view from 11/9. 11/13 at 12: "Old Master, Modern, and Contemporary Prints." On view from 11/9.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Works of Art." On view from 11/8. 11/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Wine." On view from 11/11. 11/19 at 7 and 11/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary Art." On view from 11/15.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 11/14 at 10:30 and 2: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 11/9.

theater

T.S. Eliot Acts Out...*God Said, 'Ha!'*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Chicago—Roxie Hart, a Jazz Age murderer, offs her lover and becomes a media darling. Kander/Ebb/Fosse's 1975 musical vaudeville is back, with a stellar cast: Ann Reinking (who also choreographed), Bebe Neuwirth, Joel Grey, and James Naughton. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/14 opening. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

It's a Slippery Slope—Spalding Gray's latest song of himself, loosely inspired by life after 50 and learning to ski. $30–$35. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Juan Darién, A Carnival Mass—Julie Taymor and Elliott Goldenthal's vivid puppet pageant, retelling an Uruguyan folktale of a jaguar that is turned into a boy, and back again. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/24 opening. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Julia Sweeney's "God Said, 'Ha!' "—The *Saturday Night Live* alum's one-woman show, telling what happens when life is going too well. $37.50– $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/19 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Present Laughter—Frank Langella stars in Scott Elliott's revival of Noël Coward's drawing-room comedy, making matinee-idol moves. $15– $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/18 opening. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's dark, wistful play, arguably his finest, returns under Nicholas Martin's direction. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/21 opening. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Previews

She Who Laughs, Lasts

The above maxim might be the guiding ethos behind Julia Sweeney's new one-woman show, 'God Said, "Ha!" ' Sweeney wrote the show after a promising suitor, a brilliant career (as, among others, the beguiling Pat on 'Saturday Night Live'), and a new home all went south at once.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, after successfully dusting off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.– Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 thereafter. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2,

Photograph by Peter Tangen.

Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

ove Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.– Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

laster Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (Evita) as the great monstre sacrée herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

liss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

he Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

ent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

ex and Longing—A new comedy by Christopher Durang, starring Sigourney Weaver as a woman who attempts to assuage the melancholy sense of displacement that is the abiding, inescapable burden of sad humanity by trying to have sex every fifteen minutes. Did that sentence end up the way you were expecting? $25–$45; a limited number of $15 student rush tickets will go on sale two hours before each performance. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/10/96. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40– $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon,* a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Taking Sides—Ed Harris stars as an American Nazi-war-crimes investigator, sparring with suspect conductor Wilhelm Furtwangler (Daniel Massey) over the question *Is art neutral?* $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/17/96. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and Camelot—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, Victor/Victoria will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Onstage
Waste Not

T. S. Eliot takes the New York stage with his poetry, once again, rather than his plays. This time it's not a megamusical about singing and dancing cats; it's *The Waste Land.* No humdrum poetry reading, this is an unusual, sometimes thrilling piece of theater performed by Fiona Shaw, who makes her long-awaited American debut.

New Yorkers who missed the opportunity to see the 37-year-old Irish-born actress's London triumphs—a lacerating Electra, a defiantly untamed Hedda Gabler, and her recent gender-transcending performance as Shakespeare's Richard II—can see Shaw, without props or scenery, bring to life Eliot's complex portrait of a spiritually starved postwar civilization. Shaw plunges into the fragmentary 430-line poem as it leaps cinematically through Eliot's self-styled "heap of broken images"—shards of urban city life, snatches of conversation, snippets from the entire body of world literature—carrying it forward to its hope-filled, cathartic ending. "It's like jumping from one play into another," says Shaw.

***The Waste Land* is considered a modernist landmark of English literature; by performing it in the decaying Liberty Theater (scheduled for restoration after the show's run) on 42nd Street, Shaw and her innovative director Deborah Warner hope to tap into the whole things-falling-apart vibe of the final decade of this century. "I think people's awareness is heightened by the architecture around them," says Shaw. "The poem changes its form and resonates more in different places; that's its real genius." Indeed, given that the entire Times Square area is being transformed to usher in a Disney-style millennium, Eliot's "great hymn to cities," as Shaw describes it, takes on new resonances. "Maybe," Shaw adds, "it's a fax from this century to the next." (From November 14 to December 15; Liberty Theatre, 234 West 42nd Street; 279-4200.)** **GERARD RAYMOND**

hotograph by Neil Libbert.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for an 11/20 opening. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Body of Work—In Theodora Skipitares's latest miniature work, more than 80 puppets trace the history of women's imprisonment and punishment through history. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 11/17. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Cakewalk—A personal reminiscence, of the kiss-and-tell variety, by playwright Peter Feibleman about his relationship with Lillian Hellman. Starring Linda Lavin. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/6. *Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Demonology—A new comedy by Kelly Stuart juxtaposing sex, sabotage, and breast-feeding at the headquarters of a baby-food manufacturer. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd (279-4200).*

Cooper *continued from page 99*
avoid an erection when they flip you over in the midst of your total-body massage. In short, the books are only so useful.

Most of my time on the *Crystal Harmony* is spent on the *Crystal Harmony.* These huge cruise ships, unfortunately, have made an ironic pact with the devil. The only ports spacious enough to accommodate one of these ships will have been ruined—yes—by the arrival of huge ships. In particular, your very ship will disgorge 1,000 eager tourists into each port as you land, making that town all but intolerable. You may as well hole up in your cabin and write a novel.

I do, however, decide to take one of the shore excursions at Grand Cayman, my final Caribbean destination. Grand Cayman itself, essentially one big offshore bank, is too rich for its own good: The locals have managed to erase the regional building style in favor of pink postmodern mall huts.

The excursion, however, confirms my first theory concerning the Caribbean: This is a land of exquisite wingspan. No ship—not even a vessel that could sleep blue whales athwart the deck—can compete with Nature when she yawns and spreads her wings. I take a boat down a canal and out to Stingray City, a sandbar off Grand Cayman where you can actually swim with the stingrays—huge, dangerous cartilaginous sea animals related to the shark. A stingray has no teeth to speak of, but the tail packs a vicious sting, said to be able to make a hardened sailor weep. Anyway, the stingrays off Grand Cayman get fed a lot by tour guides, and they're wonderfully tame.

I stand with my fellow tourists in about three feet of water, and the stingrays come at us from all directions. It's a bit scary. They're huge. The really big ones are three feet across. Luckily, all they really want to do is eat squid and cuddle: The underside of a stingray is white and soft, and they seem to enjoy being petted there. A stingray, I decide, is just a big squashed aquatic pussycat with a poisonous tail. That is, once the tourist trade has gently bribed it into submission with barrels of squid. Who am I to complain? Thanks to the subtle domestication of the deep, my last adventure in the Caribbean is a watery romp off Grand Cayman with huge prehistoric sea beasts, wide flat creatures with strange knowing eyes who surround me and slide over my shoulders and under my stomach, touching me with the soft underside of their wings before gliding off into the preternatural blue. ■

Douglas Cooper's novel Delirium *will be published by Hyperion next fall.*

Golden Child—David Henry Hwang's new drama, set in twenties China, about cultural upheaval inside and outside the family unit. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for an 11/17 opening. Through 12/1. *The Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Nine Armenians—An intimate portrait of three generations of an Armenian family by Leslie Ayvazian. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Paradise Is Closing Down—Race riots in Cape Town inspire self-examination by three cloistered white women. By Pieter-Dirk Uys. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 11/11. *28th St. Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (281-4880).*

The SantaLand Diaries—David Sedaris's decidedly un-Christmas-spirited tales. $37.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 11/7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

A Soldier's Play—Charles Fuller's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a murder investigation at a southern army camp during World War II. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *In previews for an 11/19 opening. Theatre four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's comic solo play with music, an autobiographical survey of the life of an accident-prone folksinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/20 opening. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

When the World Was Green/Chicago—The Signature Theatre Company's Sam Shepard season opens with these two one-act plays. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 11/7. *The Public/Susan Stein Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Andrew Carnegie Presents The Jew of Malta—Christopher Marlowe's farce has undergone a textual collision with an improvised take on the 1892 strike at industrialist Carnegie's Homestead steel mill. $15 Wed.–Thurs., $22.50 Fri. and Sat. All performances at 8. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 9th St. (633-1292).*

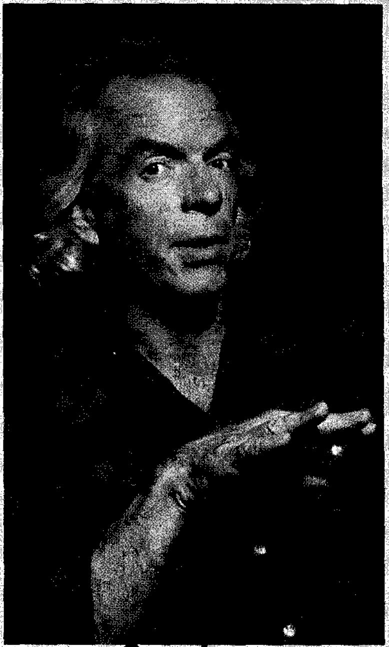
Baseball in Zanzibar—Set in a New Orleans mental-health clinic, Ty Adams's new play mines that dramatic chestnut—the line between imagination and insanity. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/27. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (388-8196).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Blues Are Running—Brothers Marcus and Paul Giamatti star in Michael Cristofer's two-man, six-couple tale of mistaken identity, murder, and multiple roles. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*



Opening
To Ski, or Not to Ski

Spalding Gray, back onstage performing part five of his peripatetic performance autobiography, addresses a subject dear to playgoers' hearts—life after 50—in *It's a Slippery Slope.* To make the metaphor flesh, skiing lessons figure prominently, though luckily sans snowblowers.

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets availabl one hour before curtain for all performances Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Perform ing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happi ly, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sulli van St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about middle-aged Manhattan couple's mid-life breaku $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it al and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long running musical spoof poking fun at the assorte absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive i town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propi tious time. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—Following its successful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wil son's one-woman show about *Vogue*'s Dian Vreeland, the woman who invented both con temporary fashion and—to hear her disciples te it—the color red, is back on Off Broadway for return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatr 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participatio comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. Whe Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensu among family members. $37.50–$57.50, whic includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. We and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vanda St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year more melancholy theater trends is the posthu mous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan

Photograph by Paula Cour

Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

he Importance of Being Earnest—Oscar Wilde's best-known and most giggle-generating farce gets a glamorous revival, with Eric Stoltz and Melissa Errico starring as the quip-crossed cousins, and Nancy Marchand as resident battle-ax Lady Bracknell. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/22. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

oe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's prize-winning play in a critically acclaimed revival. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (598-0400)*

ate Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

agic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

atty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

he New Bozena—A "slacker vaudeville," or grunge clowns. $25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

ld Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (580-1313).*

erfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

he Queen of Bingo—The bingo hall as a metaphor for life (or at least gambling, love, and weight loss), plus a chance for audience members to try their luck. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 5. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (239-6200).*

adio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

ed Devil Battery Sign—The New York premiere of one of Tennessee Williams's final works, starring Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

ix Characters in Search of an Author—Pirandello's revolutionary work, revived by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 33 Bowery (677-0060).*

tomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Street Scene—A revival of Elmer Rice's 1929 Pulitzer Prize–winning play, a Depression-era urban tragedy of immigrants, lovers, and radicals. $15. Thurs.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/17. *Willow Cabin Theatre Company at Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (886-1889).*

This Is Our Youth—A new play by Kenneth Lonergan set on one larcenous evening in 1982 New York. Starring Josh Hamilton. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

The Waiting Room—Refugees from vanity's trenches fill Lisa Loomer's doctor's office, where women seek cures for ancient and modern physical and emotional traumas caused by corsets, foot-binding, and breast implants. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

View of the Dome—"Theresa Rebeck's play—in which Emma, a young Washington lawyer, is the only full-time role, while six other actors portray 23 parts among them—lacerates in all directions, for the most part without overstepping the bounds of suave irony. No one escapes, from the political movers and shakers (who shake more than they move) to peripheral grotesques like an elderly southern couple on an Alaskan cruise. For as the author knows, we are all in this mess together, 'together' meaning that everyone pulls the same bone in his own, selfish direction." (Simon, 10/14/96.) $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Off-Off Broadway

Absent Friends—Alan Ayckbourn's comedy. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave. (924-8699).*

Alone at the Beach—Richard Dresser's comedy about six people sharing a house in the Hamptons. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Raw Space Theatre, 529 W. 42nd St. (841-0234).*

Barber of Seville—Not the opera, but de Beaumarchais's original play. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

The Collection/One for the Road—$15. Mon.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. (978-8923).*

Copernicus: Nothing Exists—$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 11/24. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (307-4100).*

Cybele: A Love Story—The world premiere of Paul Dick's musical version of Bernard Eschasseriaux's *Les Dimanches De Ville D'Avray.* $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 11/17. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Edward the Second—A downtown interpretation of Christopher Marlowe's classic treacherous tragedy. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Expanded Arts, 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).*

Go Go Go—A multimedia theater piece about the sex industry. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Goddess Cure—A quest for perfect love. $12. Thurs.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 11/15. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (242-5888).*

The Gravity of Means—John Kolvenbach's new comedy about a classic triangle. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *MCC Theatre, 129 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

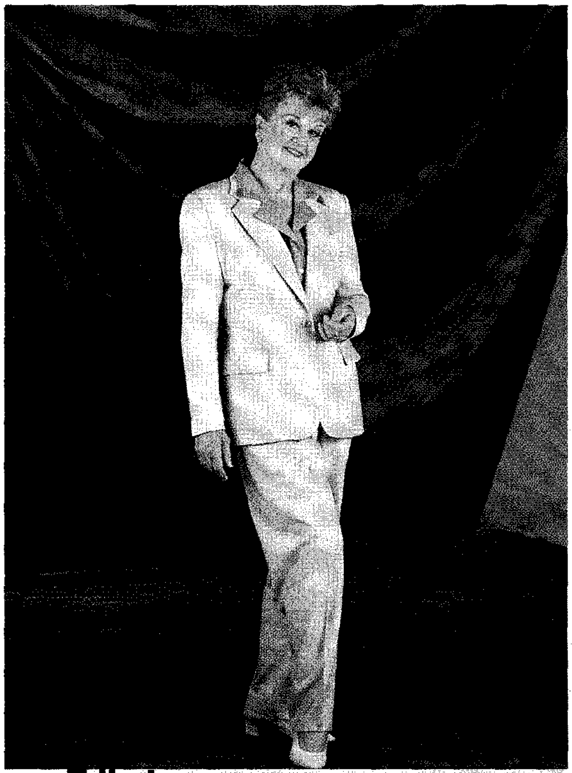
Hamlet—A masked version. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. *Bank St. Theatre, 155 W. Bank St. (479-7752).*

The Heather Woodbury Report, or What Ever—A one-woman interpretation of chapters of her unpublished novel, a performance epic. $10. Wed. at 8. *Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (673-4182).*

The Last Wedding—A new play about old love by Joan McHale. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/16. *Musical Theatre Works, 440 Lafayette St. (226-9476).*

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Frank McGuiness's hostage tale. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/24. *John Houseman Studio Theatre Too, 450 W. 42nd St. (369-9742).*

Whore Dervishes—Randy Weiner's updated version of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.* $10. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Ground Floor Theatre Lab, 107 Suffolk St. (330-6844).*



Tribute

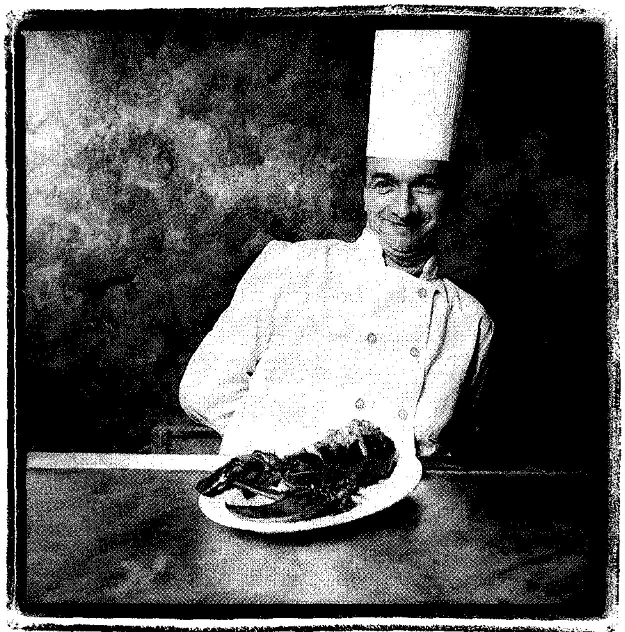
Sweet Charity

Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS and AMFAR present a tribute to Angela Lansbury: her Tony awards for 'Mame' and 'Sweeney Todd,' her long-running TV series, her Oscar-nominated turns in 'The Manchurian Candidate' and 'Dorian Gray,' and—last but not least—her fund-raising efforts for people with AIDS, on November 17. Awards-show junkies Nathan Lane and Rosie O'Donnell host the typically star-studded event. Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th Street (call 997-0100 for benefit tickets).

hotograph by David Strick/Outline.

restaurants

Brazil Bar...Little Red Book...Wild White



Opening Latin Lounge

The latest Brazilian kitchen to veer off the beaten 46th Street track is Bar Zil, a festive Flatiron restaurant and lounge opened by the themesters behind seventies-centric Polly Esther's. The new concept involves offbeat combinations of seafood and tropical fruit, like a Girl from Ipanema salad—scallops, mango, and papaya—a roster of fruity caipirinhas, and a feijoada brunch. (913 Broadway, near 20th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC,V.

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Dean & DeLuca Cafe—The flagship of Dean & DeLuca's ultramodern, high-style cafés that are scattered between upper Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, this coffee bar offers much more, including gourmet sandwiches and salads and the same luscious pastries available at the market's bakery counter. *121 Prince St. (254-8776). (I) AE, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, a Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provença bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., a Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *10 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-dea celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exoti offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in th charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actuall make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next bes thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96 spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets o seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoH neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the gam on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prin St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you'r not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints an Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday nigh *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walle restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the fil execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene mak it a popular downtown destination. Known for i roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann

ECCO DOMANI
ECCO DOMANI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
1995
PINOT GRIGIO
DELLE
VENEZIE
VINO DA TAVOLA · WHITE TABLE WINE
IMPORTED BY ECCO DOMANI USA, SANTA ROSA, CA

Chardonnay and Brie...

Cabernet Sauvignon and Steak...

Pinot Grigio and Pasta...

Some things were just meant to be.

The bright crisp flavors of Ecco Domani Pinot Grigio are styled to enhance, not overwhelm, the essence of Italian cuisine.

ECCO DOMANI™
Taste
Tomorrow
Today

Taste Tomorrow Today at these celebrated [illegible]

IL Campanello
136 West 31st Street
212.695.6111

Cellini
65 East 54th Street
212.751.1555

Dolce
60 East 49th Street
212.692.9292

Dux
1396 Third Avenue
212.772.[illegible]

[illegible]

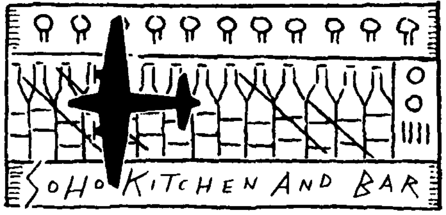
IL Mulino
86 West 3rd Street
212.673.3783

Viva La Pasta
143 Washington Ave.
516.569.7144

Antico Caffee
1477 Second Avenue
212.879.4824

Coco Pazzo Teatro
235 West 46th Street
212.827.4222

Blue Water Grill
31 Union Square West
212.675.9500



100 WINES BY THE GLASS
FLIGHTS OF WINE
21 DRAUGHT BEERS
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Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lips—It had to happen eventually: a drag-themed restaurant (dress optional) with "prestigious drag memorabilia," entertainment, and, somehow, a clientele ranging from professionals to families. The Continental menu includes stuffed mushrooms, veal chops with fried leeks, and steak-frites. *2 Bank St. (675-7710). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a
menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cook
ing. Find this old-world anachronism in the hea
of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (67*
0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offe
American standards like chicken potpie, bake
peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulle
wine. The room in the landmark building, date
to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is dec
rated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace cu
tains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377*
(M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Stree
ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbea
cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotc
bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lo
ster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropic
dining room and bar have already attracted suc
boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry B
lafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *24*
E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second resta
rant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in c
sual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizza
and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordab
food draw a young neighborhood crowd th
mingles and eats surrounded by enormous phot
of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bite
560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) A
CB, DC, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Fla
neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds y
of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay tur
out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in gree
onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfi
and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) A*
DC, DS, MC, V.

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joi
gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Gre
beer selection, and the always hospitable longti
owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in t
desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is
weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish musi
and fifteen versions of that most archetypic
brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th*
(889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterm*
crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are
another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy
having become Media Central, this smart litt
trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Itali
food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is
thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocc
with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grill
tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) A*
CB, DC, MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meye
much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatir
American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The ma
dining room manages to be both impressive a
cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchi
food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower bu
gets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equal
delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course a
sample the varied selection of wines by the gla
42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with
lively outdoor café and a menu as American as
Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompa
your choice of microbrew with comfort food li
meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potato
grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventu
ers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sam
among the city's largest selection of single-m
scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (64*
3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Mendy's—This kosher midtown deli proudly clai
to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and ser
hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, a
chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). Also, 208 W. 7*
St. (877-6787). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in mi
town offering homemade pastas and thin-cr
pizzas in rustic pink—if you can picture that—d
plex surroundings. (The building is a century ol
Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrim
pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th S*

(683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

ssini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

e Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

uamarine—A trailblazer on the Hudson waterfront, this new restaurant plays up its exceptional location with a sculpture garden, a river walk, sunset views, and patio dining. The American menu features curry-dusted Chilean bass with mashed potatoes, and black-pepper-glazed pork chop with a potato crisp. *Hudson River and 26th St. (243-9500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

fe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

owers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

shi Works—A casual spot frequented mostly by garment-center workers, popular for takeout sushi and assorted Japanese dishes like teriyaki chicken, seared tuna sashimi, and guacamole tuna. Also a handy spot for made-to-order platters and custom catering. *526 Seventh Ave., nr. 38th St. (921-7767). (I) ($).*

th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rld Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

afé Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

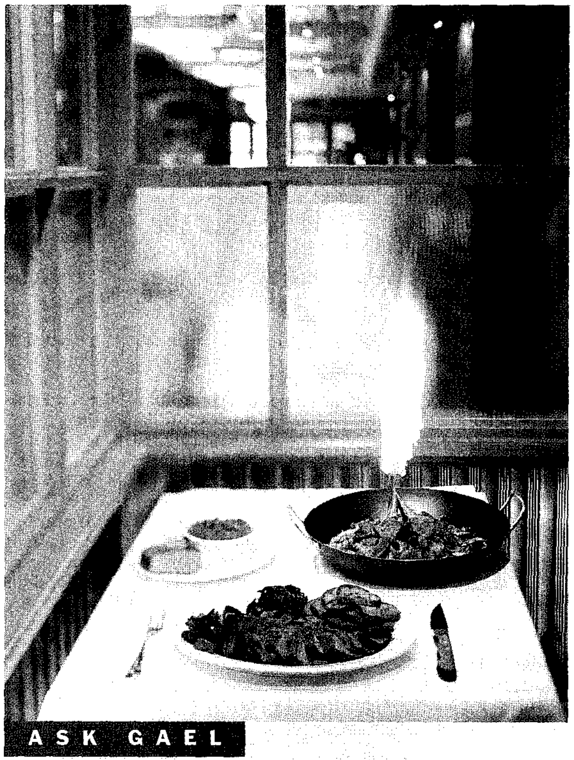
Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry.



ASK GAEL

Where are all the guys and dolls?

Broadway babies—and Seventh Avenue's too—are tackling the outsize porterhouse and mammoth chops at Angelo & Maxie's, where meat and cigars are the game. With a little help from new partners, restaurateur Marc Packer has given his Canastel's a new old look, leatherette booths, temperature-tight humidors, and a separate sealed-off dining space for smokers. Some portions are sized for humans, but the Caesar easily feeds three and the Oreo ice-cream sandwich could tame four chocoholic linebackers. Reasonable prices, too. (At least for now.) Imagine, just $22 for a 24-ounce veal chop. (233 Park Avenue South, at 19th Street.)

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

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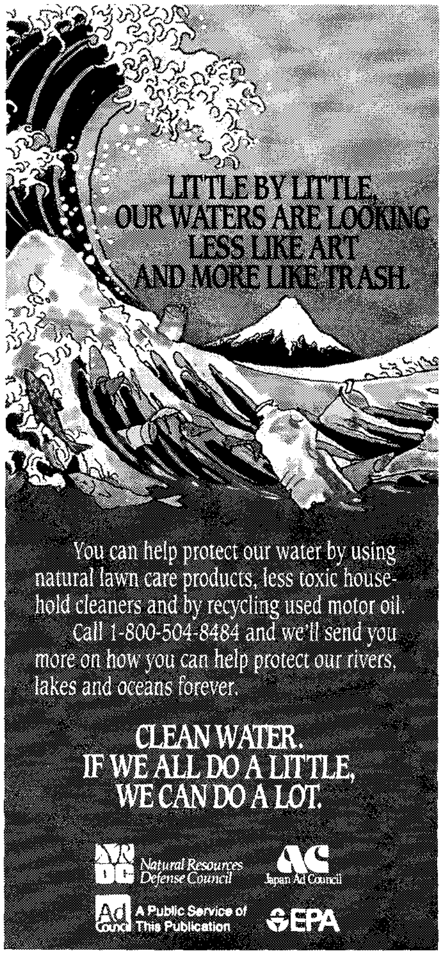

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And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—With a little imagination, you feel as if you're in the south of France in this rustic, countrified restaurant in midtown. The prix fixe is a smart way to take advantage of house specials like caramelized-thyme-onion tart, roasted monkfish with cumin-eggplant caviar, and lavender-scented crème brûlée. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regents—There's live music nightly in this American restaurant, decorated in the British colonial style. Tuna tartare and salmon trout are a sampling of what's available on the menu. *317 E. 53rd St. (593-3091). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Van Van Van—This convenient pit stop for midtown office workers offers the currently trendy pan-Asian fusion of Korean, Chinese, and Japanese cuisines. Try the yakiniku or shabu shabu cooked tableside. *335 Madison Ave., nr. 43rd St. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked gooc this quick-service midtown shop is also handy f takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexingt Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamoriz eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters winter and a garden in the summer and early f make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rock feller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) A DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions well-priced Northern Italian served in a casual elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four t closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-677 (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant I dian restaurant has been serving its refined ve sions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, a chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd f years. Try the excellent selection of Indian brea *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fou teen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fre seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfe caricatures cover the walls, so come find yo NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parkin Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-651 (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among a tors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and Ame ican fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *1 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castl like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble a pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more fordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (95 7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype mid-century American gastronomy, this themey di er serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's me loaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *16 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Fashion Cafe—The notion of model-owned resta rants seems just a tad unlikely, but this midtov café gives the curious a megadose of stylish stim lation, from ongoing videos to weekly fashi shows. Nibble daintily on grilled balsamic chick sandwiches, grilled portobellos, and apple pancak *51 Rockefeller Plaza (765-3131). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Con Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor fe like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricali surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the R alton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeo and waiter service. The American menu inclu Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, sala and breakfast served all day long. Charles Mor Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, wit java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother- pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an egant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) A CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office to er with surprisingly inventive American grill fo and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular s in the theater district offering generous portic of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 4 St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setti Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab ca and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at t much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. (when there's no danger of a curtain rising falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th*

(315-0980). (M) AE only.

e Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

es Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

artini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

steria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

atsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. *145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Try the pretheater prix fixe, or stop in for a late bite. Live jazz Wednesday nights. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

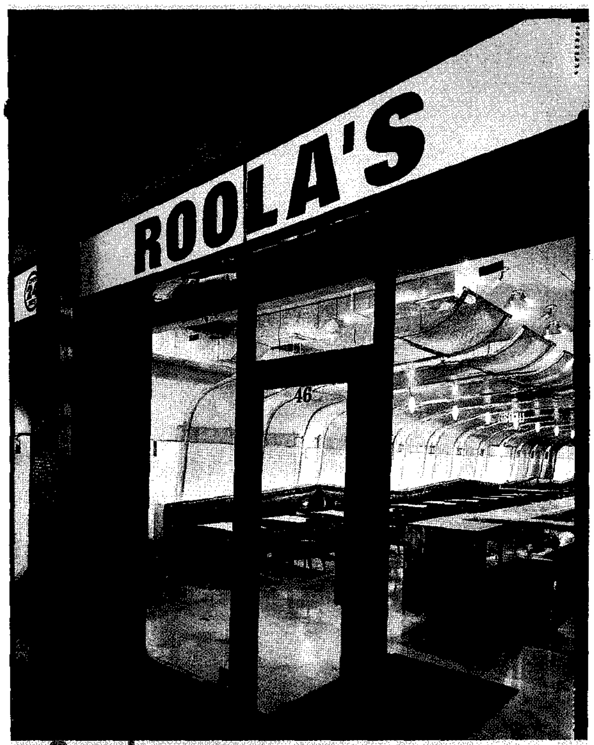
'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips,



Opening

East Bank Settlers

Roola's—from Hebrew slang for "strong"—will serve its mostly vegetarian Middle Eastern food around the clock, slaking late-night cravings for clay-oven-baked Moroccan flatbread, scrambled tofu, or pumpkin couscous. The ultramodern industrial space is fully wired; eventually, high-tech homebodies can order via e-mail. (46 Avenue A.)

hotograph by Bernd Auers.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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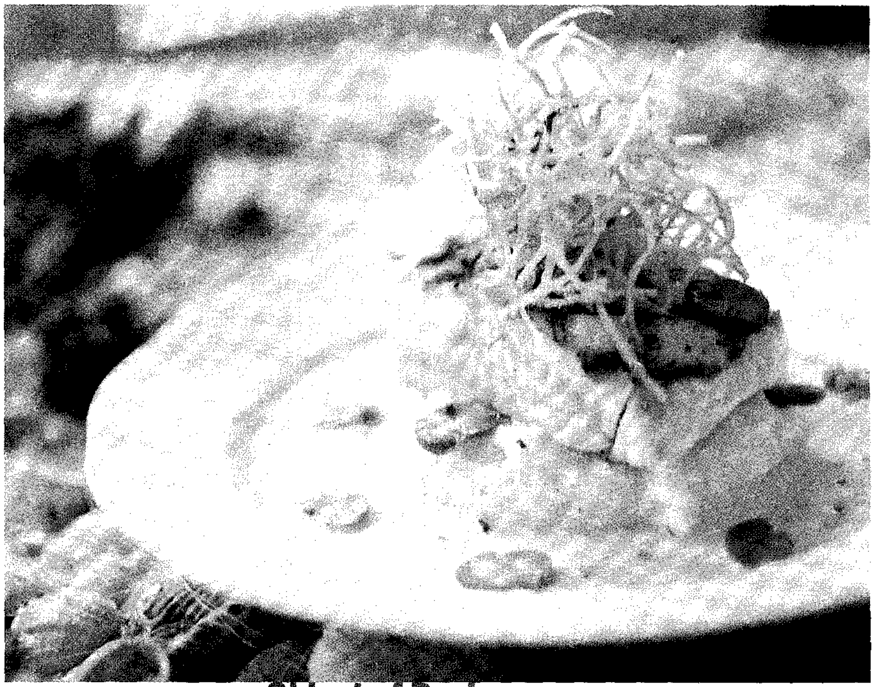


Object of Desire

Winter White

The new wild Alaskan king salmon at Aquagrill, served with truffle-lee mashed potatoes and fresh lima beans in a tarragon beurre blanc, is a fattier (th good, omega-3 kind), fragrantly sweet, white-fleshed cousin of the ever-presen pink fillet, and is available through December. (210 Spring Street.)

grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. *150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample fro a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, ta dooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park S (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegra ate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, th spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a sout of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tasti gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, wh may have done more for the cause of serious Ita ian cooking in New York than any other sing restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and t food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (26 5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and ki alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclect American menu featuring frozen hot chocolat foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert conco tions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, D MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated am a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distan from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fir place and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot fo drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is ju starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated the Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that w George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, a the contemporary American menu features u dated comfort food like corned-beef hash wi eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of sa ads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72n St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Robert Wrigh

olony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

a Folie—An uptown spot with a downtown feel, serving eclectic French fare like bouillabaisse, tuna tartare, and fondue. *1422 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (744-6327). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

etizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ne Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

gn of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

raya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

vins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. Children under 10 eat free (until 9 P.M.) when accompanied by an adult. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

fe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

In Print

Eating by Numbers

ZAGATSURVEY
1997
NEW YORK CITY RESTAURANTS

It's that time of year again, when competitive diners rush out to buy a hot-off-the-presses *Zagat Survey* and start speed-dialing reservations. The big news in '97 is the ascendance of three big names into first-place categories vacated by the hibernating Bouley, which enjoyed a five-year stranglehold on the rankings. Union Square Cafe is hereby voted New York's most popular restaurant; Aureole's elaborate food takes the culinary prize; and Lespinasse was most well-rounded, with the highest combined score for food, décor, and service. But even more than a measure of up-to-the-moment trendiness, *Zagat* is a sociocultural expression of a particular moment in time. We are what we eat, after all, and drink, and smoke—though this year the editors deleted the "Smoking Permitted" category, because, as stated in the Foreword, most places "have found ways to accommodate smokers legally . . . others appear to be simply flouting the law." Greek and tapas categories have burgeoned, reflecting current Med-omania, and, for the first time, Jewish and Kosher are split into separate categories, indicating the fabric rent by secular (deli) Judaism. A new "Top Improved" category is a very nineties nod to the power of redemption. But then again, it might just be another retro trend, like the new vogue for lobsters, lounges, and caviar. Below, a sampling of what we've gained and lost, gastronomically speaking.

ROBIN RAISFELD

CATEGORIES ADDED	CATEGORIES DROPPED
TOP CAVIAR AND CHAMPAGNE (Petrossian)	**SMOKING PERMITTED** Now it's done on the sly, typically in bistros and French-owned establishments—*you* know where.
LOBSTERS (Arcadia, Chumley's)	**MACROBIOTIC** Too much work, not enough fun.
LOUNGES (Le Colonial, Match)	**B.Y.O.** Everybody's doing classic cocktails.
AFRICAN (La Baraka, Metisse)	**AUSTRIAN** Landlocked, too far from the Mediterranean.
JAMAICAN (Bambou, Brawta Cafe)	**CANADIAN** The thrill of the mammoth pancake is gone.
TOP NOODLE SHOPS (Honmura An)	**EASTERN EUROPEAN** Obviated by the new nationalism (now, look under Ukrainian, Russian, etc.)
DOUGHNUTS AND ICE CREAM (Krispy Kreme, Emack & Bolio's)	**VEGAN** Squelched by the steak renaissance

nightlife

Joshua Redman...Ronnie Dawson...Billy Bragg

Concerts

"A Prairie Home Companion"—Lake Wobegon comes to midtown, starring that whimsical and sonorous Minnesota raconteur Garrison Keillor, with musical guests the Guy's All-Star Shoe Band and the great jazz pianist Jaki Byard. 11/16 at 5:45 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., bet. Sixth Ave. and Broadway (307-7171). $27.50–$32.50.*

Billy Bragg/Robyn Hitchcock—Once the designated singer of England's Labour Party, Billy Bragg has lately grown from the electric-guitar-carrying protest-punk to a thoughtful father championing "socialism of the heart." This is hardly a crisis of faith. The rangy, cockney-twanging singer was always too warm a presence to flatten his songs into musical brickbats, and alterna-hits like "New England" and "Sexuality" filtered political concerns through a wisecracking knockabout's vision. Bragg's fine new, aptly titled record *Willia Bloke,* sings of one man, "trapped in a haircut l no longer believed in" and sweetly laments to ar other, "You sound like you've changed from r to blue." His career-making bugaboos Thatch and Reagan may be gone, but Bragg's humor ar heart seem just fine. He plays with that other u compromising Brit, Robyn Hitchcock, a geni for the torturous narrative and the bouncy po song perversion. 11/15 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theat 74th and Broadway (307-7171). $19.50–$25.*

Vic Chesnutt—The strange, visionary Georgian son writer (recently celebrated in the all-star alt-ro tribute *Sweet Relief II—Gravity of the Situation: T Songs of Vic Chesnutt*) presents songs from his ne fifth album, *About to Choke.* With Skiffle Grou and friends. 11/15 at 8 P.M. *Arts at St. Ann's, 1 Montague St., Brooklyn Heights (718-858-242 $17–$20.*

Soundgarden—The loud, brooding unreconstruct grunge act from the Pacific Northwest. 11/1 11/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St., b Eighth Ave. and Broadway (307-7171). Sold out.*

"Genesis of Jazz Live"—A jam session featuring R Alexander, Thomas Chapin, Armen Donelia Larry Goldings, Al Grey, Chico Hamilton, ar others. 11/15 at 8 P.M. *Jazz Cafe, Flushing To Hall, 137–35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (718-46 7700). $20.*

The Heads—Concrete Blonde singer Johnet Napolitano joins the Byrne-less Talking Heads songs from *No Talking Just Head,* along with cla sics like "Psycho Killer" and "Once in a Lif time." 11/18 at 8 P.M. *Webster Hall, 125 11th (307-7171). $25.*

"The Guitar Trio"—The fret-board summit of Paco Lucia, Al DiMeola, and John McLaughlin reco venes after its highly acclaimed meeting over decade ago. 11/20 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Li coln Center (721-6500). $25–$50.*

Robin Holcomb—A true original, this pianist-singer part Charles Ives, part Thelonious Monk, p Raymond Carver, singing acutely observed narr tives with a crystalline voice and playing pia that seems, like the guitar of Bill Frisell, to dr from the deepest soil of American musics. 11/ at 8 P.M. *St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Broo lyn Heights (718-858-2424). $17–$20.*

Vanessa Mae—The virtuosic, photogenic violini known for glam videos, cheesecake photos, a rocked-out toccatas. 11/19 at 8 P.M. *Town H $30–$35.*

"New York Festival of Song"—The festival prese "An Ira Gershwin Celebration," starring Ty Daly. 11/20 at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, Tisch Center the Arts, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-110 $20.*

Paco Pena—Featuring members of the Paco Pe Flamenco Co. 11/12–11/13 at 8 P.M. *Town H $27.50–$45.*

Ann Hampton Callaway and Liz Callaway—The caba sister act. 11/15 at 8 and 10 P.M. *Tilles Center the Performing Arts, C. W. Post Campus of Long land University, Route 25A, Brookville (516-2 3100). $25.*

Billy Taylor—The pianist and jazz educator perfor at the fifth annual Milt Hinton Jazz Perspecti concert. 11/14 at 1 P.M. *Baruch College Auditoriu 17 Lexington Ave., at 23rd St (880-2880). Free.*

Kate & Anna McGarrigle—11/15 at 8 P.M. *Sympho Space. $16.*

Olu Dara and Dianne McIntyre—11/14 at 8 P.M. *Symph ny Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $1*

The Who—Yes, that Who, together again. 11/15 at

Performance

Cooler Heads Prevail

Leave it to Talking Heads, a group formed at the Rhode Island School of Design and given to such arch meta-rock touches as titling an album *More Songs About Buildings and Food,* to turn their very breakup into an art project. After repeated attempts to get singer David Byrne back in the fold, members Jerry Harrison, Chris Frantz, and Tina Weymouth formed The Heads (Webster Hall, November 18), made a list of singers they admired—Richard Hell, Debbie Harry, Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitano—and recorded the collaborative album *No Talking Just Head,* a title positively ringing with what their professors might have called multilayered simultaneities of discourse. Byrne was less than impressed at the coy word appropriation, only recently withdrawing his suit over "dilution of a protectable trademark." But while there's an undeniable strangeness to the band's continuing without its guitarist–singer–reputed main songwriter, the record's twitching funk and unsettling spaces clearly assert that the group's sonic identity remains intact. "Talking Heads songwriting was always a pretty shared thing," says drummer Frantz. "People get the impression that the singers are controlling everything, but to me, the bass player is just as important." This is especially true if, like Frantz, you're *married* to the bass player, but familial harmony does seem central to the Heads' post-Talking ethos. In fact, the group recorded almost all of *No Talking* in Frantz and Weymouth's Westport home, jamming in the garage so as not to disturb their two sons. "Actually, the kids are pretty used to it," says Frantz. "Although occasionally they'll yell at us to keep it down. Like, 'Hey, I'm trying to get some homework done!' "

CHRIS NORRIS

Napolitano, Harrison, Weymouth, Frantz.

Photograph by Frank W. Ockenfels

P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, New Jersey.* 11/19 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, New Jersey (307-7171). $35–$75.*

di Diaspora—11/17 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall (840-2824).*

Clubland

ttom Line—The fine country singer-songwriter Marshall Chapman leads her band the Love Slaves in songs about outlet stores, Internet junkies, and modern love. They're here 11/12. 11/13: County singer Charlie Louvin makes a rare appearance with the "In Their Own Words" series. 11/14–11/15: Upstanding young saxophonist Joshua Redman performs music from his new record *Freedom in the Groove,* joined by pianist Peter Martin, guitarist Peter Bernstein, bassist Christopher Thomas, and drummer Brian Blade. 11/16–11/17: Michael Hedges. 11/18: Marti Jones. *115 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

ownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 11/15: Six Finger Satellite. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

GB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

icago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. 11/15–11/16: Stinging South Side guitarist Otis Rush. 11/21: Larry Burton. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

ney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle D.J. salon "Konkrete Jungle." *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

e Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 11/15: Filer, featuring members of Cop Shoot Cop. 11/16: Buddy Miles, Bernie Worrell, and Hiram Bullock play a tribute to Jimi Hendrix. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

z—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 11/13: Singer-songwriter Ellen Rigas. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

ing Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 11/12: The Fixx. 11/14: Meat Beat Manifesto, with D.J. Alex Patterson of the Orb. 11/15: Cracker. 11/16: Latin-rock stars the Paralamas. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

nny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 11/20: Jimmy Vivino, Al Kooper, and friends. *1558 Third Ave. bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

xwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 11/14: Vic Chesnutt. 11/15: Steve Wynn. 11/16: The mad and mighty rockabilly legend Ronnie Dawson tears into town, joined by the Texas singer Wayne Hancock. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 11/12: Betty. 11/13: Jim Lauderdale. 11/14: Steve Wynn. 11/18: Ronnie Dawson; Wayne Hancock. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reily's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Monday nights, the ten-piece country band Western Caravan swings high and lonesome. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar-and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 11/13–11/14: Roy Ayers and Ubiquity. 11/15: Pucho and his Latin Soul Brothers. 11/20: Seventies funk giants Slave. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 11/12: Crash Test Dummies. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 11/11: Philadelphia's live-band hip-hop sensation the Roots share a bill with hard-core Brooklyn MC Jeru the Damaja. 11/15–11/16: Big Star; Yo La Tengo; Superdrag; Perfect, featuring original Replacement Tommy Stinson. 11/17: The Greek singer-songwriter sensation Dionisis Savvopoulos and his band Korina Veni. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's mid-size, mid-price rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 11/13: Local radio treasure WFMU—probably the best of its listener-sponsored, play-anything-anytime kind in the country—presents a benefit concert to raise funds for housing. Featured performers are Stereolab, Blonde Redhead, and Run On. Show at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang, with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 11/15: Ska from Kid Chango and Skadanks. 11/16: Jerry Garcia Band members Melvin Seals, Gloria Jones, and others. 11/17: The seventies-funk groovefest "Soul Kitchen." 11/20: Manic Street Preachers. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Performance

Jazz Messenger

With his latest record, 'Freedom in the Groove,' saxophonist Joshua Redman has become mainstream jazz's highest-selling star since Wynton Marsalis—and nary a designer suit in sight! He plays the Bottom Line, November 14–15.

hotograph by Dana Lixenberg.

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 11/13–11/16: John Hicks Quintet with alto-saxophonist Bobby Watson. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. This month, the club celebrates its fifteenth anniversary with an even more high-powered roster of talent: 11/12–11/17: Wayne Shorter Quintet. 11/19–11/24: Celia Cruz with José "El Canario" Alberto. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years old, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 11/12–11/13: Eric Reed Quartet. 11/14–11/17: Organ legend Jimmy Smith leads a quartet. 11/19–11/24: Michael Brecker Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—Multi-percussionist (and we're talking *multi*) Jim Norman performs on 11/14 with his group Grafite. He's joined by saxophonist Oliver Lake, trumpeter Tiger Okoshi, and 35 drums, fifteen cymbals, Chinese and Balinese gongs of three feet in diameter, assorted chimes, and all manner of noise-making props. Norman uses all these and more to play music from his new CD *Time Changes, Times Change.* 11/15–11/16: The Jazz Passengers perform with Debbie Harry. 11/20–11/21 and 11/23: Henry Threadgill's Make A Move. Mondays, tenor saxophonist David Murray's big band the Next Legacy Orchestra holds forth, joined by guest artist Vincent Chancey. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 11/12: Saxophonist Sam Newsome. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 11/19–11/24: Pianist Marc Copland. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars, and a scant $4 cover on Mondays. Also new to Monday nights is "Amanda on the Green," a series of performances by young singing, songwriting, and comedy talent presented by Amanda Green. 11/18: Guitarist Mike Errico. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 11/12–11/17: Cyrus Chestnut Trio, with Peter Washington and Lewis Nash. 11/19–11/24: George Coleman Quartet, with Harold Mabern and Jamil Nasser. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece Orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights; Thursdays, it's Chupacabra Night with Arnold Acevedo. Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, offering a glitzy, more-bang-for-your buck presentation befitting the neighborhood. 11/14: The MTV-frequenting sketch-comedy wunderkinds of *The State*. 11/20: The sketch comedy troupe Salsoul; T. K. Kirkland. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 11/17: Jim David; Jerry Red Wilson, Greer Barnes; Vic Henly; Rick Crom; William Stephenson. Shows Fri. 9 P.M. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 11/11–11/17: Nancy Redman; Ben Creed; Rick Scotti; Glenn "Mr. Bullhorn" Super; Rich Ramirez; Quentin Heggs. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 9:30 and midnight. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known as Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 11/15–11/17: Gregg Rogelle; Elon Gold; Adrianne Toslch; Ian Edwards. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 1/4: Andrea Marcovicci. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Talent

Trio Con Brio

As the modestly titled Guitar Trio, fret-board giants Paco de Lucia, John McLaughlin, and Al DiMeola traverse the worlds of flamenco, jazz, classical, world music, and even rock. Their highly anticipated reunion occurs at Avery Fisher Hall November 20.

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. Through 12/31: Barbara Carroll plays 9:45 P.M.–12:45 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—No less a personage than Bobby Short comes home to roost, occupying his favorite haunt through December 31. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Stop by for the dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings from 8:30 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this varie showplace now smells of big money. Visitors the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-u sketch, and alternative comedians—along wi musicians, cabaret artists, and others—perfor 11/15–11/16: Crooner Tom Anderson sin standards and originals. Shows Tues.–Thurs. 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11. *253 W. 28th S bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. a Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No co er, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers night $6–$15 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *3 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers night $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th (757-0788).*

Eighty-Eight's—Various performers nightly. $1 two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first perfo mance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 10th St. (924-0088).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocki the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Belc Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Ban Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimu *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored su per club, popular in the early eighties, h reopened with a variety show incorp rating song, dance, magic acts, and—wh else?—belly dancing. Wed.–Sun. at Dinner and performance, $45. Perfo mance only: $5 with a $20 minimu Wed.–Thurs., $10 with a $20 minimu Fri.–Sun. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted h last clarinet line at the old Michael's East 55th Street. The cabaret has no moved across town to the Parker Me dien Hotel, trading saloon ambience f that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Fune al & Ragtime Orchestra should be qu at home. They play Mondays at 8:45 a 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink mi mum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Merid Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Maureen McGover with her sweet yet powerful voice, r turns to this increasingly promine venue to celebrate the music of Har Arlen in conjunction with the release her new CD, *Out of This World*. Throu 11/23. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 a 11; dinner required at early shows. *Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000)*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in t second year of its wildly successful Frid evening engagement in the Club Roc here, playing jazz, swing, and show tur with various guest vocalists at 10:30. (A C of recordings from the series was recen issued, and is well worth your notice.) Jazz sing trombonist Pete McGuinness performs on 11/1 No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-844*

Sullivan's—Broadway's newest retro-fifties snugge is being kicked off with sounds appropriate to t pose. Wednesday and Thursday evenings are giv over to a revolving assortment of jazz talent. F days, enjoy the R&B sounds of Gordon Edwa and his band Stuff. The whole scene is under t supervision of the *Late Show*'s bespectacled mu cal director and keyboardist (and restaurant c owner). Conveniently enough, he only has to r down a flight of stairs or two in the Ed Sulliv Theater to be on it. No cover; there's a two-dri minimum on Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, at 5 St., in the Ed Sullivan Theater (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—At the recently opened (a somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, h this is New York) Greatest Bar on Earth, pian Ernie Scott and Greg McKenzie can be found hand seven days a week; a small combo is add to the mix Thursday through Saturday. T week, Moment of Truth plays plays Moto sounds with guest vocalist Terry King from t Drifters. No music charge Sun.–Wed.; Thurs Sat., $10 per person after 9. *1 World Trade Cent*

Photograph by Jean-Marc Lubran

in concert

Hikari Oe...Ben Vereen...Louis Lortie

Classical Music

Tuesday, November 12

vo Masses, Two Choirs, Two Organs—Kodaly's *Missa brevis* and Widor's *Messe, Op. 36. St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. (757-7013, ext. 3027), at 7:30; $20–$35.*

iamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Haydn, George Perle, and Dvorák. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $22–$30.*

ew York Philharmonic—With violinist Gil Shaham, performs works by Harris, Bruch, and Beethoven; Zdenek Macal, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

nnis Xenakis—The 92nd Street Y presents the U.S. premiere of Xenakis's *Kraanerg. Great Hall of Cooper Union, Third Ave. and 7th St. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Wednesday, November 13

'onos Quartet—Perform "Aural Histories," works by Ken Benshoof, Jack Body, and Mo Wuping. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 7; $15–$35.*

icia De Larrocha, Pianist—Performs works by Bach, Mompou, Espla, and Albeniz in her only New york recital of the season. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $17–$65.*

ie Music of Hikari Oe—Introduced by his father, Kenzaburo Oe, and performed by violinist Cho-Liang Lin, flutist Hiroshi Koizumi, and pianist Ken Noda. *Japan Society, Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015), at 8; $25.*

Thursday, November 14

argemusic—Works by Saint-Saëns, Bolcom, and Ives. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

ew York Philharmonic—With pianist Louis Lortie, performs works by Tippett, Grieg, and Elgar; Andrew David, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Friday, November 15

ew York Philharmonic—See 11/14.

ew York Pops—"Broadway and Beyond" with Ben Vereen; Skitch Henderson, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

'onos Quartet—Perform "Medieval to Modern," works by Ben Johnston, Harry Partch, and Henry Purcell. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 8; $15–$35.*

Saturday, November 16

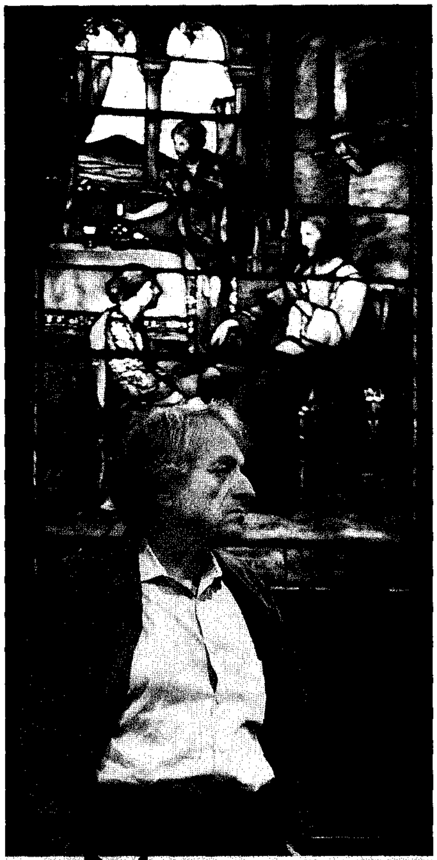
ew York Philharmonic—See 11/14.

iamber Orchestra of Europe—Performs the complete Beethoven symphony cycle in five concerts, on 11/6, 17, 19, 20, and 23; Nikolaus Harnoncourt, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $16–$60.*

iarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Mozart, Bartók, and Brahms. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $25.*

Novo Ensemble di Venezia—Presents four centuries of Venetian music. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

ronos Quartet—Perform "American Mavericks," works by Mark Feldman, Tim Berne, and Terry Riley. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 8; $15–$35.*



hotograph by Parker Peters.

Performance

Classic Ambience

The 92nd Street Y: Today's Composers series presents the U.S. premiere of Greek composer Iannis Xenakis's 1968 "sound collage" *Kraanerg* on November 12. Performed in the Great Hall at Cooper Union, this World War II–inspired work juxtaposes the avant-garde with the classical, as D.J. Spooky operates the ambient-sound machine and the 23-member ST-X Ensemble performs chamber music in the pit. Xenakis gives a preconcert talk at 6:45 to illuminate the cataclysmic cult classic.

Sunday, November 17

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—See 11/16, at 2.

Kenneth Roberson, Baritone—Performs works by Schumann, Ravel, and Copland as part of "On Wings of Song." *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $10.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Absolute Ensemble—Performs works by Jack Perla, Hindemith, and Charles Mingus. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 3; $15.*

Claude Frank, Pianist—Performs works by Beethoven. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 3; $tk.*

Bargemusic—See 11/14, at 4.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Loeffler, Brahms, and Dohnanyi. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5; $22–$30.*

Waltraud Meier, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs works by Mahler, Wagner, and Berg. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$45.*

Monday, November 18

Millennium Ensemble—Performs works by Elvis Costello and Schoenberg. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 7; $10.*

Da Camera—"St. Petersburg Legacy," featuring poetry by Mandelstam and Brodsky, music by Shostakovich and Ustvolskaya. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Bizet's *Carmen*, 11/12 at 8, 11/15 at 8; Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 11/13 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata*, 11/14 at 8; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 11/16 at 1:30; Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, 11/16 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, 11/12 at 8; Lerner & Loewe's *Brigadoon*, 11/13–11/16 at 8, 11/16 and 11/17 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $18–$82.*

Dance

Blues Rooms—The world premiere of Olu Dara and Dianne McIntyre's evening-length work. 11/14 at 8. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $16.*

Neo Labos DanceTheater—Present the world premieres of *Psyche* and *The Flight*, choreographed by Michaele Elliman. 11/13–11/16 at 8, 11/15 at 10, 11/16 and 11/17 at 3. *The Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (924-0077); $10–$50.*

Tango X 2—Four sinuous couples, an Argentine tango band, and a chanteuse—romance plus. 11/12–11/18 at 8, 11/16 at 2, 11/17 at 3. *City Center, W. 55th St. (581-1212); $25–$50.*

Time Out—An evening of tap dance and music with the Peggy Spina Tap Company. 11/15 at 8, 11/16 at 6 and 8:30. *Spina Loft, 115 Prince St. (674-8885); $15.*

Urban Bush Women—The New York premiere of *Bones and Ash*. 11/12–11/16 at 8, 11/17 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

the mix

Garden Tennis...Times Square Gym...The Wharton School

John Leonard's Television Notes

Alien Nation: The Enemy Within (11/12; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox) has newcomer cop Eric Pierpoint face up to his prejudice against "Eenos" (slave-ship flunkies who cannibalized the dead) in a boa constrictor of a plot that gobbles up everything from ecological depredation, immigrant-bashing, and eugenics to underground dream-work cave art, monster mothers with chlorine beehives, and waste-eating mutant fetal pods, plus the usual alien anomalies (no clowns in Tectonese culture), the usual whimsical names (Rick Shaw, Gayle Warnings), the usual whimsical diet (sour cream de menthe with pineapple juice, jelly-weasel doughnuts), and the usual whimsical sex (after which, "You want some ice for your elbow?").

The Lion's Pride (11/15; 8 to 9 P.M.; CBS) celebrates 600,000 years of beastly sisterhood on the Serengeti plains, with Malcolm McDowell explaining what we see through the remarkable camera lens of cinematographer Sophie Buck—almost as much violence as an average episode of *Millennium,* with slightly more sex, and lots more eating: "A pride is a vast empty stomach on the move."

FX: The Series (11/15; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 9) continues to come up with the damnedest plots in which to test the ingenuity of special-effects specialist Cameron Daddo and the derring-do of top cop Kevin Dobson, who this week are trying to save the life of a Hong Kong martial-arts-movie star being stalked by mercenaries in the employ of the Communist Chinese, one of whom must choose between the besotted Cameron and her bloody father.

Dallas: J.R. Returns (11/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) gets Larry Hagman back in harness in time to bed down both ex-wife Linda Gray and new lawyer Tracy Scoggins, while really screwing Ken Kercheval and George Kennedy, even as his disillusioned brother, Patrick Duffy, is horsing around with Rosalind Allen, which is not to mention the country singer (Audrey Landers) in the psycho ward or a Cyberbyte software company worth $200 million if J.R.'s dead. Which, of course, he pretends to be, because as we should have known way back in 1978 when all this hokum got started, J.R. is really Jimmy Carter's Evil Twin.

Naked Classics (11/17; 8 to 9 P.M.; Bravo) is a three-part series on the classical-music racket, starting off with an hour on "The Prodigy." Here's what happens to children who are brilliant at a piano or a violin after they've misplaced their childhoods at Juilliard and concerts at Carnegie Hall and on-stage instead of in school in various world capitals; after the marketing of their music for the greater glory of arts patrons, record companies and entrepreneurs; after the depressions and the breakdowns and the suicides. Parents, teachers, and critics tal and so do the performers, most of whom can't b lieve it will ever happen to them.

Animal ER (11/17; 9 to 10 P.M.; TBS) is for everyboc who wants to spend time with Lauren Hutton the University of Pennsylvania School of Veter nary Medicine, where docs are on 24-hour call f blind cats, labrador retrievers, who swallow TV r mote controls, boxers being fitted for prosthet silicone eyes, a horse who needs orthoped surgery, and one requiring foam-rubber shoes.

Secrets of the Internet (11/18–11/20; 10 to 11 P.M Discovery), while purporting to transport us to the virtual delights of, say, piloting a jet or skinny dipping in a volcano or wormholing into out space or originating a new species on Galapag Island, is really one big glossy commercial for M crosoft, whose several services it shamelessly cel brates.

Benefits

Guggenheim Museum Gala Benefit—11/21 at 6:30: B gins with cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright r tunda, followed by a viewing of the exhibitio "Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective," dinner und the starlit dome, and a performance by Grego Hines in the Peter B. Lewis Theater; Patron tick $500, Sponsor ticket, $1,000, Sponsor table f ten, $10,000, Benefactor table for ten, $15,00 For more information, please call 423-367 Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave.

The Written Word

Geoff Nicholson—11/12 at 7: Reading from *Foc sucker*. Shakespeare & Co. Booksellers, 939 Le ington Ave., at 68th St. (570-0201); free.

Lisa Hayes—11/12–11/13 at 8: A performance pie portraying Charlotte Brontë's nineteenth-centu literary heroine Jane Eyre. Merchant's House M seum, 29 E. 4th St. (777-1089); nonmembers $1 members $7.

Wilfrid Sheed—11/14 at 8: Three-time Nation Book Award nominee reading from *In Love Wi Daylight: A Memoir of Recovery;* please call 82 7271 to register for this event. The New Yo Academy of Medicine, Office of Medical Educ tion, 1216 Fifth Ave.; $15.

Cornelius Eady, Philip Levine, Sharon Olds, Stanley Plu ly, and Gerald Stern—11/14 at 7: Reading fro their poetry. NYU's Cantor Film Center, Roo 200, 36 E. 8th St. (998-8816); $10 suggested d nation, $5 suggested student donation.

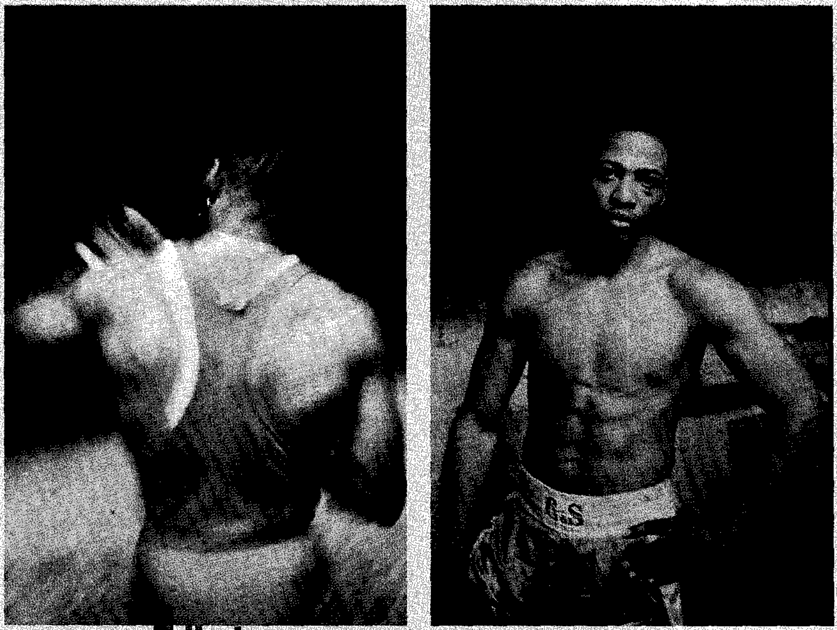
Joe Wenderoth, John Donoghue, Burton Shulman, Alic Ostriker—11/17 at 3: Civic Center Synagog 49 White St., bet. Church and Broadway (99 7141); $7.

Derek Walcott—11/18 at 8: Reading from his vario works of poetry. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington A (996-1100); $12.

Richard Ford and Richard Stern—11/18 at 7:30: Ho ed by George Plimpton. Barnes & Noble, 33 17th St. (861-0016); free.

Marilyn Chin, Arthur Sze, Sam Hamil, and J. P. Seaton— 11/18 at 6:30: A reading in celebration of Asi and Asian-American poetry. Asia Society, 725 Pa Ave. at 70th St. (254-9628); free.

"Y: Asian American Male Poets Off the Page"—11/19 8: Featuring poets Regie Cabico and Agha Shah Ali. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-566 ext. 333); free.



Tribute
Punched Out

Sweat and electrical tape held the Times Square Gym together. Ali and Tyson passed through it, but the scrubby room on 42nd Street belonged to no-names, the dreamers who keep boxing alive, barely. *The Times Square Gym* (Evan Publishing, $29.95), by John Goodman (photos) and Pete Hamill (words), memorializes a palace of the primitive, demolished to make room for Condé Nast's new headquarters.

Photographs by John Goodma

review
Power Servers

wiss upstart Martina Hingis (above), 6, joins Steffi Graf and Monica Seles in e Chase Championships at Madison quare Garden. (November 18–24.)

nor Nauen, Ameena Meer, and Max Phillips—11/20 at 3: Reading from their poems and fiction. alt.coffee, 139 Ave. A (213-3886); free.

ni Kamins and Aaron Zimmerman—11/21 at 7: Reading at KGB. 85 E. 4th St. (292-0900); free.

slie Shipman and John Wright—11/21 at 6:30: Reading from their poetry and prose. 317 Church St. (334-6990); $3.

Lectures and Panels

he Death Penalty: Not in Our Name"—11/12 at 8: Members of the Living Theater discuss their manifold objections to the death penalty and its popularity. Brecht Forum, 122 W. 27th St. (979-8353); free.

e Effect of the Election on the Economy—11/12 at 7:30: Dr. Irwin L. Kellner interviewed by *Wall Street Journal* columnist Tom Herman. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

inese Medicine—11/12 at 7: A lecture by doctor of Oriental medicine Jeff Jacob on the history of Chinese medicine and its potential for integration nto Western medical clinics. The New York Center for Pain Management, 340 E. 49th St., bet. First and Second Aves. (759-7400); free.

aches and GMs Celebrate the NBA at 50—11/12 at 8: Five top coaches and general managers from the NBA's first 50 years look at the changes in coaching and managerial style and the growth and evolution of the league over the past half-century. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

ironmental Justice and the Design Professions—1/13 at 6:30: Panel discussion and exhibition on "environmental justice" including the work of NAACP attorney Rachel Godsil and architect Mojdeh Baratloo. Van Alen Institute, 30 W. 22 St. 924-7000); free.

ry Wu—11/13 at 8: China's best-known dissident continues to risk his life to expose Beijing's human-rights abuses. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Vord Into Image: A Roundtable Discussion"—11/14 at 6: The film writers who brought you *Girl 6*, *Tenacity, History and Memory*, and *Audrey Hepburn's Neck* investigate the distance between writing for film and its ultimate realization. The New York Public Library's Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0624); free.

"Choosing a Public School for Your Child"—11/16 at 9 A.M.: Anthony Alvarado, Community District 2 superintendent, discusses a parent's options; workshops follow. For further information and advance registration, please call 229-5690 and refer to course No. 0194. The New School, 66 W. 12th St.; $50.

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani—11/17 at 7:30: Discusses what we can expect from New York's next four years. With Jeff Greenfield. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

A Lecture on Jewish Humor—11/17 at 1:45: By Rabbi William Kraus. JASA's Hexter Building, 40 W. 68th St., Room 402 (501-1027); free.

"A Long View of Radio and Television"—11/19 at 8: With Erik Barnouw, professor emeritus at Columbia University. NYU's Irving H. Jurow Lecture Hall, 101A Main Building, 100 Washington Square E. (998-5090); free.

"New Ideas—New Work"—11/20 at 7:30: A slide show and lecture by photographer John Baldessari. SVA Amphitheater, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2011); free.

Tours

Ellis Island—11/9 at 1: A guided tour of the Ellis Island Museum and grounds, including a talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument, located in Battery Park. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $15, $13 seniors and students (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Events

Fifth Annual Poetry Publication Showcase—Through 12/12: An exhibition of all the new poetry books published in the U.S. during the past year. The showcase explores trends in poetry publication and poetry sales and includes commercial, independent, university, and micropress publications. Events include an opening reception, panel discussion, and reading with poets Michael Klein and David Mura on 11/21 at 7, $8; a seminar, "The Self Published Book," on 11/12 and 11/19 at 7, free; and a reading from *The Gift of Tongues* on 11/15 at 7, $8. For more information on these and other events, please call 431-7920. Poets House, 72 Spring St.

Exhibitions

The Treasures of the San Diego—Through 2/28/97. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, helmets, and more. The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St. (922-3019); $4, $2 children over 12.

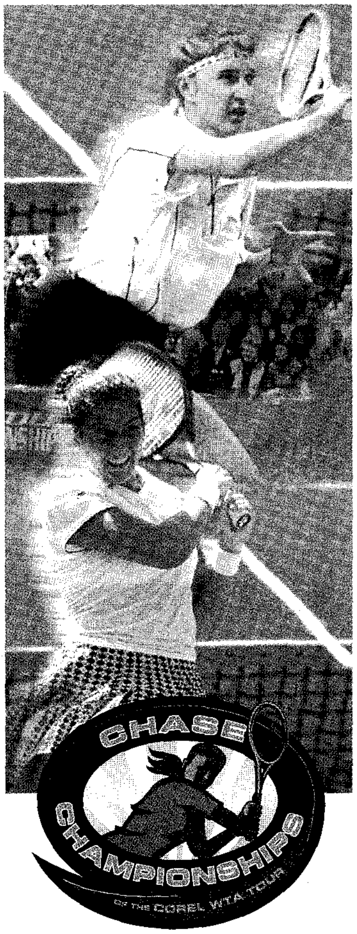
Online

Def Leppard—Sonicnet Music presents Def Leppard talking about their new album *Slang*, out now on Mercury Records. Phil Collen, the guitar god of the eighties' premier metal band, will talk about the tour, the album, and Def Leppard's unrelenting attitude of never-give-up. On Prodigy in the SonicNet Music area: 11/11 at 7:30 P.M.

Mark Shields and Robert Novak—Pundits go toe-to-toe on the following broad issues: The election is over; who won and who lost? Is America united or divided? What do you want this presidency to accomplish? On America Online, *keyword:* Great Debate: 11/11 at 9 P.M.

Holiday Crafts—Chat live with Lifetime TV's *Handmade by Design* contributor and crafts expert Dian Thomas. At Lifetime's Website: 11/12 at 1 P.M. *http://www.lifetimetv.com*

Business Women of Color—Join in a Q&A from a N.Y. symposium, "Business Women of Color."



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Live from Chase Manhattan in New York. On MSN, go: MBN: 11/12 at 5 P.M.

Rod Stewart—The pop-star crooner, live from New York. On America Online: 11/12 at 9 P.M.

Damon Wayans—In addition to having written, produced, and starred in the features *Major Payne, Blankman,* and *Mo' Money*, the multitalented Damon Wayans is now doing stand-up. On Prodigy in the WiseAcres.Jokes area: 11/12 at 11 P.M.

Bertice Berry—An award-winning lecturer, stand-up comedian, and doctor of sociology who now hosts *USA Live*, USA Network's daily live, interactive talk show. She was also the host and co-executive producer of her own nationally syndicated talk show, *The Bertice Berry Show.* On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 11/13 at 9 P.M.

Babyface—Oprah Online brings you Kenny "Baby-Face" Edmonds, the pop-music artist, producer, and songwriter: 11/13 at 9 P.M.

Hector Elizondo—Known for his role as Dr. Phillip Watters on TV's *Chicago Hope*, Hector Elizondo now stars as Greg Kinnear's post-office boss in Garry Marshall's new comedy *Dear God.* On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 11/13 at 10 P.M.

Was Kurt Cobain Murdered?—This week, Rant & Roll asks, "Was Kurt Cobain Murdered?," featuring Detective Tom Grant as special guest. Hosted by music writer-editor Roy Trakin. On Prodigy in the Music area: 11/13 at 10 P.M.

Online Beefcake—Boys from the Chippendales 1997 calendar will bare it all for online fans. Join three of the hot Chippendales centerfolds as they answer your probing questions. On MSN, go: ET or at *http://ET.msn.com*: 11/14 at 8:30 P.M.

Johnnie Cochran—Talk to O. J. Simpson's defense lawyer about O.J.'s current civil trial in Santa Monica on America Online: 11/14 at 10 P.M.

Dixie Carter—*Designing Women's* Julia Sugarbaker discusses her book and life, in the CompuServe Conference Center: 11/14 at 10 P.M.

Dave Barry—The Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist is known for his syndicated humor column and numerous best-sellers—books he describes as "short but harmful." Chat with him about his newest book, *Dave Barry in Cyberspace*, which cites the most important computer tip of all: "Never read the instructions." On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 11/15 at 7:30 P.M.

PYST—Firesign Theatre founder Peter Bergman discusses his new parody CD-ROM game PYST on CompuServe in the Conference Center: 11/15 at 10 P.M.

Flight Simulator—Discuss the just-released *Flight Simulator for Windows 95* with designers, programmers, and producers from Microsoft. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 11/16 at 3 P.M.

TAFCAP (a.k.a. Prince)—Talk to the funky purple-clad god on America Online: 11/17 at 7 P.M.

Julia Child—The electronic Gourmet Guide brings you chef Julia Child live. Get her to make you dinner. On America Online: 11/17 at 8 P.M.

Mike Lupica—The sportswriter discusses his book *Mad As Hell: How Sports Got Away From the Fans*. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 11/18 at 10 P.M.

Events

Widening the Web—11/16 from 9:30 to 4:30: The American Museum of the Moving Image continues its excellent series MEDIA (Moving Images Enter the Digital Age). This week, new ventures that are attempting to drag the Web into the realm of consumer mass media will be demonstrated and discussed, including WebTV, MP3 (Microsoft Multimedia Productions), and Tir Inc.'s Roadrunner. AMMI, 35 Ave. at 36th St., A toria (718-784-4520); $15.

Consciousness—11/12 from 7 to 11 P.M.: Local o line service Echo and Web 'zine *Word* are colla orating on a new series, "Dinner Theater of t Mind." Each month, a single topic will be d cussed online as well as live at HERE. This mon the topic is "Consciousness," with panelists Eliz beth Wurtzel, author; Carole Wilbourne, cat ps chologist; and others. 145 Sixth Ave. (292-090 free. *http://www.echonyc.com*

Fourth Annual Digital Salon Show—11/11–11/24 noon each day: The School of Visual Arts w screen an hour and a half of animation daily, i cluding clips from Michael Jackson's "Scream" a Madonna's "Bedtime Stories," and pieces fro *Babe* and *Joe's Apartment*. 55 Broad St. (592-201 free. *http://www.sva.com*

Sports

Ski Season Winds Up—11/16: Ski Windham, N York State's modest mountain that occasiona offers Aspen-like celebrity sightings of crunc East Coasters like Bobby Kennedy Jr., plans open for the season today. Weekend lift tickets $33 until December 15, when they balloon t more resortlike $40. *Call 800-754-9463. Also c sider visiting these other open slopes: Hunter Mounta N.Y. (518-263-4223); Mount Snow, Vt. (800-2 7669); Killington, Vt. (802-422-3333).*

Bike to City Island—11/17 at 10 A.M.: If you nee reason to hop on a bike, here's a good one: fo At the halfway point of this relatively flat 25-m ride, the group stops for a seafood lunch on t waterfront. Return via the Pelham Parkway bi lane, and take five at a little-known waterfall n the Bronx Zoo. Please, only those with helm and moderate ability should apply. *Meet at Am can Youth Hostels, 891 Amsterdam Ave., at 103rd Return around 3 P.M. Free.*

Chase Championships—11/18–24: This is the gra finale of the Corel WTA Tour: sixteen top-ran ing women's singles players, along with eig doubles teams, compete for $2 million in pr money. *Madison Square Garden; tickets $15–$ Call 307-7171.*

Hockey—11/13: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG N work); 11/12: Devils vs. Washington Capitals 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportsch nel); 11/14: Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks at 7 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschann 11/16: Devils vs. Tampa Bay Lightning at 1 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschanne

Basketball—11/12: Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG N work); 11/13: Nets vs. Washington Bullets at 7 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschann 11/14: Knicks vs. Toronto Raptors at 7:30 P. Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 11/ Nets vs. Portland Trail Blazers at 7:30 p.m., C tinental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 11/ Knicks vs. Minnesota Timberwolves at 1 P. Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 11/1 Nets vs. Denver Nuggets at 8 P.M., Contine Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

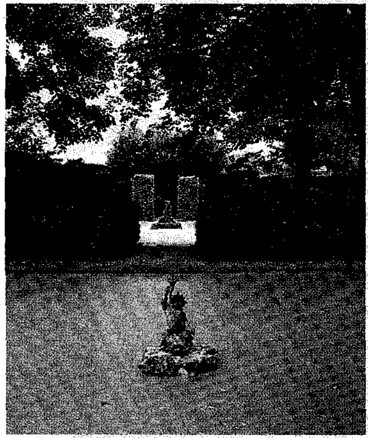
Benefit

The Turkey Classic, whi debuted last year, returns Central Park on Novemb 24: Run five miles in le than 38 minutes (if you're woman) or 32 minutes you're not), and *New Yo* (with American Express a a slew of other sponsors) w donate a turkey to a loc soup kitchen. The New Yo Road Runners Club organiz the event; call 860-44 to register.

In Print

The Houses of Mirth

Henry James was presumed to have money, but he did not, and he often joked about it to his friend Edith Wharton, who did. She lived famously well—in Newport and Paris, on Park Avenue and the Riviera, and at "The Mount," her home in Lenox, Massachusetts. When she was not writing (in the morning, in bed) or entertaining, Wharton thought up or implemented plans for her houses and gardens. She was regarded as the inventor of the concept of interior design—even Elsie de Wolfe followed her pronouncements—and an early book was *The Decoration of Houses*. Theresa Craig's *Edith Wharton, A House Full of Rooms: Architecture, Interiors, and Gardens* (Monacelli Press, $45) is the fullest treatment to date of the novelist's avocation. It is lush and makes frequent reference to her novels, and Wharton's literary admirers will want it. Once they have it, however, admiration is likely to mingle with uncertainty. We knew that Wharton was a lady ("Awful," she said of F. Scott Fitzgerald, who came drunk to tea). We knew that she had good taste, and the funds to exercise it. What is a little discomfiting is just how *much* artifice appears to have mattered to her. A genuine passion for literature would seem to rule out an equally intense preoccupation with the frescoed ceilings of ballrooms. We learned this from Wharton herself, whose novels so effectively challenged her own class's insistence on appearances. "A frivolous society can acquire dramatic significance only through what its frivolity destroys," she wrote in her memoir. Since Wharton's frivolity destroyed primarily weeds, the drama here is negligible. The rarefied household hints, though, are very sound. LINDA HALL



Photograph: top, Corbis-Bettmar

kids

Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Potato Head...Phileas Fogg

Children's Events

esame Street Shorts—A walk-around cookie monster will meet and greet families at the first-ever festival of film shorts from the landmark television series (see photo). 11/19–11/23 at 7, with additional performances 11/23 at 2 and 11/24 at 3. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10.

ig Apple Circus—"The Medicine Show" is staged as a small-town 1890s folly. Little kids especially appreciate the fact that no seat is farther than 50 feet from the action. Performances to 1/12/97 are under the big top at Lincoln Center's **DAMROSCH PARK** (268-0055); $10 to $49.

round the World in Eighty Days—Six actors wear close to 100 costumes as they dash around the world in a balloon in an hour-long adaptation of the Jules Verne classic. In this version, Passe Partout is an African-American newspaper boy who enables Phileas Fogg—an aristocratic Englishman on a dare—to see the world, and to see it from outside the prejudices of his own class and nationality. 11/16 and 11/17 at 10:30 and 12:30, and 11/23 and 11/24 at 12:30. **THEATREWORKS/USA,** the Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). $18.50.

Get Physical—Kids can literally climb the wall, in a clown-filled Sports Day event at the **CHELSEA PIERS FIELDHOUSE** that benefits pediatrics at NYU Medical Center. 11/16 from 10 to 1. Pier 62, 23rd St. and the Hudson River (263-5870); $50 for children, $120 for adults.●

Cartooning—In *Cartoons in Concert*, pianist David Buechner plays alongside a big animated screen. 11/16 at 2. **TILLES CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS,** C. W. Post Campus of Long Island University, Rt. 25A in Brookville, N.Y. For tickets and information, call 516-299-3100; $15.●

Magic Epidemic—Professor Putter conducts scientific experiments that defy gravity at **WEST END GATE CHILDREN'S THEATRE,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877-6115). 11/16 at 1:30. Tickets are $8.50. The Gizmo Guys perform comedy juggling at Arts-Connection, 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433); tickets are $6. Rabbits appear, ghosts float, and appearances can be deceiving at J. P. Jarrett's *Altered Reality Magic Show.* Sat. matinees are at 12:30 and 3 at **THEATRE EAST,** 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); $12 for adults, $10 for children. Reservations required. In *Joseph Gabriel Magic on Broadway,* Gabriel shares the stage intermittently with parrots, macaws, doves, cockatoos, elaborate sets, and audience volunteers. Performances are Wed. through Sat. at 8, with additional matinees Sat. at 2 and 5 and two shows on Sun., at 3 and 6. **LAMB'S THEATRE,** 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780); $35 to $45.

On View
Reality Bites

Children across the country get up and dance next to their cereal bowls when *Sesame Street* airs Karen Aqua's animated segments. It would be hard to stay still as bejeweled Mardi Gras figures jive across the small screen, flashing numbers at the audience, accompanied by Aqua's Revolutionary Snake Ensemble—a band that's led (off-screen) by her saxophone-tooting husband, Ken Field. Bert, Ernie, Big Bird, and Cookie Monster, of course, are still the ones that garner most of the attention on the 28-year-old children's show. But the educational series is among the largest employers of independent filmmakers in the country. The quirky short films—which serve to break up the longer, traditional segments—help preschoolers stick with the hour-long program. In the Sesame Street Film Festival at the New Victory Theater next week, 47 such cinematic romps will impart vital information with an endearing sense of the absurd. "Does air move things?" Bill Irwin asks of perplexed passersby in a cinematic short as the wind blows hats off. William Wegman's films introduce concepts like *near* and *far*, and *on* and *off*—with much the same dry wit that has appealed to adult fans of the artist's dog-peopled work for a couple of decades. (This is no coincidence: Children's Television Workshop works hard to give the show transgenerational crossover appeal). Wegman's 2-year-old son, Atlas, for one, is poised to learn about subtraction from Fay Ray—the family's late great pooch—and her much-chewed-on collection of tennis balls.

BARBARA ENSOR

hotograph by William Wegman.

Up in the Air—Parents who are unsure whether they have the technical know-how needed to make and launch a kite in Central Park may find comfort doing the activity alongside science instructors who can explain why as well as how. "Go Fly a Kite: Aerodynamics" is offered as part of the **92ND STREET Y'**s "Sunday Science Spectaculars series for 6- to 10-year-old children and their parents. 11/17 from 10 to noon. Call the Y at 996-1100 to reserve space and find out about location; $40 for one child and one adult, $15 for each additional person, includes take-home materials.●

Issues-Oriented Drama—*Dylan and the Flash,* a play about a feisty 14-year-old girl of mixed race (Irish and Puerto Rican) who is searching for an identity (and trying to give her pet iguana a good life), was specifically commissioned for this theater group. Written by award-winning playwright Migdalia Cruz, it's performed by a cast of kids who are themselves between the ages of 10 and 15. 11/15 at 7:30, 11/16 at 3 and 7:30, and 11/17 at 3. **CITY LIGHTS YOUTH THEATRE,** at Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (262-0200); $5. **NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER'**s *The Sick Boy,* about a bunch of kids who are warned not to go trick-or-treating at a sick boy's house, draws inspiration from Ryan White's true story. Through 12/8. Thurs., Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Sun. at 3, with an additional matinee 11/29 at 2. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737); $5 to $10. ●

Object of My Affection—At "Al. E. Gator's Surprise Party," rubber balls and other spherical objects cavort on stage as if there were no tomorrow; and "The Caliph Stork," the only shadow-puppet show by legendary puppeteer Bil Baird, is revived. Weekends at 1 and 3 (through 4/20/97). **THE PUPPET COMPANY,** 31 Union Square W., at 16th St. (741-1646); $7.50. Reservations required.

Worldly Wise—**DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP** begins its Family Matters Series with a dance-theater duet called *A Wild Day in Manatus,* about a collision of cultures; suitable for children 5 and up. 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077). 11/16 at 3; $8 for children, $12 for adults.●

Opposites Attract—In **PUPPETWORKS'** adaptation of the 1756 French fantasy "La Belle et la Bête," by Madame Marie LePrince de Beaumont, hand-carved marionettes—joined by a live actor as the Beast—perform in fifteenth-century French attire. The tale of alchemy, alienation, and true love is accompanied by the moody, romantic music of Jules Massenet. Weekends, 11/23–11/24, 12/7–12/8, and 12/21–12/22 at 12:30 and 2:30; $7 for adults, $5 for children. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations required.

Sliding Toys—When **WALT DISNEY'S WORLD ON ICE—TOY STORY,** hits the ice, a whole different kind of special effects is brought into play. 11/19–11/24 at the Nassau Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale, N.Y.; 11/26–12/1 at the Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. Call for schedule and ticket information: 212-307-7171; $13.50–$37.50.

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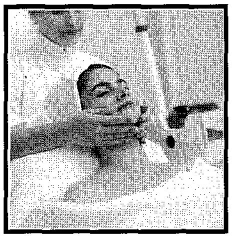

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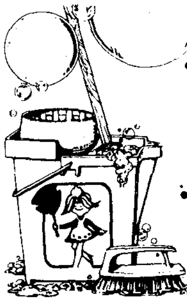

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dy To Begin Family—Attractive white e, very successful, outgoing, family/ ids-oriented, wishes to meet childless, le, Christian, educated, slender and te (5'5"/114 lbs and under), fashble, feminine female, 30s (nonsmoker, drugs), traditional values, who enjoys of attention, affection, laughter and d times. Recent color photo/note/ ne necessary for response. 3509 ✉

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king For Seriously Handsome— truly sexy, offbeat good looks. Must creative/unconventional, extremely /hip, intelligent, passionate, witty, fit, ime, 35-42. Doubt an amazing woman ld do this? Stigma of the mediocre? prise! Incredible mind, looks, esoteric , takes a shot at pedestrian ad land. y appropriate replies, please. Note/ to. 3558 ✉ ☎

nebody Special—Jewish male, 36, good-looking, successful professional, cated, intense yet funny, athletic and Loves tennis, biking, hiking, varied ic and well-written films. Looking to t a pretty, slim, grounded, special ale, 25-35, with a nice smile and a p mind. Photo please. 3612 ✉ ☎

ring Ivy MD/PhD—Inspired, active, passionate Renaissance-type, nturous, 5'10", fit, funny, 43. Seeks ere, family-oriented lady under 36, for ic. Phone/photo makes it work. 3621 ✉

d Heart For Sale...—Comes with ns (high IQ), free of charge, by 36- -old Manhattan business professional. , athletic, Jewish (nonreligious), highly able, very handsome. New owner must all, modelesque woman, fun-loving, rt and equally beautiful on the inside, nake my heart go pitter-patter. No kers please. 3594 ✉ ☎

Absolutely Adorable—On the slopes, by the sea, on the dance floor. Early 30s, Jewish female possessing both inner/outer beauty, wit, intellect, sensitivity and spirit. Frequently found blading in the park, trekking in the wilds, throwing gourmet dinner parties or lounging in jazz clubs. Looking for a dynamic, eclectic, athletic, extroverted man to pursue romance and adventure. Kids and pets okay. Photo a must. 3571 ✉

Stylish, Passionate Black Woman—32, shapely, fit, accomplished, well-traveled and educated. Enthusiastic about blading, good books, international cuisine. Secretly wants to master the samba. Seeks very successful, athletic, fun-loving man, 30-40, for laughter, stimulating conversation, foreign escapades. Photo/note. 3586 ✉ ☎

The Sexy Merry Widow—Beautiful Christian lady, living in NY, Paris and Vienna, in the worlds of medicine, finance, science and music, would like to meet an international gentleman of equal standing, 47-57, MD preferred. 3494 ✉

Be My 25th Birthday Present—Beautiful ex-model with a brain - Jewish gal (nonreligious) that you would be proud to take home to mom. Interests include theater, concerts, dancing, beaches and travel. Looking for the whole nine yards - Romance, Marriage and Children. You should be between 24-34, handsome, successful and down-to-earth. Please drop me a line or two and recent photo (no picture, no reply). 3607 ✉

Already Taken—Or so everyone assumes. But you're in luck! Dark-haired, slender beauty, said to have that classic "on air" look. Please be a tall, dark-haired, Jewish professional man, 30-38, who will make my friends laugh and me smile with pride. Will respond to sincere photo/note. 3577 ✉

Sensual, Sincere And Successful—Blond, blue-eyed, petite businesswoman, 36, ready to share life with a man who appreciates my dry wit and efforts to improve my golf handicap. Loves skiing, all music, football and attending live sporting events, but am happy with evenings at home. Don't be fooled by my calm, Waspy exterior, because inside, passion burns. Please be self-assured, loving and interested in marriage/family. 3546 ✉

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Mr. "One-derful", 50s, Wanted—By attractive West Sider. Photo. 3537 ✉ ☎

Mothers-In-Law Don't Deserve—The bad press they get. Mine is a stunning, recently widowed, sixty-something, Jewish, urbane dynamo who's the life of the party. She enjoys bridge, theater, fine restaurants and travel. If you know anybody who might hit it off with her, let me know - you'll be helping me tremendously. 3531 ✉

Very Successful Young Businessman—31, 6', 175 lbs, physically fit and well-educated. I have fine "Waspy" facial features and biscuit brown skin (I'm biracial), wavy dark hair, a perfect smile and dimples. I've never been married and don't have kids. I'm very handsome... Okay then, if I'm so affluent, young, good-looking, intelligent and funny, why do I need to advertise for a woman? Well, it's because I'm looking for a beautiful, classy-looking, professional, quality white female. You must be slim, pretty, under 35 and sophisticated enough to see yourself co-represented in life and love by a strong, quality man of color. If this is you, call me. 3514 ✉ ☎

Wanted:—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. 3620 ✉

Adventurous, Pretty Woman—Slim, successful, energetic, seeks quality Jewish man, 48 plus. You are fit, funny, athletic, enjoy life, sports, the arts...and also have much to share. Note/photo. 3592 ✉

Missing LA Beaches—Tall, beautiful, leggy, professional, intelligent lady, 34 - enjoys movies, museums, cheering the Rangers, and exploring NY restaurants. Seeks successful, educated, spontaneous, 30-42 man for laughter, adventure and fun. 3588 ✉ ☎

Pretty Psychologist—Slim blond with smarts and heart seeks successful, worthy 60ish man for passion and magic. 3504 ✉

Exceptional Woman—Pretty, romantic, fun-loving and feminine, spiritually evolved, beautiful body, 5'3", 115 lbs, works out, mid 40s, successful designer, variety of interests, seeks chemistry with a good-looking, well-educated, trustworthy, caring male, 40 plus, with a great sense of humor, living a successful lifestyle, available for love/romance/marriage. 3601 ✉ ☎

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Wonderful Gay Woman—Baby boomer... Wants to have fun and love (can give and receive both). Down-to-earth, successful and full of life. Avoid the rush - shop early! 3536 ✉ ☎

Three Single Asian Female Traits—1.) Your parents ask you to take them to visit a friend and, lo and behold, they have an available son. 2.) Your parents will "lose face" if you marry out of your race. 3.) We check each other out on the street but we do nothing due to our culture. I am a very handsome and successful Asian male in my 30s. Send note/picture (current or baby). Let's talk. 3570 ✉

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Pretty Professor—Shapely, genuinely attractive woman, 5'7", both serious and fun - loves theater, dining, skiing, nature. Seeks warm, open, good-natured professional man, 45-60, for friendship, romance and possible long-term relationship. 3551 ✉ ☎

Alluring, Fun-Loving Brunette—26, 5'7", seeks tall, professional Jewish male, 26-34, who enjoys fine food, good conversation, and has an excellent sense of humor. Note/photo please. 3510 ✉ ☎

Funny Female Floridian Firecracker—38, nonsmoker, attractive, educated, passionate, accomplished - seeks same in unpretentious male, 30-45, to share life and love. Be open-minded, communicative, enjoy healthy, active life style, personal growth and a good belly laugh. Photo of heart required. 3622 ✉

Best Friend And Romance—Very funny Jewish doctor, mid 30s, wants to meet terrific woman, 25-35. Manicure and pedicure not included. Photo. 3623 ✉

Lonely Lawyer—50, Ivy-educated. Enjoys tennis, cooking, walking NY streets, traveling and cats. Seeks 30s/40s woman with sense of humor and commitment. Note/photo. 3630 ✉

Handsome Psychologist—Sincere, down-to-earth - looking for bright, attractive woman, 30-45. Photo. 3616 ✉

Female Jazz Musician—Seeks woman to harmonize with. Upbeat, kind, attractive woman seeks "Sophisticated Lady" with similar qualities. 3595 ✉

New York-Born/European-Bred—Multilingual and multifaceted scientist, 40, with entrepreneurial spirit, seeks a good woman with looks, charm and intellect, for love and marriage. Animal lover a big plus. Note/photo appreciated. 3499 ✉

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines—Size 4 brunette, at least an 8.5 on the cute scale, with brains and heart to match, seeks successful, secure, mature male, 37 plus, for fun and adventure. Note/photo. 3626 ✉

Pretty, Tall, Thin Blond—38, seeks dependable, hard-working, everyday nice guy, 36-42. Practicing dad a plus. No Manhattanites. Photo. 3603 ✉

The Best And The Brightest—48, CEO, Jewish widower, 5'10", ruggedly handsome (except for long eyelashes), seeks attractive, single Jewish woman, to 41 (no children - I already have two), who has a high IQ and likes holding up gas stations! Recent photo. Tall women may also write. 3539 ✉

Passion—Looking to turn up the heat as the temperature goes down. You: 26-40-year-old female, attractive, intelligent but not "stuffy", unconventional, spontaneous. Me: 44-year-old male, 6'1", widower, medium physique, red wine enthusiast, Long Island resident (Nassau). Looking for new adventures and new beginnings. Photo/note. 3379 ✉

Breathtaking Brunette—Extremely attractive, bright, fit, fun Jewish female, 31, seeks professional, outstanding male, 30-38, who is sincere, romantic and ready to capture my heart. Note/photo. 3624 ✉ ☎

Urbane, Warm—Fit, spirited, outdoorsy, mid-30s NYC attorney, with classic blond looks, seeks highly intelligent, fun, polished, active professional man. 3527 ✉

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Who loves sports, theater and childre
the type of girl any genuine, handso
successful Jewish guy over 30/under
and looking for a lasting relations
would love. Note/photo. 3602 ✉

Cute, Petite Professional—Brig
sincere, clinical social worker, se
intelligent, sensitive, caring professic
man (38-48), who is fit, introspect
playful and warm, for meaning
relationship. Manhattanite and ph
preferred. 3576 ✉ ☎

A Rare Kind Of Woman—Looking
the unusual man. We both know that re
rals from friends are often the best wa
meet that special someone. Your frie
don't know me, but if they did, here's w
they'd say: "You've got to meet this la
She's accomplished, smart, funny, a g
cook and she likes men!" I'm tall (5'
attractive - no model I'm afraid, but wit
pretty face, blue eyes, a ready-made sr
and a compassionate nature. I'd like
meet a man who, like me, is in his 40
50s age range. What would my friends
about you? Note/photo. 3525 ✉

Handsome—36, down-to-earth, Jew
(nonreligious) JD, with warm heart, se
of humor and varied interests, seeks s
mate. You are sweet, intelligent, pet
fit, sexy and loving. Note/photo. 3605

Beautiful, Funny Physician—38, 5
Jewish, likes classical music, Soho, ski
the NY Times...and open to dozens
other things - seeks tall, highly educa
multifaceted, kind man, 33-43. 3552 ✉

Sexy, Pretty President—Warm, giv
and fun, divorced Jewish woman, se
attractive, successful, sensitive m
46-60. (203) or (914) preferred. 3596✉

Looking For—Charisma, class a
chemistry. 5'2", 40s, Jewish, tr
good-looking, fun-loving and femini
Seeking good-looking Jewish ma
48-58, trim, nonsmoking, to light my f
Note/photo a must. 3522 ✉ ☎

Feminine Gay Woman—Attractive, c
ing, educated, mid 40s, seeks same
keeps. Nonsmoker. Photo/note. 3526

Successful Entrepreneur—45, wh
enjoys movies, travel, museums, subu
cozy nights with wine - seeks hon
caring, slender partner for life, 30-
Photo/phone. 3562 ✉

Bright, Pretty, Blue-Eyed—Won
seeks her own local hero (40s). I ar
low-key, outdoorsy swimmer (44) v
works in publishing. I love art, arc
tecture, and all creatures great and sn
You are a tall, fit, successful, happy, w
traveled Christian who enjoys sports a
conversation, a nonsmoker who works i
creative field. Languages a plus. No
photo please. 3608 ✉

y Wasp Female—46, seeks petite, re feminine partner. We both have rals, manners, sophistication, along ı a positive attitude. We work as hard we play, and still believe in forever. ɔusiness professional, Aquarius or ch lover, too...a plus. 3393 ✉

gle Jewish Female—Striking, intel- nt, artistic; relocating; 40s. Seeks ılity male. POB 620746, Newton, 02162

usual Find—37, handsome, Jewish, cessful, fit, fun, well-traveled, stable, ht, warm and giving, seeking my true ıpanion for a lifetime. Manhattan and to a plus - will reciprocate. 3589 ✉ ☎

IQ Is Higher Than My Weight—ındinavian/Midwestern background, tty, tall, athletic, accomplished, ty, 30s. Seeking tall, handsome pro- ional male, 30-45, with complemen- qualities. Phone/photo. 3532 ✉ ☎

licately Pretty—Petite Latina lawyer, Harvard grad, left-of-center politics, ks kinder, gentler man for slow ıcing. Mom of first-grader, loves cook- for friends, jazz, movies, theater, mming. Manhattan. 3508 ✉ ☎

rm And Wondrous—Smart, sexy and ulous at 50 - this dynamic, stunning, e-eyed, (212) woman with a great eer, loves the beach until sunset and the until dawn. I seek just one amazing n, 40-55, who simply can't decide ch is better: deep, captivating conver- on or a long night of quiet cuddling. thoughts? Photo/phone. 3417 ✉ ☎

Not Now, When?!—Spirited, very tty, slim, 5'6" lawyer, caring but ependent, responsible but playful. ry over old movies, go wild at Knick ıes and love to get lost in a good book. king eclectic man (40s-50s) to help ltiply the joy and adventure life offers. st have humor, affection and kindness pare. 3614 ✉

eworks And Love—Pretty, slim fessional, Westchester Jewish female, (looks 30s), seeks secure, handsome, professional male, nonsmoker, young -52, for long-term relationship and nbs bursting in air. Photo. 3500 ✉ ☎

ize in January—Does this appeal to ? Do you love Manhattan too? Do you willowy (5'8"), pretty, bright, stylish men? If you do, and you have a erous spirit, are tall, 45-55, and are king for a committed relationship, ɔond. Note/photo please. 3604 ✉

edeemable Romantic—Shapely nette, 5'5", great smile, pretty face, ks intelligent, funny, divorced male, -50s, good-looking, fit and caring, for l relationship. Photo/note. 3615 ✉ ☎

ndsome, Successful, Kind—Jewish), 42, passionate and fit, from the sey shore. Seeks kind, intelligent, active woman to fall in love with for- r. Note/photo/phone, please. 3530 ✉☎

od-Looking Male—White, 49, 5'9", C, Irish/German, NYC, no car, amiable, ɔker, open, secure, sensitive, computer f, childless. Seeks female for love and rriage. Note/phone/photo. 3590 ✉

arp, Striking Professional Female—s, warm, witty, gregarious - enjoys iing, cycling, travel, the arts and ıch more. Seeks warm, fun-loving, ofessional Jewish male, 37-42, for erything special in life. 3535 ✉

42-Year-Old Christian—Professional male, never married, financially independent, believes in understated elegance. Seeks female with equal independence and no children, to start on a rewarding but simpler life path. Note/phone. 3579 ✉

Sexy Dentist—With knockout body and great face, 37, Jewish, seeks extraordinary man, Jewish. Note/photo a must. 3517 ✉

Emotional Intimacy Required—Intelligent, genuine, handsome, emotionally available, athletic, white Jewish mensch, 41, 6'1", 160 lbs. Seeks soulful, pretty, fit woman with depth and sensitivity, for relationship. Note/photo. 3511 ✉

Do You Deserve The Best?—If so, I'm yours! Intelligent, successful, single white professional male, 44, 6', with beautiful brown eyes and warm heart, seeks an educated, single, white, Jewish professional female, 30s, who is down-to-earth, pretty, spontaneous and loves the outdoors. (516) preferred. 3628 ✉ ☎

Yes, It's True!—Handsome, athletic and successful. Living NYC (alone). Divorced, 44, 5'7", with an incredible sense of humor. Most interested in real values and an upbeat, positive personality. Photo. 3432 ✉

Officer And A Gentleman—Amerasian male, 36, 5'9", 160, JD, Ivy-educated, reserve officer (USMC), athletic, cultured, seeks elegant, passionate professional woman, 30-40. Note/photo. 3569 ✉

City Girl With Small Town Soul—32, 5'4", pretty blond professional, very fit, bubbly, spiritual, passionate about working out, travel, the outdoors and adventure, seeks funny, warm, athletic, well-educated male, 30-40, for the real deal. Note/photo, please. 3559 ✉

Rule 36—If he's a blond/blue exec (6', 175, 40), tell him your collection of barrettes comes first. 3580 ✉

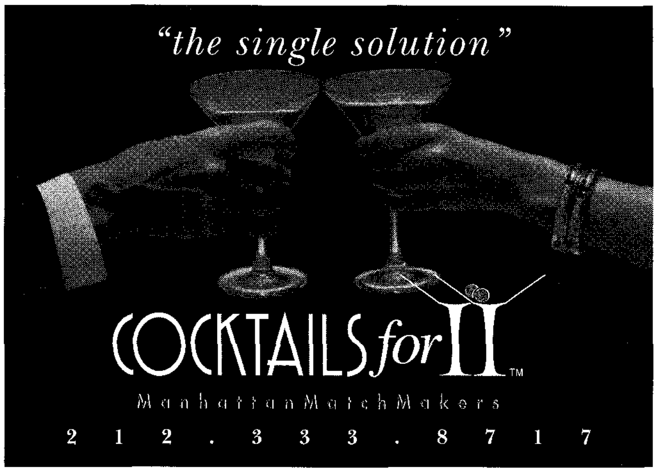
Classical Music-Loving—42, 5'9", rugged good looks, financial services professional, Jewish (nonreligious), seeks 25-35, cultured, nonsmoking enchantress for musical evenings "et mariage si afinite". Bio/photo requested for response. 3520 ✉

Cold Winter, Warm Nights—Single black male, 35, 6'3", 200 lbs, athletic build, professional, loves travel, fine dining - seeks single white female for long winter. 3600 ✉ ☎

Very Attractive, Warmhearted—Jewish physical therapist, 34, seeks Jewish male professional, traditional values, zest for life. Photo a must. 3554 ✉

Bewitching Blue-Eyed Redhead—Ready to cast a spell on you. Pretty, classy lassie, 30s - enjoys arts, travel, boats, Rangers. Seeks Celtic or Asian gentleman, 30-45, successful, attractive, healthy, nonsmoker, to explore the future and the world. Note/photo/phone. 3629 ✉

Center Of My Universe—Be mine forever, my best friend, my partner in life and my true love always. I'm a 6'3", 45, single white male, a lean and muscular 205 lbs with masculine good looks, brains and personality. The woman I seek is special in many ways and is one who I can charm, romance, grow with, talk to, celebrate with, encourage and be encouraged by. Please be genuine, able to relate and cherish being in love. Photo appreciated. 3584 ✉ ☎



Queen Seeks Her King—Jewish woman, 35, fit, full-figured, very attractive, Ivy grad and successful business owner with strong spirit, generous heart, artistic sensibilities and high standards - seeks smart, professional Jewish man with class, mid 30s to early 40s, kind and with a passion for life, to enjoy NYC culture and country escapes together. Extra credit for great sense of humor! 3609 ✉

Caring, Handsome And Successful—Single, athletic Jewish male (32, 6'). I enjoy tennis, biking, Asian food, jazz clubs and theater. Seeking any attractively slim, fun Jewish female, 27-34. Note/photo, please. 3573 ✉

Be The Twinkle In My Eye—I'm a cute, fit Jewish female, 23, from Rockland County, 5'3" with green eyes. I'm college-educated and a nonsmoker. Enjoy movies, comedy clubs, dancing, dining out and good conversation. You're a single Jewish professional male, 24-31, 5'7" or taller, nonsmoker, honest, intelligent, fun and romantic. NJ/Westchester preferable. Note/photo. 3543 ✉

Handsome Italian Male—40, Catholic, professional, seeks nice, attractive woman for sincere commitment. Enjoys travel, scuba diving and dining. 3597 ✉

Fireplace To Share—Pretty Jewish blond, venture capitalist, slim, 42, great smile, with open heart. Seeks very brainy, warm, world-wise Jewish man, 40-52, with a zillion interests. I'm extremely well-traveled, somewhat driven, very affectionate. Nonsmoker. Photo. 3553 ✉ ☎

Grandchild Wanted—My son, 35, the handsome attorney, loves his dog - oy! Are you a Jewish mother whose daughter could love them both? Photo/note. 3560 ✉

Hepburn And Tracy, A Great Team—Attractive, tall, bright, caring woman, looking for same in man, 60-72. Let's team up, share love and laughter. 3593 ✉☎

Pianist/Author—41, into karate. Seeks female. Note/photo/phone. 3540 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Beautiful—Dynamic black woman with a sexy smile, seeks athletic, secure, adventurous man who loves country music. Send photo and chocolate. Will exchange. 3625 ✉

Attractive, Creative, Intelligent—Single Jewish female, autograph dealer, seeks attractive, creative, intelligent and emotionally open, single Jewish male, 40-50, to write a happy ending. Photo/phone. 3541 ✉

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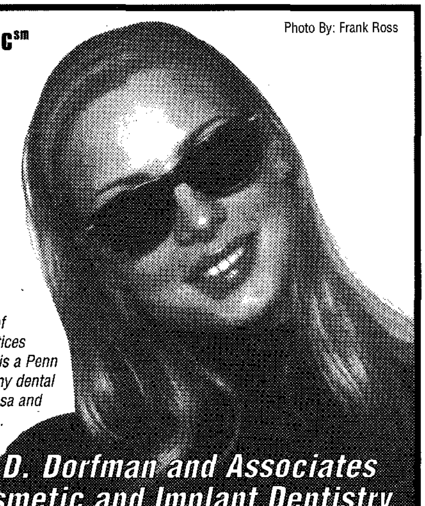

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Russian Beauty—28, blond, seeks white male for relationship. Photo. 3523 ✉ ☎

IT HAPPENED THROUGH NEW YORK MAGAZINE STRICTLY PERSONALS

"Lady Luck"

I am writing to let you know what a believer your magazine has made of me. After a tremendously difficult winter and spring, which, among other things, saw the end of a long-term relationship, I found myself stuck at home with back problems. After 4 weeks at home, I decided some changes in my life were needed. I began reading your personal ads. I had never considered answering a personal ad before - and even after I did send out a letter, I was questioning my wisdom in doing so. Well, to make a long story short, Steven and I are engaged and getting married May 3, 1997... exactly 1 year to the date I wrote my letter to him (also the day that will be his 49th birthday). I would recommend your personal ads as a great way of meeting someone. I realize we were extremely lucky to have been so successful, but I do think that people who really answer ads that suit them, will, at the very least, meet great people.

Sincerely,
EV Araroni
Brooklyn, NY

Editors response: Luck be a lady tonight! There's a lot of "luck" in these pages called Strictly Personals. Congratulations! We love the stories of the Personals. Please write to us and share your story with us. Write to:

New York Magazine Mailbox
2 Park Ave 11th fl., New York, NY 10016

Very Beautiful Ash Blond—Caring woman, 33, who loves life, good friends, movies and music, is a homebody, loves working out, watching sports and romantic dinners - seeks her complement. You are a professional, handsome man, 35-45, who likes to laugh and seeks commitment, marriage and family. Photo and note, please. 3544 ✉

Successful Writer—(Wine, classical music, travel), with two lovely cats, seeks zany, sexy, down-to-earth, slender Manhattan lady under 46, for friendship, passion and romance. Our interests include ethnic cuisine, classical music, theater, museums, movies, skiing, walks in Central Park and the other delights of NYC. Note and recent photo to: 3606 ✉

Sophisticated, Slim, Sexy—Jewish, 37-year-old MD, nonreligious, nonsmoker. Seeks intelligent, successful, witty, warm male to settle down and start family. I enjoy sun, Caribbean, city culture, country weekends, computers, Israel, movies, eating out, classical music, working out. Note and phone. Photo preferred. 3501 ✉

Tired Of The Singles Scene? Me Too!—Attractive male executive, family-oriented, 31, seeks attractive professional female, 22-32, who enjoys romantic dinners, weekend getaways and has a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone. 3617 ✉ ☎

Dialating, Intoxicating, Very Handsome—Successful, sexy with a great sense of humor, divorced Jewish male, 51 going on 41, from jeans and boots to a tux. I'm 5'11", youthful, well-built, a die-hard romantic, nonsmoker, seeking very pretty, sexy 9-plus lady, 38-43, who is extremely shapely with great legs. Also intelligent, classy, witty and charming, to bring heaven to earth. Hold my hand with your chin on my shoulder, so I can kiss you, and be my best friend and lover. Photo. 3572 ✉

Loves Lobs And Lindys—We can make a match (tennis), bike, jog, dine, attend theater, travel or dance. I'm pretty, slim, youthful, fit, smart, affectionate and love to laugh, late 40s. Seeking an educated, successful, active Jewish male, 49-59, with traditional values, for best friend and love. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 3516 ✉

I Know You're Out There!—Slim, attractive, down-to-earth woman who loves music, sports, dogs, outdoors - looks for you: a kind, sensitive, handsome guy, 43-55, for out-of-this-world relationship. Note/phone/photo. 3548 ✉

She's The One—A single sensation, attractive, fit, Jewish, 28, 5'8", seeking tall, single Jewish male, 28-36, for fun and possibilities. Note/photo. 3565 ✉

Pretty Blond, Ivy-Educated—Slender, 40, Manhattan - centered emotionally, financially secure, biologically and existentially aware. Seeks substantive discussions with male peer. 3618 ✉

Gay, White, Feminine Female—Central NJ, warm, caring, family-oriented - seeks same, 45-55, who's funny, stable and not afraid of commitment. 3524 ✉

Birds Of A Feather—Warm, sensitive male, 54, loves to laugh, enjoys easy outdoor activities and cultural events, seeks compatible female, 46 or younger. 3495 ✉

Bright, Pretty Manhattan Lawyer—Slim, shapely, 5'7", youthful mid-40s, seeks man with intelligence, warmth and integrity. Nonsmoker. 3545 ✉ ☎

Fabulous, Funny North Shore Female—5'7", blond, strikingly attractive, Jewish, European-born. Seeks tall, smart, kind, 45-60 sweetheart (male) for lifetime of adventure, exploration and joy. Likes: too many to mention. Dislikes: too few to matter. Share my passion for friends, family, kids, music and travel. Rush letter/full-length oil...or call. 3512 ✉ ☎

As Down-To-Earth As They Come—Very pretty, slim, fit, kindhearted, 42, 5'5", divorced - but most important is my friendliness, humor and ability to form wonderful relationships. Seek a real human being. I'm head of marketing for major publisher. Letter/photo/phone, please. 3534 ✉

Great Legs—Great-looking architect, fitness instructor, 35, 5'9", lover of the arts. Seeks fit, Christian white male who prefers the city to the suburbs, likes to laugh and is ready for the real thing. Me? I enjoy book stores, beach days, cold beer, hot jazz and the time spent with friends. Let's get together! 3549 ✉ ☎

Gay And Gorgeous—Jewish female, 43, from Brooklyn - educated, financially secure ultra-femme, seeking a gloriously passionate companion. Write me a love letter with a photo of your adorable self - a spritz of cologne wouldn't hurt! 3513 ✉

MD (58)—Seeks exclusive relationship with lady, 49 or less. Skiing in the Alps and VT, Caribbean vacations, opera, ballet and concerts. Photo and note. 3578 ✉

Successful Businessman Wanted—Divorced or widowed only, for committed relationship. No games. I'm a successful, petite blond who loves fine dining, candlelight, opera, theater, boating and all life has to offer. 3564 ✉ ☎

Warm, Attractive—Fun-loving, passionate (914) female, seeking playful nonsmoking mensch, 50 plus. 3557 ✉

Great Looks, Great Mind, Great Find—This 34-year-old MBA, emotionally and financially secure, seeks similar Jewish man, up to 42 years, for fun and balanced life. Note/photo, please. 3610 ✉ ☎

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Attorney, 27, Tall And Fit—Handso
Jewish male who values humor, hones
humility and his 15-year-old dog, see
like-minded female with varied interes
who is surprising herself by respondi
to a personal ad. Note/photo. 3574

Financially Successful—65, totally co
mitted to business, traveling for busin
and hobby. No interest in marriage
children; I have done that. Relations
would be casual at best. Beneficial
woman likewise committed, interested
casual relationship. Late 30s-early 4
with photo and note a must. 3389 ✉

Exotic Beauty (Really)—Concert piani
PhD, fun, early 40s, looks early 30s, see
a kind, cultured, Jewish, successful, spec
soul mate who doesn't require children
yours okay. Photo, please. 3528 ✉ ☎

Fit, Attractive, Affectionate—Articula
finance professional - divorced Christi
male, 5'8", seeks woman, 36-44, w
similar qualities. My interests inclu
books, movies, the arts, travel, cycli
tennis and running. (914), (203), (21
preferred. Note/photo, please. 3611 ✉

Wantonly Inquisitive—Emotiona
untamed, irrepressibly physic
woman of grace and wisdom - slend
shapely, with intense blue eyes - see
imaginatively interactive adventur
37-47, who is honest about who he
culturally sophisticated, can build
campfire, and laughs when we lose c
passports in Xanadu...to rumma
through life together. 3599 ✉

Sleepless In Manhattan—Beauti
redhead, 33, thin, smart, sexy - see
exceptional Jewish man. Maybe i
destiny we meet. 3598 ✉ ☎

Seasoned World-Traveler—Seeks a pa
ner to embark on life's richest journ
Urbane, single white businesswoman,
5'10", seeks single white male, 35-
sincere, reliable and with a sense
humor. I looked for a long time, n
ready to find. 3550 ✉ ☎

A Public-Service Message:—Studi
prove professional men, 50s-62, who
unattached, risk serious health proble
But if you're a man of warmth, wit a
intellect, you could save yourself
meeting this accomplished, sophistica
woman who is trim and shapely, 5'
with a lovely smile. 3587 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite, Classy—Educated, size
widow, with interesting, active life, see
man, 55-65, for caring and sharing. 3542

Ruggedly Handsome Black Male
Talented, 42, 6', fit, principal in desi
firm, financially secure. Seeks sma
pretty and shapely woman (30-39) f
partnership and love. Photo/note. 3533 ✉

dsome And Sexy—Trim and athletic, n-to-earth, single Jewish male, NJ h professional, 40, with small dog - romantic nights, movies, travel, out- s. Seeks slim and fit, warm and witty, ly-minded, single Jewish female, 28- who likes to cook - promise I'll clean. get serious. Note/photo. 3519 ✉☎

---

tchester, Divorced White Male—ork in Manhattan but live in tchester. Ten years in the city was igh. Professional, financially secure, ting in the television industry. Early look much younger. Nonsmoker, , slim, fit, work out. Long ago rced, no children. Recent photo and appreciated, will reciprocate. 3563 ✉

---

wer If Applicable—57, 185 lbs, Jewish professional male, a mensch, s woman for sustaining relationship, 4, sensuous, sexy and of sound mind. /photo. 3567 ✉ ☎

Looking To Smile—With thoughts of you. I'm that tall, bright, pretty, active professional female who can ski through Utah and is looking to sail through life with a 37-45-year-old mensch. 3627✉☎

Jackie O.-Style Woman—Seeks man, 30-39, with class, positive self-image, patience, drive - values family, is healthy and handsome - for a committed relationship. I'm a professional model, 5'10", 29, and part-time student, who is classy, thin, elegant, healthy, pretty, sweet, smart, upbeat, shy, and leads an active life. Send photo/note. 3309 ✉

I Can't Believe I'm Doing This—Pretty, elegant Jewish lady, (212), seeking refined gentleman, 60ish, who will make me believe. Note/photo. 3538 ✉

Southern Lady—With Northern sophistication, seeks Renaissance mensch (35-47) with permanent address, for romance and marriage. 3561 ✉

Lonesome Dove—Small, smart, savvy swan seeks 50-60-something, soaring seagull. 3555 ✉ ☎

12/31/96 - Will You Be My Date?—Pretty, petite, blue-eyed brunette seeks Christian man, 32-45, for friendship, romance and more. Photo. 3547 ✉ ☎

Looking For Last First Date—Jewish MD. Successful. 6'. Good-looking. With integrity. Former musician. Family values. Lives in NJ. Seeks bright, accomplished woman, late 20s-mid 30s, for the real thing. Note and photo. 3556 ✉

Pretty, Personable Woman—60s, Bergen County, NJ, with sense of humor, touch of class, enthusiastic - seeks male counterpart for friendship, fun and relationship. 3502 ✉

Genuinely Sincere Professional Male—Jewish, with zest for life, marriage, seeks gentle female, 34-40, to share good and happy times. 3568 ✉

Chic Greek-American Woman Writer—Lover of art and life - seeks dynamic, intelligent man, 50-65. 3496 ✉ ☎

A Mr. Mom?—Handsome, athletic, financially stable LI entrepreneur, weary of long hours and having "no life", is ready to cash out and start a family. My free-time interests include travel, skiing, scuba, boating and bicycling. Seeking a bright, energetic, career-oriented woman for marriage and family. 3591 ✉

CT Blond—I am 29, attractive, fun-loving, affectionate, easygoing, professional, not into games but love horse racing. You are a CT resident, 30-50, sincere, handsome, financially secure, commitment-minded, professional, sports lover, honest. If you will share your life and are used to the best of everything, I am the beautiful, intelligent someone you need to complement your heart. You must love sunsets, a glass of wine while holding hands, and the wonderful sound of children. Note/photo. 3521 ✉

ssortments

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100 wines, 14 top restaurants, desserts, music

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Fri, Nov. 15 at the Uniondale Marriott.
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American Cancer Society
For More Details, Call: 516-334-5900
Over the past 3 years, this event has raised approx. $100,000. We want you in 1996!

MARY ANN MADDEN #866

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

"When I realized he was keeping my sister in the dungeon, too, I moved out of the trailer."

"This is for the man in the leather hat—uh, do you think you suffer from, like, low self-esteem?"

[VOICE-OVER]: "Backstage, Kimberly's husband is waiting to surprise her and boyfriend Kevin—we'll *join them when we return. Stay tuned.*"

Above, talk consommé. Competitors are invited to provide one brief, random line from daytime TV.

Results of Competition 863, in which you were asked to devise a provocative or appalling nom-de-chat from cyberspace.

Report: Duplicated in quantity: Byte Me. Jack Web. Fe-mail. Two sorts of online handles: those one might see in a chat room, perhaps even a specific (say, Alternative Genders) room; and clever-anywhere names. We tended to delight more in the former. Rebuses and the dreaded ;-> emoticons aside, virtually (ahem) all of you performed heroically. Thank you and goodnight. And don't forget about Threes Day.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

:-(Prozac ;->
Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

Enola (gay)
Jennie Levine, Woodside, N.Y.

Port Noise Complaint
Ashleigh McFadden, Boulder, Colo.;
Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Prince of Tieds
Bernard Sansetre, Washington, D.C.

:-) Coyote
Rob Tannenbaum, N.Y.C.

PC Galore
Lee Bridge Cognetta, Staten Island

And Honorable Mention to:

Call Me E-Mail
Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Dos Booter
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W.Va.

Random Mouse
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

Hotchat Job
A. D. Cover, Orlando, Fla.

chatElaine
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.;
Dave Ferry, Leesburg, Va.

Dot Calm
Frieda Morgenstern, San Diego, Calif.;
Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.;
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.;
Susan Zito, N.Y.C.

E-Mail Zola
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

Guide (tv)
Heather Carlsen, Atlanta, Ga.

Birdiebye (bi)
Jason Flume, London, England

Eliot (ts)
Daniela Lowe, Dallas, Tex.

Tall Dark and Handsome (f)
Harry Girard, Toronto, Ont.

hijkl(m)
Louise Jensen, Brooklyn

Mariner (sub)
Jon Gelberg, North Caldwell, N.J.

Angry Wardrobe Mistress (x-dresser)
John Butler, San Clemente, Calif.

CISyphus the AOLean
Margaret Hacknell, Minneapolis, Minn.

Nerd-Do-Well
H. D. Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Ray Cathode
James M. Rose, White Plains, N.Y.

Eyrehead
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

Say Mwwwwah
Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Mata Harry
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

Cody Pendant
Catherine Doty, Staten Island

Legally Blond
Jennifer Woods, Columbus, Ohio

Dot Matrix
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Hen Solo
Gene Duffy, Lakeland, Fla.

Elektra Lite
M. Sullivan, Cincinnati, Ohio

Babe (ruthless)
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

Lady Macbuff
Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Apple Tart
Christine Anderson, N.Y.C.

Shrinking Virtual Violet
Helen Rosenbaum, N.Y.C.

Internut
Bettina Van Dyck, Englewood, N.J.

SWF in Kensington Palace
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Modem, I'm Odem
Charles D. Stein, Los Angeles, Cal
sp. ment.: Helen Stein, N.Y.
Alicia Ann Chomo, Wilmington, D

Wichita Online Man
Peter Sealy, N.Y.

Sy Berman
Doug Cohen, Princeton, N

UrAdHere
Jill Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.

Chicsheik
John Foshee, Austin, Te

Internetanyahoo
Carly Mary Cady, North Hollywood, Cal

I am Kopacetic
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.

YourMother
Margaret Cordi, Brookl

IgnoreMe—
Jeffrey H. Baer, Brookl

Composter
Leslie G. McAneny, Westfield, N

Modemmouth
Jan Leighton, N.Y.

Inteligent Guy
Bonnie Leiderman, Hauppage, N.

Wolfman-wannabeast
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, M

Hollywould-be
Nadine Poster, N.Y.

Coffee, Mate?
Stella Banks, Sydney, Austral
similarly: In-Young Chase, Philadelphia, P

h...u...n...t...&...p...e...c...k...e...r
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, V

doesthislookinfected?
H. King, Shreveport, L

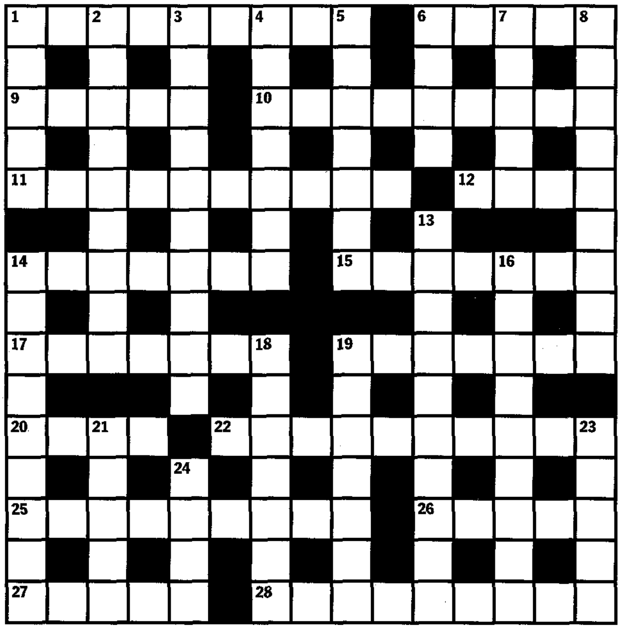
World Wide Dweeb
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, I

similarly: Edmund
Edmund Conti, Summit, N

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRI TEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent Competition Number 866, *New York* Magazin 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It mu be received by November 22. Editor's decisions a final, and all entries become property of *New Yor* Results and winners' names will appear in the De cember 23–30 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
Swindle vulnerable rival. (9)
Quarrel—but not very much. (5)
Aristocrats put money into audio equipment. (5)
Note a point to consider and he'll find an answer. (9)
Control said to be restored. (10)
Nothing like. (4)
Little beast given rum task—really rum! (7)
A goddess following a trial with a will. (7)
Protest when dunderhead is told to go. (7)
Liberal arrangement to assist the blind. (7)
Duplicated in this way the results not at all good (2-2)
Joke if left among the rustics. (10)
Keeping very quiet, sees lions in proper setting. (9)
The deep love shown by church article. (5)
In debate men do better. (5)
Old Greek fighter appearing in the right places. (9)



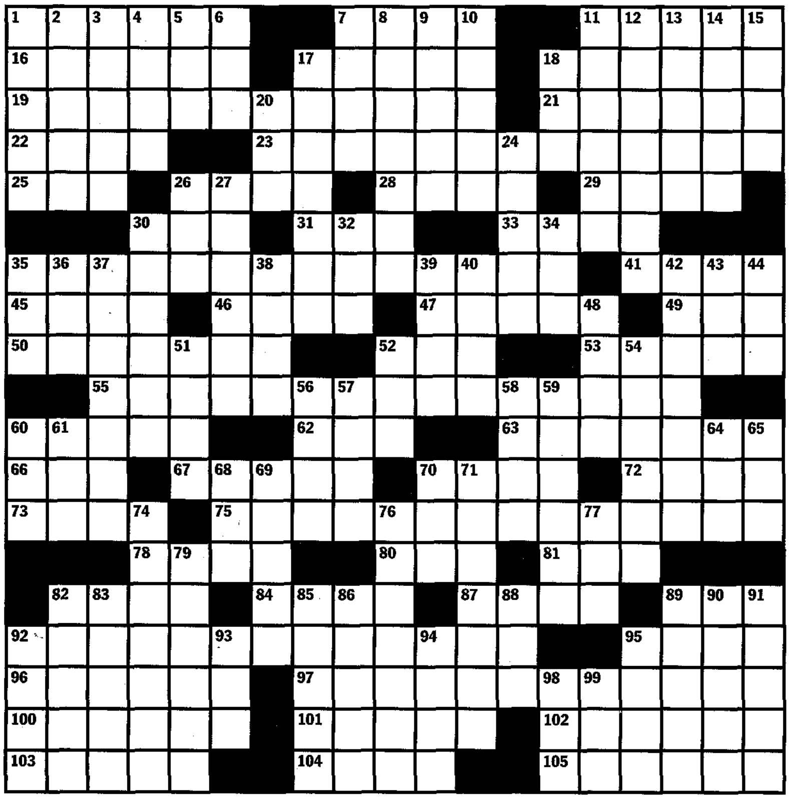
DOWN
1 Key role in a Shakespearean play, that's plain. (5)
2 His image meant everything to him—such a bloomer! (9)
3 Living in comfort, yet terse as can be. (4,6)
4 Hibernating insects—about a thousand altogether. (7)
5 A feature for which there's high regard. (7)
6 The best mounted notice. (4)
7 Sound form of entertainment. (5)
8 French family-man accepting cut to keep going. (9)
13 Steps people can take to make getting up easier. (10)
14 Danes seem vague, but put a good case. (4,5)
16 It's not just some old book males and the non-males share. (9)
18 Only a couple of pupils entering an examination is most incredible. (7)
19 Club where dope may be injected into the cheese (7)
21 Piggish fellows taking no more than seconds over a drink. (5)
23 American jerks? (5)
24 Vegetation animals will turn over. (4)

© 1996 The Guardian.

'Fractured Japanese': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
Prison guard
Neighbor of Twelve Oaks
Playwright Horton ——
Spain's 1588 fleet
"Der Freischütz" composer
Breakfast herring
Prevent at the start?
Sighting
Sniggler's wigglers
Rosemary Clooney hit?
Rock star Stone
Disorderly protest
Garr or Hatcher
J. D. Salinger girl
Half a Moulin Rouge dance
On a winning streak
Marquis de ——
Eddie Cantor song opening?
Kin of a barge
Anon
"Able was —— I saw Elba"
Window roll-up
Caviar
Memorable escape artist
Prefix with puncture
Subterranean vault
Japanese exclamation?
Decorate
Golfer's peg
Terrier type, familiarly
Beaten track
Debate
Northern capital
Bulletin-board sticker
Shoelace annoyance
"It's a ——" (words at a Japanese shrine?)
Renaissance ruler of Ferrara
Dauphin's père
Oxford tutor
Louver
Jacob's twin
7 General meaning
9 Small coin of Japan
2 Book about Japanese wrestlers?
95 Bargain-hunter's delight
96 Wreak destruction
97 Sibling's children?
100 Start of a Darwin title
101 Sandwich cookies
102 Julia's "Seinfeld" role
103 Taut
104 T-men
105 Oust a lawyer

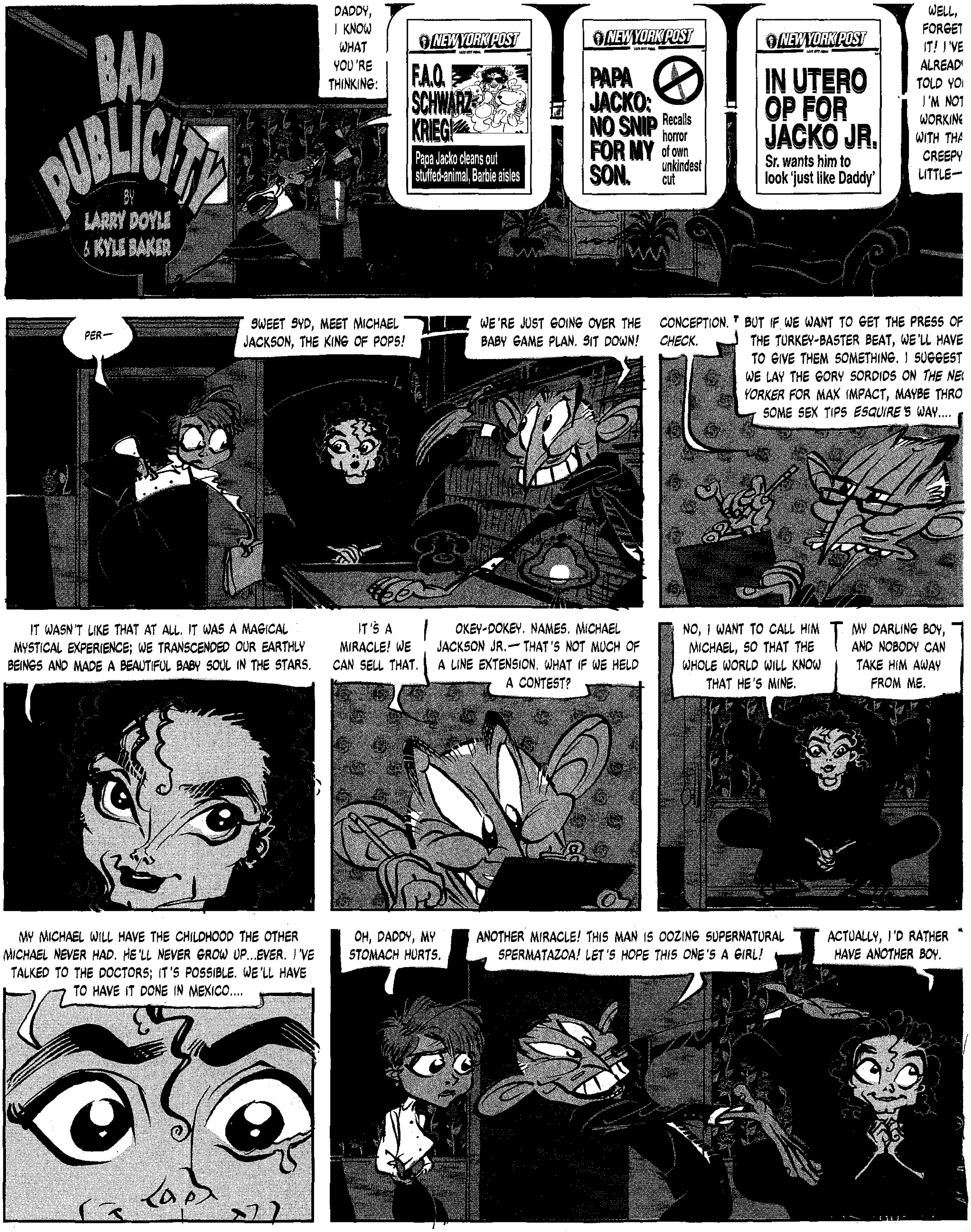
DOWN
1 Alexander and Seymour
2 Disney's "Little Mermaid"
3 Suggest indirectly
4 Swimmer's segments
5 Ancient Tokyo
6 Kurosawa's version of "King Lear"
7 Come down in buckets
8 Costello's partner, and family
9 Meet on Alumni Day
10 Passion
11 Dangled bait
12 Takes a stand against
13 Poppy product
14 Tantalize
15 Gardner of whodunits
17 Where, poetically
18 Locksmith's item
20 Boxing-win abbr.
24 Baryshnikov's nickname
26 Novelist Santha Rama ——
27 Reciprocally
30 Large vulture
32 Have creditors
34 Lend a hand
35 Big Band funnyman Kabibble
36 Egg —— yong
37 "—— My Head," 1938 tune
38 No, in Nuremburg
39 Shore-defense group
40 Cage's "Leaving Las Vegas" co-star
42 Fine glassware
43 Comics caveman
44 Sopping
48 Reflected sound
51 College in New Rochelle
52 Peer Gynt's mother
54 Wickerwork reed
56 Toiletries kit
57 "Mine eyes have —— the glory . . ."
58 Part of an archipelago
59 Bawls out
60 Indiana Jones's quest
61 Pester for payment
64 "—— on parle français"
65 Scrape by, with "out"
68 They come before U
69 Bombay butters
70 Winning line at tic-tac-toe
71 Marks of disgrace
74 Oolong holders
76 Tied up, as a fowl before cooking
77 Parking field
79 Cheap cigar
82 Stock offering
83 "Rosemary's Baby" author
85 "—— a gun!"
86 In a state of combustion
88 Charged atom
89 Raj title of respect
90 Actress Verdugo
91 More innovative
92 Harness-racing gait
93 Japan's monetary unit
94 Servicemen's clubs: abbr.
95 Health resorts
98 A Beatty
99 Lilly of pharmaceuticals



lutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 146.

Jackson's Action

How to spin the singer's impending fatherhood? Declare it a miracle, of course.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
DADDY, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING:
NEW YORK POST
F.A.O. SCHWARZ-KRIEG!
Papa Jacko cleans out stuffed-animal, Barbie aisles
NEW YORK POST
PAPA JACKO: NO SNIP FOR MY SON.
Recalls horror of own unkindest cut
NEW YORK POST
IN UTERO OP FOR JACKO JR.
Sr. wants him to look 'just like Daddy'
WELL, FORGET IT! I'VE ALREAD TOLD YO I'M NOT WORKIN WITH THA CREEPY LITTLE—
PER—
SWEET SYD, MEET MICHAEL JACKSON, THE KING OF POPS!
WE'RE JUST GOING OVER THE BABY GAME PLAN. SIT DOWN!
CONCEPTION. CHECK.
BUT IF WE WANT TO GET THE PRESS OFF THE TURKEY-BASTER BEAT, WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING. I SUGGEST WE LAY THE GORY SORDIDS ON *THE NE YORKER* FOR MAX IMPACT, MAYBE THRO SOME SEX TIPS *ESQUIRE'S* WAY....
IT WASN'T LIKE THAT AT ALL. IT WAS A MAGICAL MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE; WE TRANSCENDED OUR EARTHLY BEINGS AND MADE A BEAUTIFUL BABY SOUL IN THE STARS.
IT'S A MIRACLE! WE CAN SELL THAT.
OKEY-DOKEY. NAMES. MICHAEL JACKSON JR.—THAT'S NOT MUCH OF A LINE EXTENSION. WHAT IF WE HELD A CONTEST?
NO, I WANT TO CALL HIM MICHAEL, SO THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW THAT HE'S MINE.
MY DARLING BOY, AND NOBODY CAN TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME.
MY MICHAEL WILL HAVE THE CHILDHOOD THE OTHER MICHAEL NEVER HAD. HE'LL NEVER GROW UP...EVER. I'VE TALKED TO THE DOCTORS; IT'S POSSIBLE. WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE IT DONE IN MEXICO....
OH, DADDY, MY STOMACH HURTS.
ANOTHER MIRACLE! THIS MAN IS OOZING SUPERNATURAL SPERMATAZOA! LET'S HOPE THIS ONE'S A GIRL!
ACTUALLY, I'D RATHER HAVE ANOTHER BOY.

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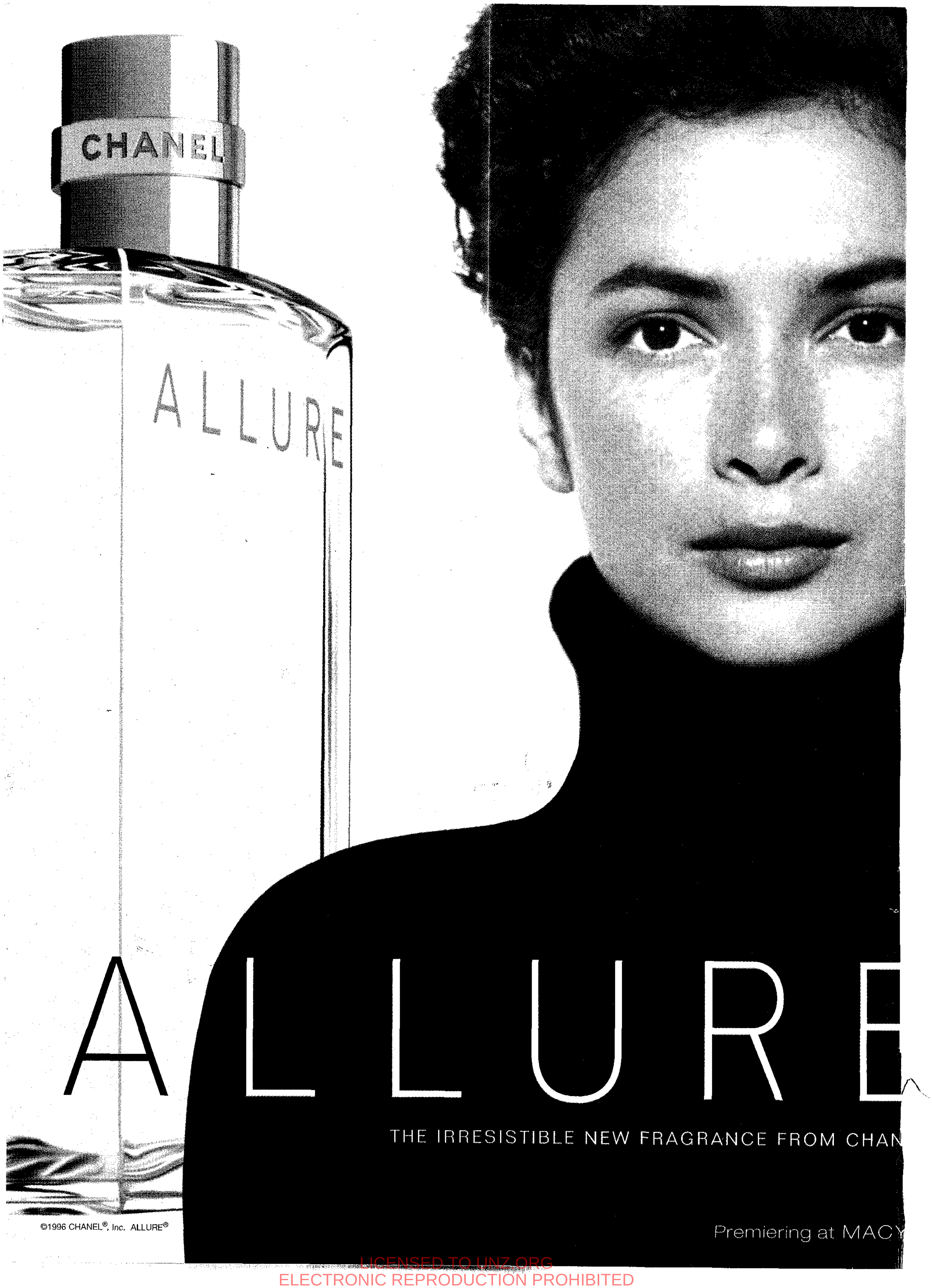
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